

# The Part

Luke Combs

Packin' that bag you unpacked yesterday  
Watchin' the world through the windowpane  
From the second row of the ten-man van  
That you've been calling home  
It ain't quite the life you dreamed about  
When Momma calls and you miss out  
'Cause you're on stage at a damned ole one-off show

They tell you 'bout the old guitars  
The songs that bought the house and cars  
And how your hometown's proud of where you are  
And your name up on the marquee sign  
But not the dark that comes to find you  
Every single time them lights go down  
Yeah, that's the part, they don't tell you about

You try to dry her eyes, from a thousand miles apart  
And hope that Band-Aid on her heart  
Sticks just long enough for you to make it home  
She feels like she comes in second place  
To plaques on walls and long highways  
She needs something more than words to hold on to

They tell you 'bout the old guitars  
The songs that bought the house and cars  
And how your hometown's proud of where you are  
And they tell you 'bout the girls you'll get  
But not the one you're gonna miss  
While they scream your name again in some small town  
Yeah, that's the part, they don't tell you about

When you're doing it all right  
And man it still feels wrong  
Breakin' her damn heart  
Chasing these damn songs

Thinking man it ain't that hard  
Strum some chords on that old guitar  
Do some shots in a smokey bar  
And everybody knows your name

Till they're changing out the marquee sign  
Then that darkness comes to find you  
And everyone's gone home and the lights go down  
Yeah, that's the part, they don't tell you about

They don't tell you about