

Roots

Parmalee

I'm still running 33s up underneath this truck
Even though rush hour concrete is the only place I'm getting stuck
Ain't on the farm no more but on a stretch of sunny days
I still catch myself looking up at the sky
Praying for a little rain.♦

No I can't outrun these roots
Even if I wanted to
Cause they run too strong, run too deep
Cutting right through the heart of me
No it don't matter where I plant these boots
Can't outrun these roots
I can't outrun these roots.

There's still that back-home part of me, that can't help but see things a little differently
Like how there ain't no need to put a ~G on the end of huntin' or fishin'
And I still got granddaddy's bible, his old rifle and his name
But I also got his pour a little more
Coarsin' through my veins.

Thank God I can't
They're tangled up in every part of who I am
Without 'em I know I don't stand a chance
I can't outrun these roots.

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