The Back Roads and the Back Row

Cole Swindell

Moon coming through the pines, cranking up a country song,
Heaven right by your side, and a Saturday night barely hanging on.
Sun shining through the stained glass, humming just as I am.
I'm praying that feeling would last, that feeling that saves you,
Makes you wanna raise your hands.That's the way it was, and that's the way it is when you're growing
Up in the mud and buck the way we did.
It got me where I am and where I'm gonna go.
We learned all about believing
And everything we were ever gonna need to know.
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row.I had my first taste of beer
My first taste of a broken heart
There were good times, there were tears
But every red dirt memory left a mark
Like the words written there in red
Like the streets that are made of gold
Where we always bowed our heads, where momma saved our seats
And Jesus saved our soulsThat's the way it was, and that's the way it is when you're growing
Up in the mud and buck the way we did.
It got me where I am and where I'm gonna go.
We learned all about believing
And everything we were ever gonna need to know.
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row.It got me where I am and where I'm gonna go.
We learned all about believing
And everything we were ever gonna need to know.
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row.

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