

Luke Pilgrim

"Y Chromosome Cliche"

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We fell in love where the peaches and the palmettos
meet,
Burning like a fire hotter than the Georgia heat.
Mouth like a sailor, lips sweet as wine,
And eyes that see right through me every time.

I'm a fool, I'm a mess, I'm a drunk,
I'm a Y chromosome cliche,
And I will make all the same mistakes I've made,
Every time that girl looks my way.

You know I ain't ever gonna change,
I was carved from the wood of a ship that sailed away,
She's out there on the sea always calling me,
And the wind pulls me further every day.

I'm a fool, I'm a mess, I'm a drunk,
I'm a Y chromosome cliche,
And I will make all the same mistakes I've made,
Every time that girl looks my way.

I'm a fool, I'm a mess, I'm a drunk,
I'm a Y chromosome cliche,
And I will make all the same mistakes I've made,
Every time that girl looks,
Every time that girl looks,
Every time that girl looks my way.

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