

Colours Run

"Dirt Road Anthem"

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How yall doin? Yea, my name's Colt Ford
I got my boy Brantley Gilbert in here with me
We just some country boys from Georgia
We gonna a little something 'bout the dirt roads that we
come from
I'm gonna rap a little
You feel like singin'?
Yea brother

Yea I'm chilling on a back road,
Laid back rollin' to some George Jones,
Smoke blowin' out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights
It's got me reminiscing on the good times
Said I'm turning off of real life drive, and that's right
Hittin' easy street on mud tires

Back in the day pots farm was the place to go
Load the truck up hit the dirt road,
Jump the barbwire spread the word
Light the bonfire then call the girls
King in the can and the Marlboro man
Jack and gin were a few good men
When we learned how to kiss and cuss and fight too
Better watch out for the boys in blue
And all this small town he said she said
Ain't it funny how rumors spread
Like I know something ya'll don't know
Man this shit is getting old
Man mind your business watch your mouth
Before I have to knock your loud ass out
No time for talking ya'll ain't listenin'
Them old dirt roads is what ya'll missin'

Yea I'm chilling on a back road,
Laid back rollin' to some George Jones,
Smoke blowin' out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights
It's got me reminiscing on the good times

Said I'm turning off of real life drive, and that's right
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I sit back and think about them good ole days
The way we were raised and our southern ways
We like cornbread and biscuits
And if it's broke round here we fix it
See I can take ya'll where you need to go
Down to my hood or back in them woods
We do it different round here that's right
And we sho do it good and we do it all night
So if you really wanna know how it feels
To get off the road in a truck with four wheels
Jump on in tell yo friends
And we'll be raising hell where the black top ends

Yea I'm chilling on a back road,
Laid back rollin' to some George Jones,
Smoke blowin' out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights
It's got me reminiscing on the good times
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Hittin' easy street on mud tires

Yea I'm chilling on a back road,
Laid back bobbin' to some George Jones,
Smoke blowin' out the window,
An ice cold beer sittin' in the console
Memory lane up in the headlights
It's got me reminiscing on the good times
Said I'm turning off of real life drive, and that's right
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