

Stuck in High School

Lori McKenna

I'll be the first to admit I'm a little stuck in high school
I rose colored those memories with drug store sunglasses
I never liked warm beer or cigarettes
But I liked watching the smoke clear the high school fence

I am a self-described black sheep, a self-denying sinner
Raised by a village of my peers in the back seats of used cars
It took a long time for my feet to reach the floor
But when they finally did I was ready for the world

What you get in the cradle, you keep till the grave
Some good men may be born they said, the better ones are made
So you try on every shoe and you stand in every shadow
Hope you find yourself somewhere between the first pew and the
back row
But you're always carrying around that kid
Whose picture's in the hallway, eighteen and graduating
Did you ever make those dreams come true
Or is a kid still waiting?
Is a kid still waiting?

God bless the linoleum table in my daddy's kitchen
If he was scared, he'd never tell, but I sure as hell did listen
And it don't matter how many prayers ever came off my lips
I still learned how to curse just like he did

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