

# Shawn Colvin, Tennessee

S. Colvin - J. Leventhal  
I got a cool head doin' alright  
But I been up here so long I was starving  
For some hot spells, summer lights  
Shinin' on your back roads  
Tennessee

Somebody hit me hard  
Right in my own backyard  
Somebody put a hope lock on my heart  
Runnin' down your back roads  
Tennessee

Oh you got the banjos  
And they play real slow  
Not to me, not to me  
I never heard such rock and roll  
As on your back roads  
Tennessee

Now I know you're not to blame  
But you know that you should have  
told me  
That I would never be the same  
After riding down your back roads  
Tennessee

Somebody held me tight  
Somebody tried to fight  
Somebody raced out in the night  
Runnin' down your back roads  
Tennessee

Oh you kissed the soul of a rebel  
In a Yankee girl  
You got to me  
I heard you callin' 'round the world  
From your back roads  
Tennessee

I saw somebody standin'  
In a field with a crutch  
Behind his rich southern daddy  
With a Midas touch  
They said be outta here by sundown  
They said good luck  
You might say I was the stranger  
Who knew too much

Somebody took a hope lock from my heart  
And threw it down your back roads  
Tennessee

Oh you feel the north wind blow  
That's only me  
I want to hear some rock and roll  
On your back roads  
Tennessee

I'm not the bad city girl  
Come down to rape you  
I'm not the hometown queen  
Who wants to save you  
I heard you callin' to my soul

From your back roads  
Tennessee