

What I Almost Was

Eric Church

It was my senior year
I just turned eighteen
I was a friday night hero, with division one dreams
I had an offer on the table
A four year ride
'Til that fourth and two and twenty four dive
I left on a stretcher, wound up on a crutch
Walked on that next summer
Wound up getting cut
Flipped off that coach, left that school in the dust
For letting my dreams go bust
But I thank God I ain't what I almost was

Yea, I moved on back home
And came awful close to being some son-in-law to some CEO
Coulda been a corner office, country club, suit and tie man
Answerin' to no one, but her and him
I ran out on his money, ran out on her love
At four in the morning I loaded my truck
I left my home town in a big cloud of dust
I just had to follow my gut
And I thank God I ain't what I almost was

In guitar town I bought this old Epiphone
Started stringin' chords and words into songs
I've been putting in time on Sixteenth Avenue
Pouring out my heart for tips on a stool
I ain't making a killing, but then there's those nights
When the song comes together and hits 'em just right
The crowds on their feet cause they can't get enough
Of this music I make and I love
And I thank God I ain't, yea I thank God I ain't,
Man I thank God I ain't, what I almost was