

# 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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