

# Van Zant, I Know My History

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Mmmmm, Yeah.

I was a freckle-faced kid with a buck tooth grin.  
I was cuttin' her grass when she asked me in.  
Learned everything that I needed to learn,  
When I was sixteen, know what I mean.  
Whoo, ooh, ooh, grew up fast.  
Fin'ly found somethin' I was really good at.  
When it comes to love,  
I know what I'm talkin' about.

I know my history, but good lovin' gets me.  
It ain't no mystery, just kiss me: kiss me, baby.  
I never learned my lesson: I'm pretty good at guessin'.  
I been down that road a time or two or three:  
I know my history.  
Come a little closer, let me show you what it's all about.  
Oh, I know my history, baby.

You can second guess me all night long,  
Make yourself believe that it's all wrong.  
Sooner or later, girl,  
You're gonna see you can trust me.  
Once again there, whoo, ooh, ooh, step into school:  
Let me show you a thing or two:  
When it comes to love,  
I know what I'm talkin' about.

I know my history, but good lovin' gets me.  
It ain't no mystery, just kiss me: kiss me, baby.  
I never learned my lesson: I'm pretty good at guessin'.  
I been down that road a time or two or three:  
I know my history.

Don't worry 'bout tomorrow, come along girl.  
Got his own road on a right cool world.  
Take my hand, it's just you an' me.  
Tonight's the night we're makin' history.

(A little, little history.)  
(Whoo, ooh, ooh.)

I know my history, yeah, good lovin' gets me.  
It ain't no mystery, just kiss me: (Kiss me.)  
Come a little closer, let me show you what it's all about.