## **Down The Road**

**Stan Rogers** 

Now down the road just a mile or two Lives a little girl named Pearly Blue About so high and her hair is brown The Prettiest thing boys in this town

Now anytime you want to know Where I'm going, down the road Get my girl on the line You'll find me there most any old time

Now everyday and Sunday too I go to see my Pearly Blue Before you hear that rooster crow You'll see me headed down the road

Now old man Flatt he owned the farm From the hog lot to the barn From the barn to the rail He made his living by carrying the mail

Now every time I get the blues I walk the soles right off my shoes I don't know why I love her so That gal of mine lives down the road