

# Adkins Trace, I'm Goin' Back

Adkins Trace

Chrome

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!