

Detours

Jordan Davis

I was a Renegade ragtop, revvin' up an engine
Hell yeah, why not take it to the limit
I would smoke it if you had it at a high school party
Passin' 'round a bottle 'round a bonfire in
the woods
Look at me wrong, you damn right, I'd fight ya
Parents got divorced, kinda dog that would bite ya
And I'd love 'em and I'd leave 'em and it was what it was
And it is what it is and I wouldn't change it if I could
Yeah, I lost my way
Damn near lost my mind
Pedal to the metal, let the devil lead me blind
I was way outside the lines
Yeah, and I got way off track
Took some wrong turns lookin' back
It's been one helluva ride in my rear view
But I thank the good Lord for the detours to you
She was an everything but the wings angel outta nowhere
'Cross the room, crooked smile and I just had to go there
Sittin' with a group of friends and sippin' on a glass of red
And I don't remember what I said but she wrote her number down
All I ever wanted but never knew I needed
She's the dotted lines and every sign that led me straight to Jesus
Was a voice that made me hit the brakes, slow it down, have some faith
And I had to learn from my mistakes but I'm on the right road now
Yeah, I lost my way
Damn near lost my mind
Pedal to the metal, let the devil lead me blind
I was way outside the lines
Yeah, and I got way off track
Took some wrong turns lookin' back
It's been one helluva ride in my rear view
And I thank the good Lord for the detours to you
Yeah, the detours to you
Well I lost my way
Damn near lost my mind
Pedal to the metal, let the devil lead me blind
I was way outside the lines
And I got way off track
Took some wrong turns lookin' back
It's been one helluva ride in my rear view
And only He knows all the hell I had to go through
I thank Him for the detours to you
All the detours to you

