

Route 3 Box 250 D

Randy Houser

I'd like to say it was perfect
And growing up was a fairytale
But Hollywood don't make no movies
About a house up on wheels
Down a dirt road, Mississippi
Tucked back in the trees
Route 3 Box 250 D

Well the man my mama married
Had a mean streak in his blood
And when he took to drinking
He'd take it out on us
And I could hear my mama crying
That made it hard to sleep
Route 3 Box 250 D

That's where I became a man
Long before my time
And since I left I ain't been back
But I go back in my mind

Thank God for Buford Bailey
He had a pond he'd let me fish
That's where I'd run off to
Every chance I'd get
And I would pray that God was listening
And He'd come rescue me
Route 3 Box 250 D

Then one day, my uncle pulled up in a pickup truck
Loaded up everything
Wasn't much but it was everything

I'd like to say it was perfect
That growing up was a fairytale
Hollywood don't make no movies
About a house up on wheels
Down a dirt road, Mississippi
But that's what made me, me
Route 3 Box 250 D

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Houser, Randy / Akins, Rhett / Hayslip, Ben
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>