

# Backroad Song

Granger Smith

Barbed wire fence carvin' out a hillside  
Cuttin' holes in the midday sun  
Like a postcard framed in a windshield covered in dust  
I love the rhythm of an old grey blacktop  
33's just whistlin' by  
Steer the wheel one handed on a two-lane huggin' that line I got the windows down  
No one else around  
Singin' Oooh...  
Freedom is the miles I'm rollin' on  
Oooh...  
Out here cruisin' to a backroad song  
I feel the wheels like a melody  
Like a radio dailin' in strong  
Come on, come on  
Sing along, sing along  
To my backroad song  
Oooh...  
Oooh... I hit the brakes for an old New Holland  
Hammer down and pass him on up  
The breeze smells like a summertime hay field's just been cut I got the windows down  
Way out of town  
Singin' The only way today could get better  
Girl what I'm thinkin'  
Is I could pick you up  
You slide in this truck  
And I can hear you  
Singin' Oooh...  
Let me hear you sing it  
Oooh... This is my backroad song  
Feel the rhythm of it  
This is my backroad song  
Feel the rhythm of it  
Come on, come on  
Sing along  
Feel the rhythm of it  
To my backroad song  
Feel the rhythm of it

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