

# 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