Bought a six string at seventeen

Moved to Tennessee just to chase the dream

A pocketful of songs to sing

I thought they'd make a big star of me

In a matter of months

But it's been ten years to the week

Mm-mm

Like the state ring that we didn't win Like the school that wouldn't let me in Like the girl of my dreams sayin' that we'd Probably be better off as friends

It ain't like I ain't been here before
Had to pick myself up off the floor
And learn to make peace with the pain
If the could have beens and the looking backs
And the skeletons there in the past
It is what it is at the end of the day
It's the same old heart
Different break

Yeah, I'm my own worst enemy
Let the best of her get the best of me
If this was my first rodeo
Well, it'd probably be the death of me

It ain't like I ain't been here before
Had to pick myself up off the floor
And learn to make peace with the pain
If the could have beens and the looking backs
And the skeletons there in the past
It is what it is at the end of the day
It's the same old heart
Different break
Different break

## Mm-hmm

It ain't like I ain't been here before
Had to pick myself up off the floor
And learn to make peace with the pain
Yeah, leave the could have beens and the looking backs
And the skeletons there in the past
It is what it is at the end of the day
It's the same old heart
It's the same old heart
It's the same old heart
Different break
Different break

It's the same old heart
Different break