

Don Williams, The Old Trail

(Charles John Quarto, Steve Gillette)

There's a new ridge road
That cuts the mountain to the bone.
Slices through the woods
Like there ain't nobody home.
You can wheel on up the valley view.
You'll never feel the climb.
Oh, but I'll take the old trail every time.

The old trail,
Just moses right along,
Moves at the speed of
A sweet love song
And the wind through the trees
Carries her own wind chimes.
Yeah, I'll take the old trail every time.

Lately it seems things vanish by degrees.
How soon we forget
We made our tree houses out of trees.
When we going to realize
Some reasons just don't rhyme.
Yeah, I take the old trail every time.

The old trail.
Now may she never fade.
The one where the deer
Always have the right of way.
How I love to watch the wintergreen
Along the timber lines.
Yea, I'll take the old trail every time.

People in cars
Let the radios do the talking
But I always find
That I'm singing when I'm walking.

The old trail
Just moses right along.
Moves at the speed of
A sweet love song
And the wind
Through the trees
Carries her own wind chimes.
Yeah, I'll take the old trail every time.

I take the old trail every time...