

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

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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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