Roots

Parmalee

Iâ€™m still running 33s up underneath this truck
Even though rush hour concrete is the only place Iâ€™m getting stuck
Ainâ€™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.â€•

No I canâ€™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 donâ€™t matter where I plant these boots
Canâ€™t outrun these roots
I canâ€™t outrun these roots.

Thereâ€™s still that back-home part of me, that canâ€™t help but see things a little differently
Like how there ainâ€™t no need to put a â€˜Gâ€™ on the end of huntinâ€™ or fishinâ€™
And I still got granddaddyâ€™s bible, his old rifle and his name
But I also got his pour a little more
Coarsinâ€™ through my veins.

Thank God I canâ€™t
Theyâ€™re tangled up in every part of who I am
Without â€˜em I know I donâ€™t stand a chance
I canâ€™t outrun these roots.

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