

What They Make Backroads For

Hardy

Some people plowed in a church on Sunday to talk to the man upstairs
Some people drown in a fifth of Crown when life seems a little more t
here
Some people like to roll one up when their world starts rollin' down
hill
That ain't how I roll and I doubt it's how I ever will

'Cause I'm sittin' out here drinkin' this cold beer
With the tailgates down in the sticks
Well I'm stuck without a paddle in an upstream battle
There's nothin' this gravel can't fix
I guess sometimes I gotta get lost
When I can't take no more
I guess that's what they make backroads for (Yeah)

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Tell 'em Jake

Yeah, I'm alright with them downtown nights
With the streets, and the lights, and the bars
But the crickets don't chirp and your phone still works
And you can't even see the stars
Between the highway pace and the interstate race
Man you gotta unplug sometimes
So I'm slowing it down, and I'll be slowing it down all night
That's right

I'll be sittin' out here drinkin' this cold beer
With the tailgate down in the sticks
When I'm stuck without a paddle in an upstream battle
It's nothin' this gravel can't fix
Yeah, sometimes I gotta get lost
When I can't take no more
I guess that's what they make backroads for, yeah

I'm just sittin' out here drinkin' this cold beer
With the tailgates down in the sticks
When I'm stuck without a paddle in an upstream battle
It's nothin' this gravel can't fix
I guess sometimes I gotta get lost
I can't take no more
I guess that's what they make backroads for, yeah
I guess that's what they make backroads for, yeah

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey