

Rural Route

Chris Knight

RURAL ROUTE - CHRIS KNIGHT

Verse 1

I built a fire up on the hill; I sat in the woods
and drank my fill
Talked to God all night, took another shot at set
ting me right
Then I walked down to the road, filled a beer can
full of 22 holes
Then I said goodbye, yeah I said goodbye

Chorus

I'd go back but I can't go home, cause river is u
p & the road is closed
& there aint no telephone.....at my mothers' house

& all the lights are out, down on the rural route

Verse 2

There aint much of nothin' left, this place where
I became myself
Ghosts & memories, I'd walk on by but they'd foll
ow me
I'd seen plenty on down the road. Asked him if he
'd seen my brother
He just said no, well I guess I'd better go

Repeat Chorus

Instrumental

Verse 3

I built a fire up on the hill; I sat in the woods
and drank my fill
Talked to God all night, took another shot at set
ting me right
Then I'd just walk away, aint nothin' here I want
to remember anyway
Least not today

Repeat Chorus * 2