

Dirt Road Anthem (Revisited) [feat. Colt Ford]

Brantley Gilbert

Yeah, I'm chilling on a dirt road
Laid back swerving like I'm George Jones
Smoke rolling out the window
An ice cold beer sitting in the consoleMemory lane up in the headlights
Has got me reminiscing on them good times
I'm turning off a real live drive and that's right
I'm hitting easy street on mud tires, let's rideBack in the day Potts farm was the place to go
Load the truck up, hit the dirt road
Jump the barbed wire, spread the word
Light the bonfire then call the girlsKing in the can and the Marlboro man
Jack 'n' Jim were a few good men
Where you learned how to kiss and cuss, and fight too
Better watch out for the boys in blueAnd all this small town he said, she said
Ain't it funny how rumors spread
Like I know something y'all don't know
Man, that talk is getting oldYou better mind your business man, watch your mouth
Before I have to knock that loud mouth out
I'm tired of talking, man, y'all ain't listening
Them ol' dirt roads is what y'all missingYeah, I'm chilling on a dirt road
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I'm turning off a real live drive and that's right
I'm hitting easy street on mud tires, let's rideI sit back and think about them good old days
The way we were raised in our southern ways
And we like cornbread and biscuits
And if it's broke 'round here, we fix itI 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 nightSo if you really want to know how it feels
To get off the road with trucks and four wheels
Jump on in and, man, tell your friends
We'll raise some hell where the black top endsI'm chilling on a dirt road
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Songwriters

Bridges, Christopher Brian / Gilbert, Brantley / Ford, Colt
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