

# Love Hate

Walker Hayes

I love you, Mobile, but I just ain't feeling the love back  
Guess you could say the same 'cause I turned eighteen with my bags packed  
My bad, but it wasn't like playing for Bud Lights and tips down on the bay  
Was ever gonna get me singing my songs on 95KSJ

Mom and daddy said they're so proud  
Newspaper said I sold out  
I wonder if the high school kids  
Bump my shit  
Up and down Old Shell Road now

It's a love-hate thing with your hometown  
It's a tough breakup to write a song about  
Said, "Nah, we can't be friends  
Now you say you knew me when"  
Said, "Whatchya wanna go to Nashville for?"  
Now it's like you want my face on a billboard  
Says, "Welcome to the home of me"  
Just hate how much I want you to love me  
(Just hate how much I want you to love me)  
I just hate how much I want you to love me  
(Just hate how much I want you to love me)

I hate you, Mobile, 'cause I need your approval like my old man's  
I forget all the games that he came to  
But I remember when I couldn't find him up in the stands  
Didn't stop in the end-zone just kept on running past those city limits  
Which is weird 'cause all my lyrics got a lotta you and dad in 'em

Coach Byrd said he's so proud  
Local fans said I sold out  
I wonder if the girls cut loose  
When they hear me on the jukebox  
At the Waffle House

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Says, "Welcome to the home of me"  
Just hate how much I want you to love me  
(I'm just tryna represent, represent, represent)  
(Just hate how much I want you to love me)  
(Just tryna represent, represent)  
(I just hate how much I want you to love me)  
(Aye, Buffet, can I get an amen?)

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