

One Dirt Road

Justin Moore

I know where I'm going
When I'm done here on this earth
God's building me a mansion
Where none of us will hurt
I'll see ol' St. Peter
Swing wide those pearly gates
I don't mean to sound ungrateful
But God I hope and pray

There's just one dirt road
That takes me back to a honey hole
A hundred year old white oak tree
Layin' shade on me
Pickin' blackberries off the vine
A Bobwhite whistling out through the pines
I can't wait to walk those streets of gold
But give me just one dirt road

Hang up mama's clothesline
Between those two pine trees
Lay some round bales in a hay field
And a bridge across the creek
Let it wind past that white church
Where I gave my soul to you
And dead end at Granny's house
Amen I'm through

I hope there's just one dirt road
That takes me back to a honey hole
A hundred year old White Oak tree
Layin' shade on me
Pickin' blackberries off the vine
A Bobwhite whistling out through the pines
I can't wait to walk those streets of gold
But give me just one dirt road

Just one dirt road
That takes me back to a honey hole
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Pickin' blackberries off the vine
A Bobwhite whistling out through the pines
I can't wait to walk those streets of gold
But give me just one dirt road
Just one ol' dirt road