

[Walnut Lane](#) song lyrics

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There was a road. It weren't a highway.
It went to a house that ain't there no more.
The road was rough. The road was rocky.
Crackled paint on the old front door.

We drove real slow cause it was bumpy.
That kind of road shook a car apart.
I see the old front door in my dearest memories.
A wood-fired stove. The warmth of kindred hearts.

We're gathering eggs for tomorrow's breakfast,
We're drinkin' water from a spring-fed source.
The cattle are lowing in the new red barn.
See the mountain view from our back porch.

There's the Lepley farm with the big stone house.
The gunsmith's shop, and his steady hand.
There's the old stone barn on the Blubaugh place,
Where family cleared and worked the land.

I'll be back there soon. There ain't no doubt.
I'll join them there among sandstone slabs.
Saplings will sprout. Big trees grow and fall.
Tombstones topple down, leavin' no one sad.

I won't mind a bit when field turns to forest.
When folks come by, they'll have a little shade.
Plant me on the ridge with folks that I love.
The years march on, and memories fade.

There was a road. It weren't a highway.
It went to a house that ain't there no more.
The road was rough. The road was rocky.
Crackled paint on the old front door.

Take me down that road on my last journey.
I loved that road when it was just a trail.
Ya don't need no hearse. Just take me on a wagon,
and remember me when I was young and hale.

Oh, remember me,
Back when I was young and hale.