

6 string american dream

Walker Hayes

Well I hit that hit song lottery
In-laws are finally proud of me
And after taxes I'm probably
The richest guy I know
Got a pair of jet skis in my yard
Paid off my trailer, hell I could buy the park
But guess what, y'all? Life's still hard
As far as living goes

Yeah, I'm a little bit higher up on that Nashville ladder
But money didn't fix anything that really matters

But my haters still say I can't sing
And my marriage still needs counseling
And my sons don't know how not to fight
Daughter's shorts are too short and too tight
And if I'm drinking honestly
I still can't drink responsibly
I'm a six-string American dream
But I still wake up sad
I still need Jesus and I still miss my dad

Work's still the wheel and I'm still the hamster
Still got prayers that God ain't answered
Uncle Bill still got cancer
But we're still on our knees
I'm still on empty at the filling station
Trying to cope with Copenhagen
Thank God I'm safe 'cause my life savings
Can't save me from me

I got a zero-turn John Deere that'll cut the grass faster
I guess money can't fix anything that really matters

But my haters still say I can't sing
And my marriage still needs counseling
And my sons don't know how not to fight
Daughter's shorts are too short and too tight
And if I'm drinking honestly
I still can't drink responsibly
I'm a six-string American dream
But I still wake up sad
I still need Jesus and I still miss my dad (So bad)

Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh, alright
So maybe this song's a big ol' hit
Maybe radio don't ever even touch it
Guess the point of it is whatever you're doing
Better do it 'cause you love it

But my haters still say I can't sing
And my marriage still needs counseling
And my sons don't know how not to fight
Daughter's shorts are too short and too tight
And if I'm drinking honestly
I still can't drink responsibly
I'm a six-string American dream

But I still wake up sad

I still need Jesus and I still miss my dad

See y'all, I still need Jesus and I still miss my dad