

# Dirt Road Anthem

## Colt Ford

Chillin' on a dirt road  
Laid back, swervin' like I'm George Jones  
Smoke rollin' out the window  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console  
Memory lane up in the headlight  
It's got me reminiscin' on the good times  
Turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
We hittin' easy street on mud tires  
Back in the day, pots farm was the place to go  
We would load the truck up, hit the dirt road  
Jump the barbwire and spread the word  
Light the bonfire then call the girls  
King in the can and the Marlboro man  
Jack and gin were the few good men  
Learned how to kiss and cuss and fight too  
Better watch out for the boys in blue  
All this small town, he said, she said  
Ain't it funny how rumors spread?  
Like I know somethin' you all don't know  
Man, this shit is gettin' old  
Better mind your business so watch your mouth  
'Fore I have to knock your loud ass out  
I'm tired of talkin', ya'll ain't listenin'  
Them old dirt roads is what you all missin'  
Chillin' on a dirt road  
Laid back, swervin' like I'm George Jones  
Smoke rollin' out the window  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console  
Memory lane up in the headlight  
It's got me reminiscin' on the good times  
Turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
We hittin' easy street on mud tires  
See I sit back, think about them good old days  
The way we was raised and our southern ways  
Yeah, we like cornbread and biscuits  
And if it's broke 'round here, we fix it  
I can take ya'll where you need to go  
Down to my hood, back in them woods  
We do it different 'round here, that's right

But we sure do it good and we do it all night  
If you really wanna know how it feels

To get off the road in a truck with four wheels  
Jump on in, tell your friends  
We'll be raisin' hell where the black top ends  
We're chillin' on a back road  
We're laid back, swervin' like I'm George Jones  
Smoke rollin' out the window  
An ice cold beer sittin' on the console  
And memory lane up in the headlight  
Reminisce on the good times  
We're turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
We hittin' easy street on mud tires  
That's right

I was brought up in a small town up in North Georgia  
Raised on Southern Baptist morals  
In a front row pew for the Sunday roll call  
Everybody praise the Lord, ya'll  
I grew up, learned how to hunt and fish  
Bust a 12 gauge pump and not miss  
A life without work, that's just a myth  
Never listen when they talkin' shit  
My dad taught me how to stand my ground  
Be a man, boy, never back down  
Don't start up somethin' by talkin' trash  
Better throw the first punch and whip his ass  
Be somebody, make a name for yourself  
Life's hard just goin' through hell  
There comes a time when you've got to slow down  
That's what we're doin' now  
We're chillin' on  
Laid back  
Smoke  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console  
Memory lane up in the headlights  
It's got me reminiscin' on the good times  
I'm turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
I'm hittin' easy street on mud tires  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride, let's ride  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride, let's ride  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride

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