

Highway 20 Ride

Zac Brown Band

I ride east every other Friday but if I had it my way
Days would not be wasted on this drive
And I want so bad to hold you
Son, there's things I haven't told you
Your mom and me just couldn't get along

So I'll drive
And I think about my life
And wonder why I'll slowly die inside
Everytime I turn that truck around, right at the Georgia line
and I count the days and the miles back home to you on that Highway 20 ride

A day might come and you'll realize that if you could see through my eyes
There was no other way to work it out
And a part of you might hate me
But son please don't mistake me
For a man that didn't care at all

So I drive
And I think about my life
And wonder why I'll slowly die inside
Everytime I turn that truck around, right at the Georgia line
and I count the days and the miles back home to you on that Highway 20 ride

So when you drive
And the years go flying by
I hope you smile
If I ever cross your mind
It was a pleasure of my life
And I cherished every time
And my whole world
It begins and ends with you
On that Highway 20 ride....