

Dear Miss

Zach Bryan

There's a letter to your mother that is hidden in my desk
That I wrote to her in a sober mind
It's my apology for all the things I used to be
And swearin' I'll change over time
She might not believe me 'cause no one ever does
Except her daughter that loves me true
God forbid all it takes for a boy to finally wait
Just to be cherished and loved all the way through

She lets me drink my liquor when I'm singin' through the night
She slaps my hand when it's too much
She's mean and she's kind, strong and divine
And Lord only knows how tough

So dear Miss, by the time you see this
It'll be in love or it'll be in pain
May God bless and keep us
May you think kind of my name

And I know I've had my days and I've made my mistakes
So please point me to the nearest perfect man
I'll gladly take advice from a man with no vice
If it means I can hold your hand

She was raised up proper and I was raised up
With a poor working boy's heart
The way the light is beatin' on her smilin' cheeks this evenin'
Is the finest of the world's fine art

So dear Miss, by the time you see this
I'll be in love or it'll be in vain
So may God bless and keep us
May you think kind of my name

And she's standin' in the doorway ramblin' on about my old ways
How they were reckless and free
How all my imperfections and every ugly lesson
Is worth every last second with me