

America's Sweetheart

Elle King

No there ain't nothing that I gotta prove
You think your words will make me black and blue
But I, I think I'm pretty with these old boots on
I think its funny when I drink too much, hey
You try and change me you can go to hell
'Cause I don't want to be nobody else
I like the chip I got in my front teeth
And I got bad tattoos you won't believe So kick out the jams, kick up the soul
Pour another glass of that rock and roll
Turn up the band, fire in the hole
Gonna lose control tonight What do you want from me, I'm not America's sweetheart
So beat the drum with me, I'm not America's sweetheart Well they say I'm too loud for this town
So I lit a match and burned it down
What do you want from me, I'm not America's sweetheart
But you love me anyway My hands are dirty and my heart is cold
The boys I've been with say I got no soul, when I
I meet another honey at the bar
I'll think it's funny when I break his heart, hm now
My kind of medicine is whiskey straight
I got a mouth to put you in your place, and they
They said I'll never be the poster type
But they don't make posters of my kind of life So kick out the jams, kick up the soul
Pour another glass of that rock and roll
Turn up the band, fire in the hole
Gonna lose control tonight What do you want from me, I'm not America's sweetheart
So beat the drum with me, I'm not America's sweetheart Well they say I'm too loud for this town
So I lit a match and burned it down What do you want from me, I'm not America's sweetheart
But you love me anyway Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh
You love me anyway (yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh)
You love me anyway Kick out the jams, kick up the soul
Pour another glass of that rock and roll
Turn up the band, fire in the hole, holler if you ready,
Gonna lose control Kick out the jams, kick up the soul
Pour another glass of that rock and roll
Turn up the band, fire in the hole
Gonna lose control tonight What do you want from me, I'm not America's sweetheart
So beat the drum with me, I'm not America's sweetheart Well they say I'm too loud for this town
So I lit a match and burned it down What do you want from me, I'm not America's sweetheart
But you love me anyway Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh

You love me anyway (yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh)
You love me anyway I'm not America's sweetheart, no, no, no

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