

OFFICIAL LYRIC SHEET



Golf Anthem

Mr. Brok3n / Lyrics by Eric Wright

SINGLE

AUG 7, 2025

VERSE

1

Every Saturday morning, I lace my shoes,
 Grab my clubs and pay my dues.
 Chasing peace in a sea of green,
 But it's never as calm as it seems.
 Slice off the tee, I scream at the sky,
 Then sink a birdie and don't know why.

CHORUS

It's love, it's war, it's every swing—
 It breaks me down, then makes me king.
 One hole I curse, the next I praise,
 This game's a drug I can't replace.
 I hate this game, but I can't walk away—
 I'll be back next Saturday.

VERSE

2

Greens lie to me like a cheating friend,
 I read the break, then miss again.
 My 5-iron's bent from last week's rage,
 But I still bring it back to the stage.
 Every shot's a prayer, every round's a fight,
 But I'm still chasing that one pure strike.

CHORUS

It's love, it's war, it's every swing—
 It breaks me down, then makes me king.
 One hole I curse, the next I praise,
 This game's a drug I can't replace.
 I hate this game, but I can't walk away—
 I'll be back next Saturday.

BRIDGE

Maybe I'm a glutton for the pain,
 Maybe I just like yelling at the rain.
 But when the sun hits that rolling green,
 I forget every bad thing I've seen.

Final

CHORUS

It's love, it's war, it's every swing—
 It breaks me down, then makes me king.
 From triple bogey to eagle flight,
 This game keeps me up at night.
 I hate this game, but I love the play—
 Yeah, I'll be back next Saturday.

OUTRO

Just one more round, I always say—
 And curse myself the entire way.