

Everybody's got their little slice of Heaven, mine's in the Georgia pines
Seven miles east of the wildcat creek, if you blink it'll pass you by
Granddaddy walked barefoot up and down this road, now I am too
I'm learning how to live, walking this dirt where he was walking to school

Oh, No. 7 Road, won't you take me home?
Out there where my roots run deep
Strong just like that old oak tree
Oh, you're running in my blood, built in my bones
I'm who I am from where I stand on the old No. 7 Road

There's seven of us sitting round the table at suppertime
Now I'm seven steps away, but my mind still stays right there when I close my eyes
Still trying fix that barbed wire fence or sitting on a back porch swing
No. 7 was the place where I was raised, now I'm picking this old six string

Oh, No. 7 Road, won't you take me home?
Out there where my roots run deep
Strong just like that old oak tree
Oh, you're running in my blood, built in my bones
I'm who I am from where I stand on the old No. 7 Road

Everybody's got their little slice of Heaven
Mine is in the Georgia pines

Oh, No. 7 Road, won't you take me home? (Won't you take me?)
Out there where my roots run deep
Strong just like that old oak tree
Oh, you're running in my blood, built in my bones
I'm who I am from where I stand on the old No. 7 Road, oh

No. 7 Road, won't you take me home? No. 7 Road
Take me home,
Won't you take me home?
No. 7 Road,
Take me home
Won't you take me home?
Take me home
Down a country road