

Highway 20 Ride

Zac Brown Band

I ride east every other Friday but if I had it my way
A day 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 couldn't get along So I'll drive
And I think about my life
And wonder why
That I slowly die inside
Every time 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 you'll realize that if you 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
And I drive
And I think about my life
And wonder why
That I slowly die inside
Every time 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... Whoa-ho-oh-oh
20 ride
Whoa-ho-oh-oh
20 ride Whoa-ho-oh-oh
Highway 20 ride
And I ride Whoa-ho-oh-oh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>