

# Class Rings

Kylie Morgan

Even my momma believed him  
My little sister was attached  
And dad always said that he was the son he never had  
We said forever for four years  
I swore he was the one  
But the one don't drive away for good  
In a beat-up Chevy truck  
No, that ain't love

That's why class rings  
Aren't made of diamonds  
And being sixteen don't mean  
You should have your license  
You're gonna crash a car, break a heart  
It's never perfect timing  
You shouldn't have nice things  
And that's why class rings  
Aren't made of diamonds

Now when I go home for Christmas  
And take exit 108  
Drive around that bend where way back when  
I felt my first heartbreak  
Been so many years now  
Since I've stopped at these red lights  
It took movin' on for me to come back  
And finally realize

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Now I met a new guy and yeah, he might  
Not have been my prom king  
But he treats me like a queen  
And soon as he got on one knee

I see why class rings  
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