

# The Back Roads and the Back Row

[Cole Swindell](#)

Moon comin' through the pines, crankin' up a country song  
heaven right by your side and a Saturday night barely hangin' on  
sun shinin' through the stain glass  
comin' just as i am  
prayin' that feelin' would last, that feelin' that saves you makes you wanna raise your hands{ }  
That's the way it was  
that's the way it is  
when your growin' up in the mud and the blood the way we did  
It got me where i am, and where i'm gonna go  
we learned all about believin' and everything we were ever gonna need to know  
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row  
{ }  
I had my first taste of beer  
my first taste of a broken heart  
there were good times, there were tears  
but every red dirt man, we left a mark  
like the words written there in red  
like the streets that are made of gold  
where we always bowed our heads  
where mamma saved our seats and jesus saved our souls{ } {Instrumental}  
It got me where i am, and where i'm gonna go  
we learned all about believin' and everything we were ever gonna need to know  
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row  
Somewhere between the back roads and the back row  
yeah yeah  
somewhere out there  
between the back roads and the back row

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>