

Homeboy

[Eric Church](#)

You were too bad for a little square town,
With your hip-hop hat and your pants on the ground,
Heard you cussed out mama, pushed daddy around
Before you tore off in his car Here you are running these dirty old streets
Tattoo on your neck, fake gold on your teeth
Got the hood here snowed, but you can't fool me
We both know who you are Homeboy, you're gonna wish one day,
That you were sittin' on a gate of a truck by the lake
With your high school flame on one side, ice cold beer on the other
Ain't no shame in a blue collar forty,
Little house, little kid, little small town story
If you don't ever do anything else for me,
Just do this for me brother,
Come on home, boy. I was haulin' this hay to Uncle Joe's farm,
Thought of us barefoot kids in the yard,
Man, it seems we were just catchin' snakes in the barn
Now you're caught up in this mess
I could use a little help unloading these bales
I could keep you pretty busy with a hammer and nails
Ain't a glamorous life but it will keep you outta jail,
Not worry us all to death Homeboy, you're gonna wish one day,
That you were sittin' on a gate of a truck by the lake
With your high school flame on one side, ice cold beer on the other
Ain't no shame in a blue collar forty,
Little house, little kid, little small town story
If you don't ever do anything else for me, just do this for me brother,
Come on home, boy,
Come on home, boy You can't hold back the hands of time,
Mama's goin' grey, and so is daddy's mind
I wish you'd come on back and make it all right
Before they're called home, boy Homeboy
Come on home, boy
Homeboy
Come on home, boy.

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