Dirt Road Diary

Luke Bryan

Me and daddy'd ride around all day
Shooting doves off a line in a Chevrolet.
Old lab would jump out the back and fetch them up.
We'd drive for miles and miles
And never once hit blacktop or change the dial.
One little country station was all there was.Checking gates, fixing fence rows
That's how my story goes.If you want to know the real me,
Just turn the page in my dirt road diary.
It's right there for you to see
Every kiss, every beer, every cotton field memory.
Tan legs and some Dixie Land delight
Ridin' round, windows down on a summer night, I was there and that was me
It's right here in my dirt road diary.I remember when I turned sixteen
I got a license and some gasoline.
Ain't a curve or a straight away we didn't fly down.
If wasn't the boys it was me and her
By fire in a field or down on the river.
Every inch of that county was sacred ground.I wish I knew where that old truck was.
If it could talk it could tell on us.If you want to know the real me,
Just turn the page in my dirt road diary.
It's right there for you to see
Every kiss, every beer, every cotton field memory.
Tan legs and some Dixie Land delight
Ridin' round, windows down on a summer night, I was there
And that was me. It's right here in my dirt road diary.It ain't a book underneath my bed
Just a dusty memory lane burned in my head.Tan legs and some Dixie Land delight
Ridin' round, windows down feeling right
I was there, that was me.
It's right here in my dirt road diary.Just ride around my little town and you'll see
How I wrote my dirt road diary.

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