

# Chapel

Walker Hayes

Uh...

Chapel, saw you in that ultrasound  
Pictured you hitting Jackson, breaking tackles  
That's my boy, top ten countdown  
Taught him everything he knows, went home

Put a football in your crib  
Baseball on your bib  
Only twenty weeks alive and I was already  
Tryna live vicariously through you  
I don't ever wanna do that to you

Hadn't occurred to me  
Maybe you won't be an athlete  
You might not like sports  
And wanna be a mathlete  
And if that's the case  
I ain't gon' treat you like no black sheep  
I don't care if you never win a track meet

Chapel, little apple  
Fall as far from the tree  
As you need to  
My love can reach you  
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Well I 'member taking you to your first  
Basketball practice, I thought I was Coach Kerr  
I said, "Come on, man, loose ball, you gotta dive"  
Momma said, "Chill out, dad, he's only five"  
After practice I was so pumped to talk hoops  
Said, "Come on, Chap, what'd you think, how'd you do?"  
You said, "Dad,  
Did you know that there are two hundred and seventy four  
Light bulbs in a scoreboard?"  
I said, "No, man, I didn't", and then it hit me  
Our dreams might be different, but

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I love watching you when you don't know I am  
Lost in your own little Legoland  
So focused on your crazy creations  
Man, I wish I had your imagination, Chap  
Wouldn't change a thing about you  
I mean who would fix the Playstation if you didn't know how to?

For real, though, gotta work on that dribbling  
Nah, just kidding

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