

Rhett Atkins

"Old Dirt Road"

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There's an old dirt road off of 33
Lord it's been so long since it's seen me
But I've put many a mile across it's back
I used to kick up dust in the summertime
Runnin' the Georgia-Florida line
A teenage runaway train jumpin' of the track
Had the windows rolled down, beer cans flyin'
Bocephus on the knob and a coon-dog cryin'

Now those days are gone in my rear-view
Lord all the scenes have changed
And the roads are all brand new
When my homesick heart gets the best of me
I hit that old dirt road off of 33

I was running with a bunch of friends of mine
Nothin' to do but shoot old stop signs
Half the time with the law got hot on our heels
Well we get cleaned up and go lookin' around
For a carload of girls to follow us down
To a run-down cabin and a party back in the fields
Oh God bless mama she never had a clue
But I got a feelin' that my daddy knew

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