Backroad Song

Granger Smith

Barbed wire fence carvin' out a hillside
Cuttin' holes in the midday sun
Like a postcard framed in a windshield covered in dust
I love the rhythm of an old grey blacktop
33's just whistlin' by
Steer the wheel one handed on a two-lane huggin' that lineI got the windows down
No one else around
Singin'Oooh...
Freedom is the miles I'm rollin' on
Oooh...
Out here cruisin' to a backroad song
I feel the wheels like a melody
Like a radio dailin' in strong
Come on, come on
Sing along, sing along
To my backroad song
Oooh...
Oooh...I hit the brakes for an old New Holland
Hammer down and pass him on up
The breeze smells like a summertime hay field's just been cutI got the windows down
Way out of town
Singin'The only way today could get better
Girl what I'm thinkin'
Is I could pick you up
You slide in this truck
And I can hear you
Singin'Oooh...
Let me hear you sing it
Oooh...This is my backroad song
Feel the rhythm of it
This is my backroad song
Feel the rhythm of it
Come on, come on
Sing along
Feel the rhythm of it
To my backroad song
Feel the rhythm of it

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