

Miles and Mud Tires

Granger Smith

Yeah, I'm a little burned out from a hard week,
Need to slow down, need to find me.
I need a little unwind, I need a long trip,
I need a Saturday night and a cold sip.
I need sunshine and gasoline.

Give me those miles and mud tires,
Smoking back roads like a bonfire.
Barefoot on the gas, ballcap on the dash,
Windows down, little towns, blowin' right past
When I've lost my soul
They go rolling me right back home.

It's been forever since I've seen a hook sink,
I've got a pull in a box, sittin' in the backseat
And I'll be taking the long way to the lake
And if I gotta go slow, it's better that way.
County roads, bumping like a stereo.

Give me those miles and mud tires,
Smoking back roads like a bonfire.
Barefoot on the gas, ballcap on the dash,
Windows down, little towns, blowin' right past
When I've lost my soul
They go rolling me right back home.

A little mud on the windshield,
A little sun on my skin.
Six pack in the seat, nobody but me,
Feels good to be rolling around again.

Those miles and mud tires,
Smoking back roads like a bonfire.
Barefoot on the gas, ballcap on the dash,
Windows down, little towns, blowin' right past
When I've lost my soul
They go rolling me right back
When I've lost my soul
They go rolling me right back home.
Always rolling me right back home.

Rolling me, rolling me, rolling right back home.

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