

# I Play the Road

Zac Brown Band

I play the road,  
And the highway is our song,  
And every city's like the same three chords  
Been helping us along when the story's told  
And the crowd has come and gone  
Shaking off the miles and trying to make it home

Every exit is a season,  
Every signal is a beacon  
And the wind, it carries me  
And it eases up my load  
Everyday I drag the turns  
Every candle still burns  
And every lesson I have learned  
Brings us closer to the crowd

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Shaking off the miles and trying to make it home

Well the bus it is our steeple,  
It brings us to the people  
And they will be there waiting,  
Dancing young and old  
And every one of us gets tired,  
But every one remains inspired  
And every one of us require

To keep picking through our souls

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She says, "Daddy where do you go  
When you leave me all these nights  
With a suitcase and guitar in your hand?  
Kissing me and mom goodbye with a tear and a smile,  
Where do you go,  
Daddy where do you go?"

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Shaking off the miles and trying to make it home  
Shaking off the miles  
(Shaking off the miles)  
(Mile after mile)  
Mile after mile

Baby, I'm coming home