

# Morgan Wallen, Hope That's True

I hate that S-Class Benz  
That you're so damn proud of  
You hate my truck  
'Cause you can't climb out of it  
And I'll admit it, girl  
I said it and I meant it  
Yeah, I loved you for a minute  
But we damn sure different  
It's been a week since you went and hit the highway  
You made it clear that I oughta have it my way  
But my way looks a whole lot better  
With just my truck in the driveway

And I hope you find you a high rollin' high rise view  
That you don't get in the country  
And I hope you find you a guy  
With some dollar sign eyes and a pocket full of money  
And it ain't that I want you to think  
That I hate every single little thing you do  
But when you say that I ain't ever gonna find nobody just like you  
Well, I hope that's true

You got drunk one night  
And told me I was white trash  
I was high but I guess I wasn't high class  
Enough to show up with you on your arm  
We were never gonna be two kids on a farm

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That you don't get in the country  
And I hope you find you a guy  
With some dollar sign eyes and a pocket full of money  
And it ain't that I want you to think  
That I hate every single little thing you do  
But when you say that I ain't ever  
Gonna find nobody just like you  
I hope that's true

I could sit here bitter and bitchin'  
And wishing things woulda gone different  
But that don't sound nothin' like me at all  
Honey, who the hell am I kiddin'

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That you don't get in the country  
And I hope you find you a guy  
With some dollar sign eyes and a pocket full of money  
And it ain't that I want you to think  
That I hate every single little thing you do  
But when you say that I ain't ever gonna find nobody just like you  
I hope that's true  
Yeah, I hope that's true  
Oh, I hope that's true  
I hope that's true