

Back On the Backroads

Jon Pardi

Well Iâ€™m sick of all these city lights
Paying too much money for a good time
Rather call some friends of mine
Say thereâ€™s a place that ainâ€™t hard to find
Itâ€™s just two lefts and one right
A beat up barn on the county line
Ainâ€™t too far for a truck or car
Yeah I know a place we can go

On the backroads
And we can crank up that radio
Just bring an ice chest full of beer
Ainâ€™t nothinâ€™ but hay fields out here
And everythingâ€™s gonna be all right
The dance floorâ€™s made of dirt tonight
On the backroads
Yeah back on the backroads

When you get close, you better drive slow
Cause this old roadâ€™s full of potholes
Just flip your brights a couple times
So we all know you ainâ€™t the PoPo
Yeah weâ€™re all here on country time
Tearinâ€™ it up under cargo lights
We might stay here all night
Wake up to that morning sunrise

On the backroads
And we can crank up that radio
Just bring an ice chest full of beer
Ainâ€™t nothinâ€™ but hay fields out here
And everythingâ€™s gonna be all right
The dance floorâ€™s made of dirt tonight
On the backroads
Yeah back on the backroads

Yeah back on the backroads
We can crank up that radio
Yeah just bring your beer or alcohol
Hell you can even bring your dog

If you get lost, just give me a call
Weâ€™re tearinâ€™ it up all night long
On the backroads
Yeah back on the backroads
Aw yeah

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