Bad Boy

Brantley Gilbert

Girl, I would dial your number without lookin'
And you'd always pick it up as soon as it rang
And I'd hear you say, "I hear my mama coming"And you'd hide the phone underneath the sheetsAnd I'd hear her say, "Girl, haven't I told you?
Yeah, I know who you're talking to
It's that bad boy
It's that wrong side of the tracks boy
That break your heart and won't come back boy
Why's that boy the one you love?"
You're not that bad boy
Well, you weren't scared, but you had every reason
Me and my boys were nothing short of dangerous
But you said, "Boy, you know I've heard you talked to Jesus
How's a tough guy like you afraid to love?"You ain't so bad boy
You've done some things you can't take back, boy
But I see straight through that boy
And that boy is the one I loveYou ain't so bad boy
No, you ain't so bad
Ain't so badWell, I remember sitting down beside your mama
My hands shaking in my pocket with that ring
She says, "Boy, I always knew you loved my daughter
She loves you too and I think I know what she sees"
"So alright, bad boy
Long as them old habits don't come back, boy
You know that's how she lost her dad, boy
And that boy is the one I loved
He was my bad boy
He was my bad boy
Yes, you ain't so bad
No, you ain't so bad, boy
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