

Dirt Road Anthem
Brantley Gilbert

Intro

Bm D G D

Chorus

Yeah (**Bm**) I m chillin on a dirt (**D**) road.
Laid back (**G**) swervin like I m George (**D**) Jones
Smoke (**Bm**) rollin out the win (**D**) dow
An ice cold beer (**G**) sittin in the con (**D**)sole.

Memory (**Bm**) Lane up in the head (**D**) lights.
got me remi (**G**) niscing on the good (**D**) times
(**Bm**) said I m turnin off the real (**D**) life drive and that s right
(**G**) hittin easy street on mud (**D**) tires

Verse

(**Bm**) back in the day Potts farm was the place to (**D**)go
load the truck up hit the dirt road
(**G**) Jump the barbwire, spread the (**D**) word

light the bon fire , then call the girls
(**Bm**) king in the can, and the Marlboro (**D**) man
Jack and Jim were a few good men
we (**G**) learned how to kiss and cuss and fight (**D**) too
better watch out for the boys in blue
and (**Bm**) all this small town he said she (**D**) said
aint it funny how rumors spread
(**G**) like i know somethin ya ll donâ€™t (**D**) know
man this shit is getting old
man (**Bm**) mind your business watch your (**D**) mouth
before i have to knock your loud ass out
(**G**) i m tired of talkin ya ll aint listenin (**D**)
them old dirt road is what ya ll missing

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Verse

I sit (**Bm**) back and think about them good ole (**D**) days
the way we were raised in our southern ways
we (**G**) like corn bread and bis (**D**) cuits
and if its broke round here we fix it
see i can (**Bm**) take ya ll where you need to (**D**) go
down to my hood or back in them woods
we do it (**G**) different round here thatâ€™s (**D**) right
but we sho do it good and we do it all night
(**Bm**) so if you really wanna know how it (**D**) feels
to get off the road and truck with four wheels
(**G**) jump on in tell ya (**D**) friends
that well be raisin hell where the black top ends

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Verse

I was (**Bm**) brought up in a small town in North Geor (**D**) gia
raised on southern baptist morals
all (**G**) on a pew for the Sunday roll (**D**) call
everybody praise the lord ya ll,
grew (**Bm**) up learnin how to hunt and (**D**) fish
bust a 12 gauge pump and not miss
(**G**) life without work that s just a (**D**) myth
never listen when they talkin shit
my (**Bm**) dad taught me how to stand my (**D**) ground
be a man boy never back down
don t (**G**) start it son but if he s talking (**D**) trash
you better throw the first punch and whip his ass
(**Bm**) be somebody, make a name for your (**D**) self
life s hard, you go through hell
(**G**) there comes a time when you ve got to slow (**D**) down
that s what we doing now

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