

Small Town Hypocrite (feat. Chris Stapleton)

[Caylee Hammack](#)

Hand me down dreams got me high in the rafters
Homecoming queen couldn't be an outsider
So there I'd sit, with a cigarette lit in a leather jacket I found a boy who was a stranger too
In a one-horse town at a stable for two
We had matching scars and matching tattoos
Both dying to fit in
Ain't that some shit
We're just small-town hypocrites
And that scholarship was a ship that sailed
When I chose you and daddy gave me hell
I made myself into someone else just to love you, damn I loved you
Took all my plans and I put 'em in a box
Phantom pains for the wings I lost
Had me circling rings in the catalogs
For seven years and you never got the hint
Ain't that some shit
I'm just a small-town hypocrite Swore we'd be running, running, running this town
But you're just running, running, running around
And I'm staring at a picket fence
Wondering where the hell time went
I should've been running, running, running by now
But I just hang around
Love shot me out like a rocket
Never to return and man, I forgot it
How it feels to fall from orbit and land on shifting sands
I found my heart at the bottom of a bucket
You said you needed space and damnit I bought it
'Till you moved in a vinyl sided double wide with a couple of her kids
Ain't that some shit
You're just a small-town hypocrite (Oooh, oooh, ooooh) Swore we'd be running, running,
running this town
But you're still running, running, running around
And I'm staring at a picket fence
Wondering where the hell time went
I should've been running, running, running by now
But I just hang around (Ooh) Now I bitch about how things turned and how they should've been
The bridges that I burned and the trains I didn't catch
Like a small-town hypocrite
Just a small-town hypocrite

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>

