

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 And I left on a stretcher, wound up on a crutch
Walked on that next summer, wound up getting cut
I 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
Yeah, 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 mornin' 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
Guitar town, I bought this
old Epi-phone
Started stringin' chords and words into songs
I've been puttin' in time on Sixteenth Avenue
Pourin' out my heart for tips on a stool
I ain't makin' a killin' but then there's those nights
When the song comes together and hits them 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, yeah, I thank God I ain't
And I thank God I ain't what I almost was

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>