

Mat Kearney, What's A Boy To Do

I'm sure that I'm moving to St Louis
Three long years wondering here in New York City
I guess I'm looking for the right way to do this
I guess I'm looking for the right things to call pretty
Young boys playing in the park turning their backs to take a shot
You know I'll stay sharp around here 'cause they're stoning and leaving type
It's the kind of love that comes and goes when there's company coming around

What's a boy to do who knows no man now?
What's a boy to do who knows no man now?

Daddy's been looking down his nose at all of them
And I've been looking round for someone to tell me who I am
He kept saying I was too young to finish a fight
I'd die each time they came I never got to draw my knife
Well it was just a pair of shoes in a middle school room with the world watching in
And angel is crying I'm dying just a little inside as they ran away
Funny which words stick around 20 years down when you're driving alone

What's a boy to do when there's no man at home?
What's a boy to do when there's no man at home?

Well I'll stack all my books in perfect rows
From the biggest down to the smallest ones
And I buy all the perfect clothes
Bullet proof and black, where I look like a son

Well it was just a rain night at his house
A bottle spinning around the room
And everybody's singing and slipping down the bottom halfway rush of blood
And I was grabbing Missy but I was trying to find the light switch in the dark

What's a boy to do with no man in his heart?
What's a boy to do with no man in his heart?

It's all quiet for the first time
With no voices left to fall
I saw a boy at the bottom of the bridge
His car was left there on the top
It's four o'clock in the morning
Didn't need to be like this
There's a white sheet left to cover up
What should have been a holy kiss
It's not like those days
It's not like I'm scared of you

What's the son of man and a boy to do?
What's the son of man and a boy to you?

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