Broken Windshield View

[Chris Lane](#)

I grew up here where there ain't much blacktop
The headlights on the interstate don't stop
Any man worth his weight plows a straight row
And all the money is the grain in the silo

And there's just enough home grown pretty girls
Growin' up around here that like to sip cold beer
It's a blink and you miss it kind of town
The kind of place that makes the world go round

My wheels have rolled all this red dirt
My hands have got scars from the hard work
Me and my friends unwind on the outskirts
Our Friday nights might get a little black and blue

I'm out here ridin' high on a lift kit
I see the world through a crack where a rock hit
I am who I am I do what I do
Lookin' at life from a broken windshield view

A truck bed's got a half roll of barb wire
A bale of hay and a patched up spare tire
Cross on a chain hangin' from a rearview
Fifth in a brown paper sack packin'eighty proof

Well sun droppin' off into that cornfield
Thunderhead lightnin' comin' right behind it
These two lane roads ain't paved in gold
Man flyin' gravel's all I know

My wheels have rolled all this red dirt
My hands have got scars from the hard work
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I'm out here ridin' high on a lift kit
I see the world through a crack where a rock hit
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Yeah, c'mon

Yeah, It's a blink and you miss it kind of town
The kind of place that makes the world go round

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I am who I am I do what I do
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From a broken windshield view

Yeah