

Chuck Gillespie

"Right Back To Mine"

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(Chorus)

The road I travel is lined with hard chunks of gravel
paved over time.

When I lose my way I find your road leads me straight
right back to mine.

All week long I'm lookin' for the weekend. My work is
takin' a back seat to you. Nine to five check out and
head for freedom. All week long all I can think of is you.

Friday night and I don't know where I'm goin'. I made
no plans. I still haven't heard from you. I've got a feelin'
somethin' ain't right I can't shake it. By Saturday my
gray will turn to blue.

I've been thinkin' about you all week long. Wonderin' if
there's somethin' wrong. Probably is but that ain't
nothin' real new.

(Repeat chorus)

The road I travel is lined with hard chunks of gravel
paved over time. When I lose my way I find your road
leads me straight right back to mine.

Redemption's born on Sunday morn. These are the
days that prayers were made for.

(Chorus-repeat twice)

The Road I travel is lined with hard chunks of gravel
paved over time. When I lose my way I find your road
leads me straight right back to mine.

Your road leads me straight right back to mine.

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