

# Van Zant, Things I Miss The Most

Written by Tom Hambridge, Jeffrey Steele, Donnie Van Zant and Johnny Van Zant.

I swear I gave up drinkin';  
Sometimes I have no choice,  
After singin' hard, six nights straight,  
A little sip sure helps my voice.  
Don't get me wrong, I love these songs,  
An' I know I've got it made.  
Sometimes my mind starts driftin',  
When I'm up here on the stage.

To that last half-mile of dirt road,  
An' that oak tree on the hill.  
To those dogs out, barkin' in the yard,  
An' that tractor in the field.  
An' them kids up on the front porch,  
Screamin': "Mamma, Daddy's home!"  
When I'm out here, I'm just thinkin',  
About the things I miss the most.

Yeah, the hardest bthing I have to do,  
Is hang up this telephone.  
There's so much left to talk about,  
An' I been gone so long.  
So put them kids on one more time,  
Before they go to sleep.  
And, baby, no, no matter where I go,  
All that I can see,

Is that last half-mile of dirt road,  
An' that oak tree on the hill.  
To those dogs out, barkin' in the yard,  
An' that tractor in the field.  
An' them kids up on the front porch,  
Screamin': "Mamma, Daddy's home!"  
When I'm out here, I'm just thinkin',  
About the things I miss the most.

The things I miss the most.  
The things I miss the most.  
An' it's killin' me:  
I hate to leave this family that you've given me,  
God only knows, I hate to go,  
So hold me close and let me let you know,  
About the things I miss the most.

People always ask me,  
After every show,  
"Of all the places that you've ever been,  
"What's your favorite place to go?"

It's that last half-mile of dirt road,  
An' that oak tree on the hill.  
An' those dogs out, barkin' in the yard,  
An' that ol' tractor in the field.  
An' them kids up on the front porch,  
Screamin': "Mamma, Daddy's home!"  
When I'm out here, I'm just thinkin',  
'Bout the things I miss the most.

While I'm out here, I'm just thinkin',  
About the things I miss the most.