Old Dirt Roads by **Owen Riegling**

Tuning Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb Key F#

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[Intro] Capo 0->2
Em G D [x2]
[Verse 1]
 Em
I grew up wild and I grew up true, a town most folks just drive through
         Em
We'd sit out by the dam on a night when the air was warm.
Momma was an angel Daddy was a saint,
When the lights cut off I could sneak out late,
To a spot on the west side baby nobody knew
[Pre-Chorus]
Come and find me down where the treeline ends
and the cattails grow,
       Em
We can be free-living our dreams out singing to the radio.
[Chorus]
I was raised on a little patch of heaven
Wheat fields and old dirt roads.
Where the tin roof sings, the whole damn thing
Shakes when the cold wind blows.
Well it ain't all sunshine and rainbows
Hard times we all know.
But I'd go back in a minute to the land of the wicked
Wheat fields and old dirt roads.
[Instrumental]
La da da, na nana naaa,la da, da dadada dada
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Old Dirt Roads by **Owen Riegling** Em G La da dada na na na, la da da dadada dada [Verse 2] Em Spent some time in a corner bar, Playing for keeps with his old guitar and it was worth every minute when I heard those people sing. It's a long road home but now I see, what them old times meant to me. Fm So when I get back crack a bottle of Jack You know where I'll be. [Pre-Chorus] Em You can find me down where the treeline ends and the cattails grow, We can be free-living our dreams out singing to the radio. [Chorus] Em I was raised on a little patch of heaven Wheat fields and old dirt roads. Where the tin roof sings, the whole damn thing Shakes when the cold wind blows. Well it ain't all sunshine and rainbows Hard times we all know. But I'd go back in a minute to the land of the wicked Wheat fields and old dirt roads.

Old Dirt Roads by **Owen Riegling** [Instrumental] Em G D La da da, na nana naaa,la da, da dadada dada La da dada na na na, la da da dadada dada [Solo] Em, G, D x3 [Chorus] Em I was raised on a little patch of heaven Wheat fields and old dirt roads. Where the tin roof sings, the whole damn thing Shakes when the cold wind blows. Well it ain't all sunshine and rainbows Hard times we all know. But I'd go back in a minute to the land of the wicked Wheat fields and old dirt roads. [Outro] Em Yeah I'll go back in a minute to the land of the wicked Wheat fields and old dirt roads. La da da, na nana naaa,la da, da dadada dada La da dada na na na, la da da dadada dada La da da, na nana naaa, la da, da dadada dada La da dada na na na, wheat fields and old dirt roads