

Montgomery Gentry "Man's Job"

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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 piece maker
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 you so, but I told you so
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 you
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 you 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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