

Blacktop

[Alan Jackson](#)

This ain't no song about the good old days
 'Cept for times and the easy ways
 Or how I long for an old dirt road
Greener grass or a lighter load I was glad to see the blacktop
 When they laid it down in sixty-five
 Yeah, I was glad to see the blacktop
No more dust in my eyes Rain would fall and the mud would rise
 Through my toes in the summer time
 August heat would dry that clay
Dust went flying like a dandelion I was glad to see the blacktop
 When they laid it down in sixty-five
 Yeah, I was glad to see the blacktop
No more dust in my eyes Stubbed my toes on rocks and stones
 Slipped and fell in old potholes
 Watched my mama shake that line
Dust them clothes off hanging in the hot sunshine I was glad to see the blacktop
 When they laid it down in sixty-five
 Yeah, I was glad to see the blacktop
 No more dust in my eyes

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