

I-55

Charlie Worsham

I was born on a blue lane highway line
Runnin' up and down Mississippi's crooked spine
I've been gone too long
It's high time I made time for this

A hundred miles south of Graceland's gate
Just see me comin' from the volunteer state
With a homesick heart and magnolia plates
Off exit two-oh-six

When it all gets to be too much
My soul feels out of touch
I get in my beat up ride and drive I-55

I fill up on old friends
Get back to where it all began
I always leave feelin' more alive, I-55

Rest my arm on the windowsill
Breathin' in them old pine hills
An the midnight smoke from the paper mills
To the stars off Lilly Road

This little lake town is all we got
But I love it most for what it's not
And them kids in the Chainey's parking lot
That was me ten years ago

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And I never can stay
As long as I want to
And now Ma moved away
But the one thing I won't do is forget where I come from
You bet I'll always run
Back down that old familiar stretch of interstate

When it all gets to be too much
My soul feels out of touch
I fill up on old friends
Get back, get back, to where it all began, all began, yeah

I-55
Oh and I drive, and I drive, and I drive, and I drive, and I drive
I-55