

Deliverance Road

Grace Potter

I drove a long, long way without drinking
I listened to the Baptist Radio
There was a blue-gray sky as I passed the ghost town by
And headed down to where nobody knows me

I was jaded by another passing lover
I couldn't bring myself to wonder why
And the man on the radio said
"Hey, don't you wanna get down to Deliverance Road?"

I saw three little birds sitting on a doorstep
And two little boys in their Sunday best
And the preacher's voice was strong
The big lady sang along, as I listened
Rolling down Deliverance Road, Deliverance Road

I may never walk through the gates of heaven
I may never hear the angel's serenade
But when the wind picks up and drags the dust
I'm gonna stop my car, look straight up
And the rain might wash my sins away

But after all the trucks stop
And tumble weeds have faded
And the radio sings a country song

I'll still hear the preacher man
Doing the best that he can
To send us down Deliverance Road
Deliverance Road