

# What's a Boy to Do

Mat Kearney

I'm sure that I'm moving to St Louis  
Three long years wondering here in New York City  
I guess I'm looking for the right way to do this  
I guess I'm looking for the right things to call pretty  
Young boys playing in the park turning their backs to take a shot  
You know I'll stay sharp around here 'cause they're stoning and leaving type  
It's the kind of love that comes and goes when there's company coming around

What's a boy to do who knows no man now?  
What's a boy to do who knows no man now?

Daddy's been looking down his nose at all of them  
And I've been looking round for someone to tell me who I am  
He kept saying I was too young to finish a fight  
I'd die each time they came I never got to draw my knife  
Well it was just a pair of shoes in a middle school room with the world watching in  
And angel is crying I'm dying just a little inside as they ran away  
Funny which words stick around 20 years down when you're driving alone

What's a boy to do when there's no man at home?  
What's a boy to do when there's no man at home?

Well I'll stack all my books in perfect rows  
From the biggest down to the smallest ones  
And I buy all the perfect clothes  
Bullet proof and black, where I look like a son

Well it was just a rain night at his house  
A bottle spinning around the room  
And everybody's singing and slipping down the bottom halfway rush of blood  
And I was grabbing Missy but I was trying to find the light switch in the dark

What's a boy to do with no man in his heart?  
What's a boy to do with no man in his heart?

It's all quiet for the first time  
With no voices left to fall  
I saw a boy at the bottom of the bridge  
His car was left there on the top  
It's four o'clock in the morning  
Didn't need to be like this  
There's a white sheet left to cover up  
What should have been a holy kiss  
It's not like those days  
It's not like I'm scared of you

What's the son of man and a boy to do?  
What's the son of man and a boy to you?