

Doug Bruce

"Coffey Road"

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Never had much money, or a lot of room to grow
In that little white frame house, my family called a
home
Daddy stayed gone most the time and left mamma on
her own
To raise two kids the best she could, at the end of
Coffey Road

Me and my friend Billy, and a dog that we called Bones
Spent endless summer days, at our secret fishin' hole
We never caught the big one, but the story still got told
There were plenty more where that came from at the
end of Coffey Road

Just a simple house in a country town where I grew up
A little green patch of life and a beat up Chevy truck
Last mailbox on the right number 501
The place where my best memories come from

I remember my first sweetheart, thought she'd always
be mine
Stealing kisses out behind the barn, all we had was
time
Friday night football games and Sunday mornin'
church
That preacher did his best to save our souls
Down at the end of Coffey Road

Just a simple house in a country town where I grew up
A little green patch of life and a beat up Chevy truck
Last mailbox on the right number 501
The place where my best memories come from

Just a simple house in a country town where I grew up
A little green patch of life and a beat up Chevy truck
If I could start all over knowing how the story goes
I wouldn't change a thing down at the end of Coffey
Road
No I wouldn't change a thing down at the end of Coffey
Road

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