

Montgomery Gentry, A Man's Job

It tore me up to sign them papers that set you free
Then seeing your boy toy strap my baby's in them car seats
Made me wanna knock the dust off that piecemaker
And go out with a bang
But I didn't
I can't believe you're calling me looking for advice
Guess Mr Head of the household ain't home again tonight
I won't say I told ya so, but I told you so
When you're wrong you're wrong this time
You wanted someone younger and you got him
You had a need to feed a hunger and you did
You let that fear of getting older overcome ya
And now it's like you're raising one more kid
You were right when you said he's everything I'm not
But did you really think he'd always be around
To rock that cradle that ya robbed
Girl, you can't expect a boy to do a man's job
Has that match made in heaven burned out and gone to hell
If he ain't working how's he paying for that pimped out Chevelle
Is that child support I worked for supporting his lazy ass as well
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