

Back to Free (Live at the Grand Ole Opry)

Drake White

Where'd that dirt-faced barefoot rebel kid go?
He's still crawdad fishin' at the waterin' hole
I must have turned eighteen and drove away
After all these years, I'm finding my way
Oh, back to climbin' up that old oak tree
Back to the mud underneath my feet
Back to a simpler state of mind, an easier life, an easier time
Bottle rocket, black cat, firefly
A plywood ramp stacked three bricks high
Back to real, back to me
Back to free
Like we used to be
You and me
Let's get back to free
How the hell did we wind up here?
Self medicated in an lazy chair
Safely dying locked in our homes
Nobody's talking but we're all on the phone
I gotta get back to climbin' up that old oak tree
Back to the mud underneath my feet
Back to a simpler state of mind, an easier life, an easier time
Bottle rocket, black cat, firefly
A plywood ramp stacked three bricks high
Back to real, back to me
Back to free
Like we used to be
Yes, you and me
Let's get back to free
I said free
Free
Rope swing, main street, pregnancy scare
Fast lane, insane, driving impaired
Empty pockets, sweet lover's lane
The county's dry, so let it rain
Short fuse, good news, plans were taught
A negative tale stole Johnny Law
We had nothing
We had it all
We were free
Like we used to be
You and me
Let's get back to free
Where'd that dirt-faced barefoot rebel kid go?
He's still crawdad fishin' at the waterin' hole

Songwriters

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