

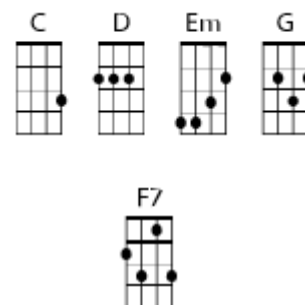
Goodbye Road Johnnyswim, Drew Holcomb

I left my dear trying to find adventure. She spent years trading my whiskey out for seltzer
 Still I hear her voice in the pit of my failure. You ride alone down Goodbye Road

I kept my eyes tryn'ta find better weather just to find it ain't getting any better
 And still I hear her voice so clear and so tender
 It's my tale to tell down Goodbye Road

Strangers, outcasts, artists and thieves. Misfits, legends and lost refugees
 We may not be where we thought we would be
 But we made our home down Goodbye Road

You said you were my queen now you're just an old disaster
 I said, "Sticks and stones shouldn't be thrown from the pulpit pastor."
 And when I hear that voice I try to move a bit faster
 I'd rather walk alone down Goodbye Road



<Chorus>

Travelin' Paul on the road to Damascus, the ghost of Saul, he laid down in a casket
 Sometimes flowers grow in the soil of ashes, pick 'em as you go down Goodbye Road

Strangers, outcasts, artists and thieves. Misfits, legends and lost refugees
 We may not be where we thought we would be

But we made our home down Goodbye Road <hum 1 line of Amazing Grace>

Sometimes flowers grow in the soil of ashes, pick 'em as you go down Goodbye Road
 We made our home down Goodbye Road

