

# 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'