

# Small Town Hypocrite

Caylee Hammack

Hand-me-down dreams got me high in the rafters  
Homecoming queen couldn't be an outsider  
So there I'd sit, with a cigarette lit in a leather jacket  
I found a boy who was a stranger too  
In a one-horse town at a table for two  
We had matching scars, matching tattoos  
Both dying to fit in  
Ain't that some shit  
We're just small-town hypocrites

And that scholarship was a ship that sailed  
When I chose you and daddy gave me hell  
I made myself into someone else just to love you, damn I loved you  
Took all my plans and I put 'em in a box  
Phantom pains for the wings I lost  
Had me circling rings in the catalogs  
For seven years and you never got the hint  
Ain't that some shit  
I'm just a small-town hypocrite

Swore we'd be running, running, running this town  
But you're just running, running, running around  
And I'm staring at a picket fence  
Wondering where the hell time went  
I should've been running, running, running by now  
But I just hang around

Love shot me out like a rocket  
Never to return and man, I forgot it  
How it feels to fall from orbit and land on shifting sands  
I found my heart at the bottom of a bookcase  
You said you needed space and dammit I bought it  
'Til you moved in a vinyl-sided double-wide with a couple of her kids  
Ain't that some shit  
You're just a small-town hypocrite

Swore we'd be running, running, running this town  
But you're still running, running, running around  
And I'm staring at a picket fence  
Wondering where the hell time went  
I should've been running, running, running by now  
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Now I bitch about how things turned and how they should've been  
The bridges that I burned and the trains I didn't catch  
Like a small-town hypocrite  
Just a small-town hypocrite