

Highway 20 Ride

Zac Brown Band

I ride east every other Friday but if i had it my way

The 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

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 didnt care at all

And I'll drive

And I'll think about my life

And wonder why, That I 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....

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