

Pocket Knife

Walker Hayes

Thirteen, I was already leaning on a bottle
Daddy beat us with a belt, preacher beat us with a bible
Down in south Alabama, Dog River cattails
I was scared of my brother when he got out of jail

Bought a Chevy
Drove Laney Beville to the levee
We were getting out of dodge ready
Class of '98, ain't called y'all in a minute, but hey

Mama, I still keep my Mobile life
In my pocket like a pocket knife
I take it out every once in a smile
Whittle on a memory for a little while
Thank God the shit that went wrong
Taught me how to write country songs
Ain't it funny how childhood trauma
Cuts you deep and sharpens you
Don't it, Mama?

Said I'ma throw a little Tupac on the mic
I ain't mad at you, Mama, 'cause
It ain't like I was one of those
Honor Roll bumper sticker kids
I know you tried like Merle's mama did

But I was too proud
Turning my twelves up too loud
I was just a baby, got a few now
Wish I could call Dad
I just called to say don't be sad

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Too long, way too long
Since I took that drive to the 251
Too long, way too long
Down 65, 'Bama, here I come
Too long, way too long
Since I took that drive to the 251
Too long, way too long
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