

The Back Roads and the Back Row

[Cole Swindell](#)

Moon comin' through the pines, crankin' up a country song
heaven right by your side and a Saturday night barely hangin' on
sun shinin' through the stain glass
comin' just as i am
prayin' that feelin' would last, that feelin' that saves you makes you wanna raise your hands{ }
That's the way it was
that's the way it is
when your growin' up in the mud and the blood the way we did
It got me where i am, and where i'm gonna go
we learned all about believin' and everything we were ever gonna need to know
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row
{ }
I had my first taste of beer
my first taste of a broken heart
there were good times, there were tears
but every red dirt man, we left a mark
like the words written there in red
like the streets that are made of gold
where we always bowed our heads
where mamma saved our seats and jesus saved our souls{ } {Instrumental}
It got me where i am, and where i'm gonna go
we learned all about believin' and everything we were ever gonna need to know
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row
yeah yeah
somewhere out there
between the back roads and the back row

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>