

Briefcase

Walker Hayes

I hated when dad picked up his briefcase
'Cause that meant that he was leavin'
But I loved the sound that his keychain made
When he got home in the evenin'

I was always sad, mom was always mad
Most nights he showed up late
Set his briefcase down like it didn't weigh a pound
No, I never understood the weight
But momma always left him a plate

Eighteen, said I'ma be anythin'
But just like my old man
Sellin' houses to all those families
While his family sat at home missin' him
Got sick of playin' ball games watchin'
All the other dads watch their kids
So I picked up a guitar case 'cause it wasn't square like his

Now, I sound like him, and I look like him
And I walk like him, and I talk like him
And I try to make my wife laugh
When she's mad 'cause I love my job like him
Now, I get it dad, it's a jugglin' act
Between feedin' the kids and feedin' the dreams we chase
I guess a guitar doesn't fall too far from a briefcase

Well, momma cleaned, and daddy worked
And I learned to play the guitar
On McGregor Court, that's how we coped with all our broken hearts
I know I held it against him
Throwin' that baseball against his steps
But daddy never held it against me
'Cause I wasn't a father yet, not yet

Now, I sound like him, and I look like him
And I walk like him, and I talk like him
And I try to make my kids laugh
When they're sad and it's all my fault like him
Now, I get it dad, it's a jugglin' act
Between feedin' the kids and feedin' the dreams we chase
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It's a blessing and a curse in this case I carry around
Every time I pick it up, my kids say, "Daddy put it down"
And I see me in them, and I feel him in me
Like the cats in the cradle and the apples in the trees
And I just smile when somebody says

That I sound like him, and I look like him
And I walk like him, and I talk like him
And I run to the Father when I hate nothin' at all like him
Yeah, I get it dad, it's a jugglin' act
Between feedin' the kids and feedin' the dreams we chase
I guess a guitar doesn't fall too far from the briefcase