Backroads Brandon Rhyder Back Roads - Brandon Rhyder https://youtu.be/JPJOocgUEEA Drop-D [Verse] D The back roads of this county Cadd9 Cross like the laces on my boots G/D And I've been running â€~em down р Since I was able to D I left home at nineteen, Cadd9 And swore I was never going back G/D Nights like this I wish D That's where I was at. [Chorus] Cadd9 D Slow pokin' down a blacktop, cuttin' tires on the white rock Cadd9 Thereâ ${\in}^{\rm m}{\rm s}$ a party on a dead end road D Weâ
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mt show Cadd9 Somebody is looking for a fight D It's gonna be that kind of night C G/D When I get too far from home D I go find me a back road. Cadd9,G/D,G,D[Verse] D Cadd9 I remember the summer, I turned sixteen G/D D I made out with a girl in the back of her hatchback Chevrolet D Cadd9 And I drank my first beer, on the Louisiana state line

My first night to see the other side [Chorus] Cadd9 D Slow pokin' down a blacktop, cuttin' tires on the white rock Cadd9 There's a party on a dead end road D We're just hopin' that the cops don't show Cadd9 Somebody is looking for a fight D It's gonna be that kind of night C G/D When I get too far from home р I go find me a back road. [Bridge] Cadd9 D I heard â€~em tell me, son don't forget where you come from Cadd9 D And I never have, and I still like to beat that drum Cadd9 From the river bottoms, to the tall pine trees Α If forever will be right here inside of me [Chorus] Cadd9 D Slow pokin' down a blacktop, cuttin' tires on the white rock Cadd9 Thereâ ${\in}^{\rm m}{\rm s}$ a party on a dead end road D We're just hopin' that the cops don't show Cadd9 Somebody is looking for a fight D It's gonna be that kind of night Cadd9 G/D F When I get too far from home D I go find me a back road. [Outro] Cadd9 G/D When I get too far from home D I go find me a back road.

D

G/D