

Every Mile a Memory

Dierks Bentley

Country Roads, old theatre marquee signs;
Parkin' lots, and billboards flyin' by.
Spanish mosques, little hick town squares;
Wild roses on a river bank: girl its almost like you're there

Oh, every mile, a memory; every song, another scene,
From some old movie going back in time you and me.
Every day, a page turned down; every night, a lonesome sound,
Like a freight train rollin' through my dreams:
Every mile, a memory.

Red sun down, out across the western sky,
Takes me back to the fire in your eyes.
Texas stars in a purple night.
Not seein' 'em with you baby: oh, they never do it right, no.

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From some old movie going back in time you and me.
Every day, a page turned down; every night, a lonesome sound,
Like a freight train rollin' through my dreams:
Every mile, a memory.

Funny how no matter where I run,
Round every bend I only see,
Just how far I haven't come.

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From some old movie going back in time you and me.
Every day, a page turned down; every night, a lonesome sound,
Like a freight train rollin' through my dreams:
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