

Wild Horses Band

"Back Road Home"

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I'll take the back road this time.
Out past the old school on the county line.
Down By the river, and that old rope swing
where me and you thought we knew everything,
everything.

I'm blowin' through this town like a devil wind.
It don't matter where I go, you bring me back again.
And I've been thinkin in your arms is right where I
belong.
So I'm takin' the back road home.

I see it al so clear this time.
The lake road, my old truck and some warm red wine.
I see your blue eyes in a memory

of your sweet voice callin' out to me. out to me.

So I'm blowin' through this town like a devil wind.
It don't matter where I go, you bring me back again.
And I've been thinkin in your arms is right where I
belong.
So I'm takin' the back road home.

Yeah I've been thinkin in your arms is right where I
belong.
So I'm takin' the back road home.

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