

Morgan Wallen, Dying Man

I was a bad reputation with an attitude to match
Hell bent on goin' nowhere and gettin' there lightning fast
Twenty-one and looking thirty, but acting half my age
Bound to hit a wall before I ever hit the brakes

Codeine, it got Elvis
Whiskey, it got Hank
I always thought something like that
Might send me on my way
But you took hold of me
Like only a woman can
And gave one good reason to live
To a set-on-dying man

When a Friday meets a Sunday, you can't help but see the light
I never believed in angels till one believed in me that night
Turned my off-track into a straight line
Before I turned into a headline, like

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Whoa
Turned a one-way man 180
Settled down a giving-upper
Yeah, you changed a you-can't-change-me
So the world won't see another

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