

Fine As Hell

Walker Hayes

One, two, one, two, three

Baby, I love riding with you
But this traffic, I hate it
'Member this avenue
'Fore these trees could even shade it
Way back in the day
We were so young, and so were they

Yeah, I know I'm 'bout to sound like my daddy right now
But when did everything get so craft beer in this Natty Light town?
I'm still getting used to Tuesday being trash day
I ain't saying I don't like change, just prefer mine in the ashtray

Yeah, this truck's 'bout as old as my soul feels
I can hardly even recognize Mobile
They put a strip mall where that sandlot ballpark was
Now my coffee costs more than my Boone's Farm does
Some kids ain't even cranking up Hank now
Participation trophies are a thing now
This side of heaven ain't pretty, oh well
Baby, you still fine as hell

Yeah, I saw a CD yesterday
Girl, you remember buying those?
Ripping that plastic off like Christmas in your Civic like a pro
Our kids roll their eyes when I say I miss the nineties
But they begging for them same Jordans I begged my mom to buy me

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Right here. What's up?

Yeah, some change, I'm like, "That's cool"
Yeah, some change, I'm like, "Whatever"
Yeah, my knees are getting worse
But ol' doc says knee replacements are getting better

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Yeah, this side of heaven ain't pretty, but baby, oh well
You still fine as hell