

Country Road

The Lacs

My country road take me home
Take me to the place where I was born
My country road take me home
Back to the place where I come from
My country road take me home
Take me to the place where I was born
My country road take me home
Just how long have I been gone
Lord take me home
Lord take me home

I say bye to my folks and pack my clothes
Mama don't cry I was born to go
You gonna see my name in them big city lights
And daddy you know your boy will be alright
I thought the big city life was the place for me
But things aint always what they cracked up to be
Fell flat on my back searchin' for my soul
Now I'm headed back down my country road

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Get on down the road now
I got a sack and a Uhaul
I'm gonna make it back to Georgia before the dew fall
A 6 pack and a half a pack of Pall Malls
Red wine, the kind that give ya lock jaw
Old tires aint seen dirt roads in a while
But the grass getting green so I know I'm in the south
Back wood feen and there aint no doubt

I was born in the south go on take me to the house

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Just how long have I been gone
Lord take me home
Thank God I was born in the south
Country folk gonna ride on out
Lord take me home
Thank God I was raised in the south
Country folk gonna ride on out

Back roads cruising on a 2 path lane
Stopping by the field checkin out the sugar cane
Rollin down by the creek, switch it off and just listen
My roads aint found on that navigation system
Stoppin lookin at deer tracks
Grabbin me a beer from the back
30.06 by my side, can you feel that
A right at the chicken pen
A left at the back lot
We made it to the river and we never touch a black top

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