## Nanci Griffith, Montana Backroads

In an old pickup truck, with his hat pulled down He drives them old Montana backroads Remembering half-forgotten times, and wondering where it's gone And if he can still carry the load

Now, the summer sun is setting, and the moon is on the rise As he pulls that old pickup into town And he parks beside the place where the feed store used to be And he heads for an old familiar sound

Those honky-tonk bands still play old-time songs Remembering how things used to be Sitting at the bar with his head down in his hands So alone with his memories Lord, he's so alone with his memories

He remembers back in '33, or was it '34
The year that he won the rodeo
The buckle that they gave him, well, he still wears today
For that Brahma bull that he rode

But his riding days are over now, his back is getting weak And his eyesight, it just ain't as good As the days he'd spot a deer at a hundred yards or more And bring back a month's supply of food

Those honky-tonk bands still play old-time songs Remembering how things used to be Sitting at the bar with his head down in his hands So alone with his memories Lord, he's so alone with his memories

Now the bar is getting set to close, they say he's got to leave But it feels like, Lord, he just arrived So he downs his last shot as he's heading for the door Getting ready for that long and lonely drive

In an old pickup truck, with his hat pulled down He drives them old Montana backroads Remembering half-forgotten times, and wondering where it's gone And if he can still carry the load

Those honky-tonk bands still play old-time songs Remembering how things used to be And he tumbles through the door, and he falls down on his bed Still alone with his memories Lord, he's still alone with his memories