

Max Stalling

"I-35"

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It was freezing cold in Dallas when I made my get away
I out ran a cold front when I gave my truck the reins
Barreling down I-35 with one thought on my mind
Forget the race find an open space, leave that city far
behind

Well hello there Austin, you look to be just fine
Well pardon me San Marcos, but I'm trying to make
some time
There's a storm in my rear-view and a city on my
nerves
But there's a piece of mind in the straight-away and
comfort in the curves

I didn't pull off in Von Ormy, like I normally do
I went on down to Devine town, I bought a six-pack or
two
I glanced back across my shoulder, like a seventh
season buck
All I saw was a wall of clouds, I hopped back in my truck

Guten-tag New Braunfels, how are you today
Hola Ol' San Antonio, please stand out of my way
There's a storm in my rear-view and a city on my
nerves
But there's a piece of mind in the straight-away and
comfort in the curves

Well I know that Mother-Nature will catch me in the end
But I'll put some miles behind me before I turn to face
the wind
Well don't ya leave that barn door open, not even just a
crack
If I see a hint of daylight, you'll never get me back

Well hello old Batesville, do you remember me
And look out there La Pryor, but I'm coming through
can't you see
There's a storm in my rear-view and a city on my
nerves
But there's a piece of mind in the straight-away and

comfort in the curves

I say I'm barreling down I-35 with one thought on my
mind

Forget the race find an open space, leave that city, that
damned old city far behind

Leave that city way far behind

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