

17 Year Old Problems

Walker Hayes

How in the world were we
Supposed to memorize our fake IDs?
I thought your dad was gonna kick my ass
When we missed your curfew by a song and a half
He was so damn mad
Mr. Lester's class
Ain't got a clue how, but somehow, I passed
Friday night light butterflies until game time
Trying not to trip when we ran through that sign
It was 1999

Now I'm supposed to know how to smile without a drink
And we got broken dreams and bills to pay that I can't
All we buried then were dogs
Now I'm burying my dad
I want my 17 year old problems back
I want my 17 year old problems back

Where were we gonna stay
When we went down to gulf shores that week of spring break?
I got a little jealous when you danced with that dude
Scraping the floorboard for a buck in change or two
For some waffle house food

Now I'm supposed to know how to take care of my mother
And it's been ten years since I've talked to my big brother
I used to love to sing on Sundays, now they just make me sad
I want my 17 year old problems back
Yeah, I want my 17 year old problems back

Trying to fit two more twelves
In the back of my blazer
Praying "Lord, please help 'Bama beat the Florida Gators"
Where to hide my wintergreen
Where to work when summer came
Wondering if we were gonna break up
Or try the long distance thing

Now I'm supposed to know so many things that I don't
Lord, I try to close my eyes at night, but they won't
She used to pick me up from practice
Now she's pickin' me up from rehab
I want my 17 year old problems back
I want my 17 year old problems back