

Gravel Road

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intro:

A A F#M D E A

A F#M
It must be that time of year
D E
I m feeling that pull again
A F#M
I ve got to get away from here
D E
and back to where my feet can stand
A F#M
Back to where the trees grow tall
D E
and ain t a sound for miles around
A F#M
Except for the distant call
D E A
of that lonely coyote s howl

D A
Life s mysteries unravel when my tires hit that gravel
E A
and I leave the paved road far behind
A F#M
Every breath I breathe is one step closer to me
D E A
easing my worried mind

Repeat same pattern

Way back in the sticks
is where I feel alive
in my rusty old 66
that won t even go fifty five

Nothing can compare
to the joy that I ve found
every time I go back there
to my own spiritual ground

I ll make a quart of sweet corn whiskey
from ten gallons of sour mash
I ll turn a pile of firewood
into a pile of sky grey ash

If there s anything left inside me
that remembers what it s like to feel
that cold rain falling on the top of my head
and the mud beneath my heels