

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