

## **Brantley Gilbert**

### **"Dirt Road Anthem"**

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Chillin' on a dirt road  
Laid back, swervin' like I'm George Jones  
Smoke rollin' out the window  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console

Memory lane up in the headlight  
It's got me reminiscin' on the good times  
Turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
We hittin' easy street on mud tires

Back in the day, pots farm was the place to go  
We would load the truck up, hit the dirt road  
Jump the barbwire and spread the word  
Light the bonfire then call the girls

King in the can and the Marlboro man  
Jack and gin were the few good men  
Learned how to kiss and cuss and fight too  
Better watch out for the boys in blue

All this small town, he said, she said  
Ain't it funny how rumors spread?  
Like I know somethin' you all don't know  
Man, this shit is gettin' old

Better mind your business so watch your mouth  
'Fore I have to knock your loud ass out  
I'm tired of talkin', ya'll ain't listenin'  
Them old dirt roads is what you all missin'

Chillin' on a dirt road  
Laid back, swervin' like I'm George Jones  
Smoke rollin' out the window  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console

Memory lane up in the headlight  
It's got me reminiscin' on the good times  
Turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
We hittin' easy street on mud tires

See I sit back, think about them good old days  
The way we was raised and our southern ways

Yeah, we like cornbread and biscuits  
And if it's broke 'round here, we fix it

I can take ya'll where you need to go  
Down to my hood, back in them woods  
We do it different 'round here, that's right  
But we sure do it good and we do it all night

If you really wanna know how it feels  
To get off the road in a truck with four wheels  
Jump on in, tell your friends  
We'll be raisin' hell where the black top ends

We're chillin' on a back road  
We're laid back, swervin' like I'm George Jones  
Smoke rollin' out the window  
An ice cold beer sittin' on the console

And memory lane up in the headlight  
Reminisclin' on the good times  
We're turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
We hittin' easy street on mud tires

That's right

I was brought up in a small town up in North Georgia  
Raised on Southern Baptist morals  
In a front row pew for the Sunday roll call  
Everybody praise the Lord, ya'll

I grew up, learned how to hunt and fish  
Bust a 12 gauge pump and not miss  
A life without work, that's just a myth  
Never listen when they talkin' shit

My dad taught me how to stand my ground  
Be a man, boy, never back down  
Don't start up somethin' by talkin' trash  
Better throw the first punch and whip his ass

Be somebody, make a name for yourself  
Life's hard just goin' through hell  
There comes a time when you've got to slow down  
That's what we're doin' now

We're chillin' on  
Laid back  
Smoke  
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console

Memory lane up in the headlights

It's got me reminiscin' on the good times  
I'm turnin' off of real life drive and that's right  
I'm hittin' easy street on mud tires

Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride, let's ride  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride, let's ride  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride  
Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride

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