

## 4 Lane Gone

Colt Ford

Been raining for three days, on the fast track to the highway  
Trying to save a little time, Lord I never should have tried  
Taking this back road shortcut, now I'm way stuck so sunk  
I'll never catch her now, so I just put the tailgate down  
She's probably somewhere doing 95, I got nothing but this cooler and time

I cracked one waiting on a ride, two or three just to pass the time  
While she's headed to a new town and I'm too lost to be found  
She probably thinks that I don't care, stuck in the rut in the middle of nowhere  
And just my luck I'll be here all night long, man I'm bummed out  
t back road buzzed  
And she's 4 lane gone

Yeah she's four lane gone

Every empty beer can makes me  
Miss her like hell, man I can kick myself  
For the place and the shape I'm in holding me back  
Yeah my wheels keep on spinning and she's ticked off black top fast

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While I'm stuck here all alone  
With a midnight natty light  
One more chance I've blown

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Yeah she's four lane gone, I'm out here all alone  
Yeah she's four lane gone, she's four lane four lane gone

Yeah she's four lane gone, she's four lane gone