

Trisha Yearwood, Those Words We Said

I left home with nothing but a few tears in my eyes
Now I'm halfway down the interstate past Highway 99
It's just me and one good wiper blade up against the rain
And I still hear the echoes of those bitter words we said
I could drive a million miles and never drive them from my head

Those words we said
No matter how I try I can't get far enough away
Every sad song on my radio sounds like it's custom made
By some devil on my shoulder that keeps whispering in my ear
Those words that wounded like an arrow to the heart
And keep me drivin', drivin'