

# 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  
You tore off in his car Here you are runnin' 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  
You were sittin' on the 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 kids, 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 can use a little help unloadin' these bales  
I can keep ya pretty busy with a hammer and a nail  
Ain't a glamorous life but it'll keep you outta jail  
Not worry us all to death Homeboy, you're gonna wish one day  
You were sittin' on the 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 kids, 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' gray and so is daddy's mind  
I wish you'd come on back and make it alright  
Before they're called... Home boy Homeboy  
Come on home, boy  
Homeboy  
Come on home, boy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>