

# 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 souls. 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. 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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