

Nanci Griffith, Montana Backroads

In an old pickup truck, with his hat pulled down
He drives them old Montana backroads
Remembering half-forgotten times, and wondering where it's gone
And if he can still carry the load

Now, the summer sun is setting, and the moon is on the rise
As he pulls that old pickup into town
And he parks beside the place where the feed store used to be
And he heads for an old familiar sound

Those honky-tonk bands still play old-time songs
Remembering how things used to be
Sitting at the bar with his head down in his hands
So alone with his memories
Lord, he's so alone with his memories

He remembers back in '33, or was it '34
The year that he won the rodeo
The buckle that they gave him, well, he still wears today
For that Brahma bull that he rode

But his riding days are over now, his back is getting weak
And his eyesight, it just ain't as good
As the days he'd spot a deer at a hundred yards or more
And bring back a month's supply of food

Those honky-tonk bands still play old-time songs
Remembering how things used to be
Sitting at the bar with his head down in his hands
So alone with his memories
Lord, he's so alone with his memories

Now the bar is getting set to close, they say he's got to leave
But it feels like, Lord, he just arrived
So he downs his last shot as he's heading for the door
Getting ready for that long and lonely drive

In an old pickup truck, with his hat pulled down
He drives them old Montana backroads
Remembering half-forgotten times, and wondering where it's gone
And if he can still carry the load

Those honky-tonk bands still play old-time songs
Remembering how things used to be
And he tumbles through the door, and he falls down on his bed
Still alone with his memories
Lord, he's still alone with his memories