

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