

## like my father

Jax

I wanna come home to roses  
And dirty little notes on Post-its  
And when my hair starts turning grey  
He'll say I'm like a fine wine, better with age  
I guess I learned it from my parents  
That true love starts with friendship  
A kiss on the forehead, a date night  
Fake an apology after a fight

I need a man who's patient and kind  
Gets out of the car and holds the door  
I wanna slow dance in the living room like  
We're eighteen at senior prom and grow  
Old with someone who makes me feel young  
I need a man who loves me like  
My father loves my mom

I want a road trip in the summers  
I wanna make fun of each other  
I wanna rock out to Billy Joel  
And flip our kids off when they call us old  
He'll accidentally burn our dinner  
And let me be the Scrabble winner  
And when my body changes shapes  
He'll say, "Oh my God, you look hot today"

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And if he lives up to my father  
Maybe he can teach our daughter  
What it takes to love a queen  
She should know she's royalty

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