

# The Old Trail

Don Williams

There's a new ridge road  
That cuts the mountain to the bone.  
Slices through the woods  
Like there ain't nobody home.  
You can wheel on up the valley view.  
You'll never feel the climb.  
Oh, but I'll take the old trail every time.

The old trail,  
Just mosies right along,  
Moves at the speed of  
A sweet love song  
And the wind through the trees  
Carries her own wind chimes.  
Yeah, I'll take the old trail every time.

Lately it seems things vanish by degrees.  
How soon we forget  
We made our tree houses out of trees.  
When we going to realize  
Some reasons just don't rhyme.  
Yeah, I take the old trail every time.

The old trail.  
Now may she never fade.  
The one where the deer  
Always have the right of way.  
How I love to watch the wintergreen  
Along the timber lines.  
Yea, I'll take the old trail every time.

People in cars  
Let the radios do the talking  
But I always find  
That I'm singing when I'm walking.

The old trail  
Just mosies right along.  
Moves at the speed of  
A sweet love song  
And the wind  
Through the trees  
Carries her own wind chimes.  
Yeah, I'll take the old trail every time.

I take the old trail every time...