

Hey Driver

Zach Bryan

Alright, man, I'm ready when y'all are
This is your song, Mike, let's do it
Alright, here we go, 1, 2, 3, and

So take me down the road that's a little bit windy
To a place they still put sugar in their iced tea
Where the women are fine and the love is fair
Hey, driver, you can drop me off anywhere

Hey, driver, pull on over I'm in a fight with God
This Carolina shoulder seems the place I'm getting off
Daddy always told me, never make a home on the road
While your lady's sneaking out and the kids are growing old

Hey, driver, I've been riding this lonely way too long
All the love I have worth giving is all spent on my songs
Hey, driver, the boys are gambling with more than just their cards
With their bottles, and their drugs, and their bibles, and their hear
ts

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Hey, driver, I've been feeling like there's no point at all
The Klonopin ain't kicked in, and I missed my sister's call
Hey, driver, I'm so tired of the ways of this old world
Just drive until the tires melt, we'll come back when it's healed

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