Oh My Boy

Buxton

Oh, my boy
Why can't you see
What you've done?
No one knows
So gather your things
And I'll load the truck
And we drove, drove, drove past the county line
Let the backroads take us back in time

Stood on a stage
To plea his case
The roads, they wind
Echo in my mind
Stood on a stage
To plea his case
But the boy's not wild
He's only a child

Oh, my boy
Why can't you see
What you've done?
Go, run home
Bury your things
And we'll beat the dawn
And we drove, drove, drove past the county line
Let the backroads take us back in time

Stood on a stage
To plea his case
The roads, they wind
Echo in my mind
Stood on a stage
To plea his case
But the boy's not wild
He's only a child

The gravel kicks beneath the wheels
There ain't no point in standing still
This could be right, this could be real

If no one's waiting past these hills

Then one day
We rode into town
The old city shops
It all closed down
And I saw my reflection
In the window, it was clear
Oh, my boy
Your father is near

Lyrics submitted by SavannahWilkins.

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