

# Don Williams, Old Trail

THE OLD TRAIL

WRITERS 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 no tomorrow.

The old trail, just mosies right along, moves at the speed of a sweet love song and the wind through the trees.

Lately it seems things vanish by degrees. How soon we forget we made our tree houses out of trees.

The old trail. Now may she never fade. The one where the deer always have the right of way. How the times have changed.

People all in cars let the radios do the talking but I always find that I'm singing when I'm walking.

The old trail just mosies right along. Moves at the speed of a sweet love song and the wind through the trees.