

# Detours

Jordan Davis

I was a Renegade ragtop, revvin' up an engine  
Hell yeah, why not take it to the limit  
I would smoke it if you had it at a high school party  
Passin' 'round a bottle 'round a bonfire in  
the woods  
Look at me wrong, you damn right, I'd fight ya  
Parents got divorced, kinda dog that would bite ya  
And I'd love 'em and I'd leave 'em and it was what it was  
And it is what it is and I wouldn't change it if I could  
Yeah, I lost my way  
Damn near lost my mind  
Pedal to the metal, let the devil lead me blind  
I was way outside the lines  
Yeah, and I got way off track  
Took some wrong turns lookin' back  
It's been one helluva ride in my rear view  
But I thank the good Lord for the detours to you  
She was an everything but the wings angel outta nowhere  
'Cross the room, crooked smile and I just had to go there  
Sittin' with a group of friends and sippin' on a glass of red  
And I don't remember what I said but she wrote her number down  
All I ever wanted but never knew I needed  
She's the dotted lines and every sign that led me straight to Jesus  
Was a voice that made me hit the brakes, slow it down, have some faith  
And I had to learn from my mistakes but I'm on the right road now  
Yeah, I lost my way  
Damn near lost my mind  
Pedal to the metal, let the devil lead me blind  
I was way outside the lines  
Yeah, and I got way off track  
Took some wrong turns lookin' back  
It's been one helluva ride in my rear view  
And I thank the good Lord for the detours to you  
Yeah, the detours to you  
Well I lost my way  
Damn near lost my mind  
Pedal to the metal, let the devil lead me blind  
I was way outside the lines  
And I got way off track  
Took some wrong turns lookin' back  
It's been one helluva ride in my rear view  
And only He knows all the hell I had to go through  
I thank Him for the detours to you  
All the detours to you

