

Break It In

Eli Young Band

That little league glove, it fit a little snug, it wouldn't even close
But coach said that's how they make 'em son
'Cause soon enough it'll take the shape of your hand
Yeah, you fight that thing when it don't wanna bend
Then you break it in

That just strung Gibson, sittin' in the window
Laid away every paycheck 'til I had enough to get it home
Played it all night long, every song I wish I wrote
You think it sounds as good as it ever could right then
Then you break it in

Like these dusty boots, that walked me through the work that got me here
And these faded jeans with Skoal can rings I've worn out all these years
When the shine wears off, when you lose that gloss
There's so much more underneath it all
You think that good is good as it can get
Then you break it in

That pickup truck that my dad picked up had a clutch
Man it took me all summer just to learn how to get the hang
But she loved that thing on all those old back roads
You think good is a no mud hood and no gravel dents
Then you break it in

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Trucks break down, and first love ends
Life goes on and the world still spins
You find out your heart is stronger when
You break it in

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There's so much more underneath it all
You think that good is good as it can get
Yeah, you think that good is good as it can get
Then you break it in
Yeah, you break it in