

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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