

Trace Adkins, My Way Back

Momma put a Bible in my glove box
A hot homemade apple pie on the passenger seat
She said you'll always be my baby
And she planted a kiss and a couple tears on my cheek
Dad slipped me some travelin' cash
Threw a map with a highlighted route on the dash
And I realize, as I look back, that
They weren't just saying goodbye
They weren't just seeing me off
They were just making sure that I
Don't forget where I'm from
Go out there and do your family proud son
Momma loved and Daddy worked
And lived their lives just to make sure I know
My way back home
I can still smell Momma's kitchen
And feel every single prayer she says for me
I can point these wheels toward that sunset
Without a fear, without a doubt, Daddy says, "Go for that dream"
I left behind a pie-crumble trail
Just in case I get lost, fall flat, or fail
And if the wind should leave my sail
They weren't just saying goodbye
They weren't just seeing me off
They were just making sure that I
Don't forget where I'm from
Go out there and do your family proud son
Momma loved and Daddy worked
And lived their lives just to make sure I know
My way back home
To that door that's always open
And that light that's always on
To the love that's always waiting
After being gone too long
They weren't just saying goodbye
They weren't just seeing me off
They were just making sure that I
Don't forget where I'm from
Go out there and do your family proud son
Momma loved and Daddy worked
And lived their lives just to make sure I know
I always know, I always know
My way back home
My way back home