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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