

# What I Almost Was

Eric Church

It was my senior year  
I just turned eighteen  
I was a friday night hero, with division one dreams  
I had an offer on the table  
A four year ride  
'Til that fourth and two and twenty four dive  
I left on a stretcher, wound up on a crutch  
Walked on that next summer  
Wound up getting cut  
Flipped off that coach, left that school in the dust  
For letting my dreams go bust  
But I thank God I ain't what I almost was

Yea, I moved on back home  
And came awful close to being some son-in-law to some CEO  
Coulda been a corner office, country club, suit and tie man  
Answerin' to no one, but her and him  
I ran out on his money, ran out on her love  
At four in the morning I loaded my truck  
I left my home town in a big cloud of dust  
I just had to follow my gut  
And I thank God I ain't what I almost was

In guitar town I bought this old Epiphone  
Started stringin' chords and words into songs  
I've been putting in time on Sixteenth Avenue  
Pouring out my heart for tips on a stool  
I ain't making a killing, but then there's those nights  
When the song comes together and hits 'em just right  
The crowds on their feet cause they can't get enough  
Of this music I make and I love  
And I thank God I ain't, yea I thank God I ain't,  
Man I thank God I ain't, what I almost was