

# Trace Adkins, 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!