

On My Own

Sean Stemaly

(I'm tryna get me my own, get me my own...)

Kiss my momma, pack her bag and tell my daddy I'm sorry
I ain't make no announcement, I ain't throw me no party
Push my brother out the truck, I gotta do this alone
If I don't pick up the phone, I'm tryna get me my own
Tell my girl I pack her bag, she tell me she wanna stay
Thankful that she let me hang and she would've gotten away
Six string and a notebook, I put in this song
Some days I feel like I'm wrong, but I just want it my own
Momma and daddy was cool, but I gotta get me my own
If I don't pick up the phone, I'm tyna get me my own

It's my town, country boy, where I'm from, only night stars glow
One road in my city, if a troop on it, better drive slow
Packed up and left, I promised momma I'd call
My ex had moved on and she ain't miss me at all
I told my lil' brother to look after my dogs
Big old trees from a town so small, I had to, I had to

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I'm tryna get me my own on my own terms
Write the story of my life in my own words
I know they won't understand, but me and God got a plan
I put it all in my hands like a road burn
Packin' up a Chevy like I'm never comin' back
Pickin' up the pieces of the puzzle to my past
Leave it all behind, it's me, myself, and I
So don't y'all wonder why I won't be surprised when I

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