

Billy Currington, Good Directions

I was sittin' at sellin' turnips on a flatbed truck
Crunchin' on a pork rind when she pulled up
She had to be thinkin' this is where rednecks come from
She had hollywood written on her license plate
She was lost and lookin' for the interstate
Needin' directions and I was the man for the job

I told her way up yonder past the caution light
There's a little country store with an old coke sign
Ya gotta stop in and ask Mrs. Bill fer suma her sweet tea
Then a left will take ya to the interstate
But a right will bring ya right back here to me

I was sittin' at thinkin' 'bout her pretty face
Kickin' myself for not catchin' her name
I threw my hat and thought you fool it coulda been love
I knew my old Ford couldn't run her down
She probably didn't like me anyhow
So I watched her disappear into a cloud of dust

I told her way up yonder past the caution light
There's a little country store with an old coke sign
Ya gotta stop in and ask Mrs. Bill fer suma her sweet tea
Then a left will take ya to the interstate
But a right will bring ya right back here to me

Is this Georgia heat playin' tricks on me
Or am I really seein' what I think I see
The woman of my dreams comin' back to me

She went way up yonder past the caution light
Don't know what but somethin' felt right
When she stopped in and asked Mrs. Bill fer suma her sweet tea
Mama gave her a big 'ol glass and sent 'er right back her to me
Thank God for good directions and turnip greens

Written by heart from Shelby Harvey