

Two Lane Road

Canaan Smith

I know you're fightin with your mama. I know you're sick of that drama. Yeah, I could pick you up in a pick-up truck, baby, if you wanna. I got some room in the front seat. Some good tunes with the backbeat. Yeah I know a place, girl, where the troubles of the world won't ever find you and me. So let's go-oh-oh oh-whoa-oh. Out where the river runs deep and the sycamores grow-oh-oh, oh-whoa-oh. Nobody gotta know-oh-oh, oh-whoa-oh. If you wanna go crazy, baby let's go-oh-oh, oh-whoa-oh. Too far down a two lane road. Ro-ooooooooad. Ro-oo-oo-oad. Ro-oo-

oo-oadRo-oo-oo-oad

Ro-oo-oo-oad

Ro-oo-oo-oadWe'll need some down south moonlight

With that West Coast Red wine

Yeah, we'll kick it on the hood

Til we're feeling good

Then maybe cross a few tanlinesSo let's go

Out where the river runs deep

And the Sycamores grow

Nobody gotta know

If you wanna go crazy

Baby, let's go

To far down a two lane road

Hey girl

When things get a little bit heavy

Get loaded all up in my Chevy

And let it go all out the window

Just say the word and I'm ready

I got an F on the gas gauge

We can take it where the cattle graze

Baby I'm gonna put a smile

Back on your faceLet's go

Out where the river runs deep

And the Sycamores grow

Nobody gotta know

If you wanna go crazy

Baby, let's go

To far down a two lane road

Ro-oo-oo-oad

Ro-oo-oo-oad

Ro-oo-oo-oadTo far down a two lane roadRo-oo-oo-oad

Ro-oo-oo-oad

Ro-oo-oo-oadOh, take it to far with ya baby

Yeah, oo-oo-oo-oo-oh

