

Nights Like These

[Bo Ashmore](#)

Well I'm sittin' on my front porch listenin' to the train whistle whine
and I'd like to run to the liquor store, with the price of gas I can't afford the drive
and there ain't no one that I can call cause they've all went home for the summertime
so I guess I'll sit here by myself and stare at those big city lights

And it's nights like these that make me wanna go back home
it's nights like these that make me wonder why I'm even gone
cause hidin' behind these six strings is the only thing that keeps me hanging on
so country roads and whippoorwills sing me, sing me back home
yeah country roads and whippoorwills sing me, sing me back home

Now I have had one helluva time drinkin' with those A G R's
takin' home them college girls and singin in those Jonesboro bars
sometimes I still miss workin' with my dad and my grandpa
or layin' on that river bank and watchin' those waters roll on

It's nights like these that make me wanna go back home
it's nights like these that make me wonder why I'm even gone
cause hidin' behind these six strings is the only thing that keeps me hanging on
yeah country roads and whippoorwills sing me, sing me back home
yeah country roads and whippoorwills sing me, sing me back home

Yeah and take me down to the paradise city where the grass is green and the girls are pretty
oh wont you please take me home
yeah and take me down to the paradise city where the grass is green and the girls are pretty
oh wont you take me, oh wont you please take me home
yeah country roads and whippoorwills sing me, sing me back home

Lyrics submitted by L.

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