

Highway 20 Ride... Zac Browne Band

C / C / F / C

C C F C
I ride east every other Friday, and if I had it my way
C G C
My day would not be wasted on this ride
C C F C
I want so bad to hold you, but son there's things I haven't told you
C C G
Your mom and me just couldn't get along

C F G
So I drive, and I think about my life,
C F G
and wonder why, that I slowly die inside
C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F G
Everytime I turn this truck around, right at the Georgia line
C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F G C
I count the days, and the miles back home to you, on that Highway 20 ride.

C C F C
A day might come you'll realize, and if you see through my eyes
C G C
There was no other way to work it out
C C F C
Part of you might hate me, but son please don't mistake me
C C G
For a man who didn't care at all.

C F G
So I drive, and I think about my life,
C F G
and wonder why, that I slowly die inside
C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F G
Everytime I turn this truck around, right at the Georgia line
C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F G C
I count the days, and the miles back home to you, on that Highway 20 ride.

C F G
So when you drive, and the years go flying by
C F G
I hope you'll smile, if I ever cross your mind
F G F G
It was the pleasure of my life, and I cherished every time

C Cmaj7 Am Am7 F
And my whole world, it begins and ends with you
G C
On that Highway 20 ride.