

Trace Adkins, I'm Goin' Back

I never knew what smog was 'til I moved to LA
They say it's the City of Angels, but there ain't no Saints
If I spend one more day on this freeway I might snap
'Cause I can't take a breath and I can't see the crest of those mountains
That lie in my path
I've got to get back to the farm
Where the cars aren't alarmed
And the people are happy to see ya
Where the world's biggest stars hang above my backyard
And there's room to stretch out and relax
My truck is gassed up and I'm packed
I'm goin' back
Hey lady, what color is that you've got in your hair
Sorry dude, but that dress and high heels threw me for a second there
The fact that don't even phase me is freakin' me out
Am I gettin' used to these lunatics who can't discern between friction and fact
I've got to get back to the farm
Where the cars aren't alarmed
And the people are happy to see ya
Where the world's biggest stars hang above my backyard
And there's room to stretch out and relax
My truck is gassed up and I'm packed
I'm goin' back
Goin' on back
Windmills and dirt roads and bean fields, my kinfolk
It don't get much better than that
I've got to get back to the farm
Where the cars aren't alarmed
And the people are happy to see ya
Where the world's biggest stars hang above my backyard
And there's room to stretch out and relax
My truck is gassed up and I'm packed
I'm goin' back
Yeah, I'm goin' back
Can't wait to get back
Give me some more of that hee-haw!