

Back On the Ground

Scotty McCreery

I dropped by to check on mama, for a minute,
I could hear her humming a tune through the screen door in the kitchen
She was puttin' the final touches on a homemade pecan pie
And just like always I was, right on time
A little game of guess-who and I got a hug and "how's my baby"
I said, "You know me mama I've been hittin' it hard, runnin' like crazy
But I don't wanna bore you with that same old nothing's-new,
I'd rather just pull up this chair and get caught up on you"
Ain't it funny how it all comes back around,
I remember when I couldn't wait to get out of her hair and ditch this town.
I was restless a time to move on,
Now it's any reason to go back home,
That's what's it all about,
Yeah, I'm just slowin' down,
To get my feet back on the ground.
That minute turned into an hour before I knew it
And I got my fill on pie and how's everybody doing
I used to look through every reason in the world to hit that door
And she said, "You want another cup of coffee?"
I said, "Yeah, I'll take one more"
Ain't it funny how it all comes back around,
I remember when I couldn't wait to get out of her hair and ditch this town.
I was restless and time to move on,
Now it's any reason to go back home,
That's what's it all about,
Yeah, I'm just slowin' down,
To get my feet back on the ground.
And now, I can't go too many days without
Checkin' in, just touchin' base, and just slowin' down
Back on the ground.
I dropped by to check on mama, for a minute

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