I still got a shoebox full of money sitting at the top Of my closet, from working like a dog Got a Chicken Scratch notepad of what I woulda said Once I bought it, till she called it off

Now she's picking out menus and venues and DJs And his cake and her cake, where the honeymoon gon' be With a new dude with bukoos of old cash, I swear That's the furthest damn thing from me

He went to Ole Miss, I went to work
He pushes paper, I push the dirt
He's got that clean cut, driving him a clean truck
I'm just sitting here with a beer and my jeans tucked
He's tying cans on the bumper of a car
I'm tying one on, taking it hard
Thinking 'bout I'm there
With a white horse and carriage
Nearly three carats, he went to Jared
I went to the bar
Yeah, I went to the bar

(What's your story, Wallen? Haha, well...)

I got my own ceremony going on right here
In the neon with my best man Jack
It'll be a meter on a dash, smelling bad, yellow cab
Taking me home, he'll be in a Cadillac

On his ride to the airline, Saint Lucia Next to the girl I should still be with

But he went to Ole Miss, I went to work
He pushes paper, I push the dirt
He's got that clean cut, driving him a clean truck
I'm just sitting here with a beer and my jeans tucked
He's tying cans on the bumper of a car
I'm tying one on, taking it hard
Thinking 'bout I'm there
With a white horse and carriage
Nearly three carats, he went to Jared
I went to the bar
Yeah, I went to the bar

Yeah

Well, maybe I'm drunk
And it ain't that bad
'Cause I ain't into girls
Into guys like that
Hell naw

'Cause he went to Ole Miss I went to work
He pushes paper, I push the dirt
He's got that clean cut, driving him a clean truck

I'm just sitting here with a beer and my jeans tucked He's tying cans on the bumper of a car
I'm tying one on, taking it hard
Been thinking 'bout I'm there
With a white horse and carriage
Nearly three carats, he went to Jared
I went to the bar
Yeah, I went to the bar
Yeah, I went to the bar
Yeah!
I went to the bar