

Don Walker

"The Old Trail"

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THE OLD TRAIL

WRITERS CHARLES JOHN QUARTO, STEVE GILLETTE

There's a new ridge road that cuts the mountain to the bone. Slices through the woods like there ain't nobody home. You wheel on up the valley view. You'll never feel the climb. Oh but I'll take the old trail every time.

The old trail, just mosies right along, moves at the speed of a sweet love song and the wind through the trees carries her own wind chimes. Yeah I'll take the old trail every time.

Lately it seems things vanish by degrees. How soon we forget we made our tree houses out of trees. When we going to realize some reasons just don't rhyme. Yeah I take the old trail every time.

The old trail. Now may she never fade. The one where the deer always have the right of way. How I love to watch the wintergreen along the timber lines. Yes I'll take the old trail every time.

People all in cars let the radios do the talking but I always find that I'm singing when I'm walking.

The old trail just mosies right along. Moves at the speed of a sweet love song and the wind through the trees carries her own wind chimes. Yeah I'll take the old trail every time. I take the old trail every time.

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