

Paul.

Ryan Hurd

I met Paul McCartney
At an L.A. afterparty
In a tux made by Armani, wondering, "What I'm doing here?"
We were 'bout to leave and our friend Greg asked if we'd like to meet him
No one would believe me except—I swear—my mom was there

One foot in front of the other
One foot in front of the other

They tell you don't meet your heroes
Now, I'm shaking his hand
I don't know what I expected
Turns out he's just a man
Forgot to ask for a picture
So, now, nobody knows

That I met Paul McCartney
He was like Jesus but taller
Laying untied on my placard
He was messing with my collar
And tie
Asked why I wore it this way
I told him it's a mistake
I changed it earlier today from a clip-on

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Now, I'm shaking his hand
I don't know what I expected
Turns out he's just a man
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That the reason I make music is my dad played "Let It Be" on 45
But I just talked about the weather
He said, "I can't tie a bow tie,"
I said, "Paul, neither can I"
And both our wives just rolled their eyes at how helpless we both can be
Guess, I've got that going for me

One foot in front of the other
One foot in front of the other

Someone said, "Have fun in Fiji."
Turned and it was Dave Grohl
He was talking Survivor with Survivor's Jeff Probst
Asked Maren, "Where the hell are we?"
She said, "Who the hell knows?"

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