

# Dirt Road Anthem (revisited)

## Brantley Gilbert

Brantley Gilbert:

Yeah I'm 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 headlights.  
got me reminiscing on the good times  
said I'm turnin' off the real life drive and that's right  
I'm hittin' easy street on mud tires

Colt Ford:

back in the day Potts' farm was the place to go  
load the truck up hit the dirt road  
Jump the barbwire, spread the word  
light the bon fire , then call the girls  
king in the can, and the Marlboro man  
Jack and Jim were a few good men  
we learned how to kiss and cuss and fight too  
better watch out for the boys in blue  
and all this small town he said she said  
it ain't as funny how rumors spread  
like i know somethin' ya'll don't know  
man this shit is gettin' old  
man mind your business watch your mouth  
before I have to knock your loud ass out  
no time for talkin' ya'll aint listenin'  
them old dirt road is what y'all missing

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Colt Ford:

I sit back and think about them good ole days  
the way we were raised and our Southern ways  
we like corn bread and biscuits  
and if its broke round here we fix it  
see I can take y'all 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  
so if you really wanna know how it feels  
to get off the road with trucks and four wheels  
jump on in, tell ya friends  
that well be raisin hell where the black top ends

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Brantley Gilbert:

I was brought up in a small town in North Georgia  
raised on Southern Baptist morals  
in a front row pew for the Sunday roll call  
now everybody praise the Lord y'all  
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 and never back down  
don't start up something but if he's talking trash  
you better throw the first punch and whoop his ass  
now be somebody, make a name for yourself  
life is hard, you go through hell  
there comes a time when you've got to slow down  
that's what we doing now

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Lyrics submitted by JT Gordon.

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