

Hang It Up

Dylan Marlowe

My buddies say, "Hey, buddy"
Been long enough don't you think?
You're turning into somebody
We don't even know his name
They try to get me out
But they just don't know how

Her takin' off sure took a toll on this ticker in my chest
I wish I could put her out just like a one last cigarette
Thought I'd be good by now
But I'm sure finding out
That I can't

Hang it up
Like a dog collar 'round a rear-view mirror in an ole farm truck
Like a 9-point deer side a 10-pound bass on a cypress stump
Or granddaddy's gun
Oh
Like all of them records on the wall, man
Oh
Yeah, I should put her right there with 'em all
Say to hell with it
Just put a nail in it
And hang it up

It say February 2nd two thousand and 17
I never will forget it
The day that I wrecked everything and let a good one go
Right on down the road

It was fireflies and fireworks and 4th-of-July kisses
It was every night a midnight on the dot dance in the kitchen
It shouldn't be this hard
Lettin' go with this ole heart
But I can't

Hang it up
Like a dog collar 'round a rear-view mirror in an ole farm truck
Like a 9-point deer side a 10-pound bass on a cypress stump
Or granddaddy's gun
Oh
Like all of them records on the wall, man
Oh
Yeah, I should put her right there with 'em all
Say to hell with it
Just put a nail in it
And hang it up
Hang it up

Like a baseball glove my senior year
Like the good Lord does with the sun around here

Wish I could
Hang it up
Like a dog collar 'round a rear-view mirror in an ole farm truck
Like a 9-point deer side a 10-pound bass on a cypress stump
Why's it so damn tough

Oh
Like all of them records on the wall, man
Oh
Wish I could put her right there with 'em all
Say to hell with it
Just put a nail in it
And hang it up
Hang it up
Hang it up