

Gravity Is a B**ch

Miranda Lambert

You spend your twenties feeling that you're walking on the ceiling and you party like you're eight feet tall
You say working's for the birds, chasing dreams and miniskirts, from here, everything seems small
Then thirties come around and you finally feel the ground
Look around and maybe start planning for what the future holds and though you're far from old
You moisturize and spend less time tanning [Chorus]
You're hanging over but you're hanging in, you're starting to look like all of your friends
Conversations turning from rock and roll to kids and politics and how much money you owe
Got bags under your eyes, bigger hips and bigger thighs, you got places that you can't even itch
You can nip it, tuck it, squeeze it but you're never gonna beat it, 'cause gravity's a bitch
Forty's kinda boring and you spend your time ignoring the things you don't see so clear
Your reflection in the glass is gonna knock you on your ass, you wonder how the hell'd it get down here
You're happy in your fifties though things are kind of shifty, at sixty you'll find peace of mind
Go to bed at eight o'clock, and comb your hair if you've still got it, 'cause you're almost at the finish
line [Chorus]
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Conversations turning from rock and roll to kids and politics and how much money you owe
Got bags under your eyes, bigger hips and bigger thighs, you got places that you can't even itch
You can nip it, tuck it, squeeze it but you're never gonna beat it, 'cause gravity's a bitch
Yeah, gravity's a bitch,
I'm here to tell you, gravity is a bitch

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