

Half Grown

Zach Bryan

When I grab me by the hand, you hesitate
With the subtle inclination to tell a man straight
Your sister was a savior and your mother is a saint
Sometimes a woman is the sum of all the things her father ain't

But men are just the sum of all the things their mothers did
They'll spend their lives searching for the love they had as kids
My vices ain't a place to replace a loving home
You can't expect a harvest where the field's half-grown

You can't choose your blood
But you can choose to change the chains
That chain you down when you was just a child
And forgiveness ain't an easy road to go
But I know that it's a road worth heading down

When I see myself, I see your eyes
Reflections nowadays are a calm surprise
The older I get, the more I become
All the things I swore I'd always run from
But I'll raise myself a family and right the wrong
Of some imperfect people who were only half grown

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