

# 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 rideWhoa-ho-oh-oh  
Highway 20 ride  
And I rideWhoa-ho-oh-oh

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

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