

Joseph Buladas

"End Of A Dirt Road"

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(Feat. Roger Creager & Trent Willmon)

Verse 1

I think it's time to take a drive,
Man it's been too long
And you know it sounds so sweet.
Cuz when the gravel hits the tires
It'll right the wrongs
Of too much city, and too much concrete.

Chorus

Take me to an old stock tank,
Or the Devil's river bank,
That fishing hole that stirs my memories.
Take me to a cold deer stand
Or shooting guns at old beer cans.
You won't find street signs where I wanna be.
I wouldn't give a nickel to have it paved in gold.
Everything I love is at the end of a dirt road.

Verse 2

It's cattle guards and old barb wire,
Shooting birds in the fall,
And laying in the truck bed with my girl.
It's the smell of mesquite campfire,
Shooting Makers with the boys,
And thanking God for giving me this world.

Bridge

My eyes on a piece of land,
A ring for her hand,
A little Heaven on earth,
A little piece of red dirt.

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