

# 218

My Daddy was a farmer outside a Midwest town  
My backyard stretched as far as I could see  
I remember walking barefoot down that old dirt road  
I had a burning curiosity

'Cause the dirt met with asphalt and concrete  
Thick yellow lines, well they cut it in two  
Big trucks rolled by and sent the dust rolling  
This boy began to wonder where they were going

## Down 218

My oldest brother Bobby- he used to take me riding  
He had a '67 Chevrolet  
He used to drive so fast, my Father would get so mad  
He swore to take ol' Bobby's keys away

One night I woke up 'cause I heard ma was crying  
She cried out that her baby was gone  
Bobby sped through the night down some old lonesome highway  
A truck had swerved and the two hit head on

## On 218

Well I'm older now and just out of high school  
I look back on how my life has changed  
I see these folks around me, and I respect their ways  
Still I wonder if I'll end up just the same

I'm proud of my home and my family  
But I'm like a wheel that has just started rolling  
Maybe I'm just looking for a little a little adventure  
'Cause when the sun comes up I guess I'll be going...

## Down 218