

Chris Knight "Rural Route"

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RURAL ROUTE Â– CHRIS KNIGHT

Verse 1

I built a fire up on the hill; I sat in the woods and drank
my fill
Talked to God all night, took another shot at setting me
right
Then I walked down to the road, filled a beer can full of
22 holes
Then I said goodbye, yeah I said goodbye

Chorus

IÂ’d go back but I canÂ’t go home, cause river is up &
the road is closed
& there aint no telephoneÂ…Â…Â…Â…at my
mothersÂ’ house
& all the lights are out, down on the rural route

Verse 2

There aint much of nothinÂ’ left, this place where I
became myself

Ghosts & memories, IÂ’d walk on by but theyÂ’d follow
me

IÂ’d seen plenty on down the road. Asked him if heÂ’d
seen my brother

He just said no, well I guess IÂ’d better go

Repeat Chorus

Instrumental

Verse 3

I built a fire up on the hill; I sat in the woods and drank
my fill
Talked to God all night, took another shot at setting me
right
Then IÂ’d just walk away, aint nothinÂ’ here I want to
remember anyway
Least not today
Repeat Chorus * 2

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