

Oklahoma City

Zach Bryan

Old friend, it's been awhile, I ain't spoke to you in years
And often times boys from this town put wheels down and disappear

Mrs. Cole asked about you just three days back, and I had no answer to give her

I told her that you moved way out West to write some songs and grow a little more bitter

The kids talk about you around here like you're some kind of legend

I wonder if they know a thousand sunrises ago you were eager just like them?

But if you ever decide to bring your pain and your pride back to this side of Oklahoma City

There'll be a porch light on from the post you leaned on 'fore you wound up on the wrong side of pity

And often times I pray for you and often times I don't

Is it the goodbyes that haunt you, or the fear of new hellos?

Won't stay long cause you won't stop your running

Wait for tomorrow until tomorrow's not coming

Heard you landed in Tulsa while he slipped away

Is that the reason your fleeing the fields we hauled hay?

The heat this July or the dark last December

Look in my eyes and you might remember

The weed out in Norman or the Stillwater strip

Run far enough boy and you're bound to trip

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Send it

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