

I remember breaking down in the back seat
Tryna figure out last time I was happy
Nowadays, magazine, photo flashing
I got everything but I'm still feelin' lackin'
I can't let the pain win or it's too late
But real life doesn't end like the movies
I don't wanna turn to everything that you hate
So I'ma go in and make you watch it

I lose my mind every damn night
I told myself it was all, was all, was all right
I need some time, your hands in mine
I told myself it was all, was all, was all right

Still play the guitar like a young Santana
Years go by and I still ain't got the answers
See the scene grow from the seeds that I planted
I could die tonight, don't be takin' me for granted
Northeast raised, I ain't moving down to Tampa
Bought a new crib, full house like a Tanner
Still the same kid, out back bumpin' Vanna
Years go by and I'm still droppin' hammers

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