

# 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 as I pack my clothes  
Mama don't cry I was born to go  
You gonna see my name in the 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 ain't always what they cracked up to be  
Fell flat on my back such a fool of 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 ain't seen dirt roads in a while  
But the grass getting green so I know I'm in the south  
Old back wood feen and there ain't 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 ain't 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 lodge  
We made it to the river and we never touch a black top

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