

ORPHAN

Hardy

My momma, she's the Bible, and my daddy, he's the ink
You put 'em both together, get exactly what you think
A redneck with a rifle in a break-the-cycle shirt
Stained up in some red that's either whitetail blood or dirt

Back home, I fit in just fine
But 'round here, it kinda feels like

Somebody left me in a basket on the front steps
Screaming bloody murder at the church door
Sittin' on some songs nobody sung yet
Guitar's so damn loud, it's drowning out all the chords that Sixteenth Avenue was built on
Lord, please forgive me, I'm just tryna find my home
All alone, just me and this middle finger sound
The orphan of this country music town

I tried to be the bullet that was supposed to fit the gun
Chase the fame by playing the game that gets your record spun
It ain't like they went and kicked me
Outside into the rain
I'd just rather be that rebel kid with just one name, like

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Of this country music town, yeah

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