

## Like Ida

Zach Bryan

When you wake in the mornin' and I'm not by your side, just know that I'm halfway to Dallas  
I'm stoned out my mind, I'm half-buzzed 'bout full-time since you left me to die here last August  
When you make it to Nashville, you can tell by one hat tilt that that shit just ain't my scene  
I like out-of-tune guitars and taking jokes too far, and my bartenders extra damn mean

So roll where you're rollin'  
I'll be prayin' you're fine  
Wherever you're goin'  
Just stay walkin' that line  
'Cause they'll eat and they'll spit ya  
But you ain't their fool  
They don't know ya like ida  
Back home on barstools

I'm out on the road, when I'm goin', I go, I make music with all of my friends  
I miss your silhouette catchin' coastal sunsets and the sound of that rusty door hinge  
But that day's bound to come when I finish this run, and I'm rollin' right into your arms  
And that bullshit you see on the late-night TV is a long way from our beatin' hearts

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Wherever you're goin'  
Stay walkin' that line  
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But you ain't their fool  
They don't know ya like ida  
Back home on barstools

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'Cause they'll eat and they'll spit ya  
But you ain't their fool  
They don't know ya like ida  
Belly-laughin' on stools