

The Weary Kind

Brock Butler

Your heart's on the loose
You rolled them sevens with nothing to lose
And this ain't no place for the weary kind
You called all your shots
Shooting eight ball at the corner truck stop
Somehow this don't feel like home anymore
And this ain't no place for the weary kind
And this ain't no place to lose your mind
This ain't no place to fall behind
Pick up your crazy heart and give it one more try
Your body aches
Playing your guitar, sweating out the hate
The days and the nights all feel the same
Whiskey has been a thorn in your side
It doesn't forget
The highway that calls for your heart inside
And this ain't no place for the weary kind
This ain't no place to lose your mind
This ain't no place to fall behind
Pick up your crazy heart and give it one more try
Your lovers won't kiss
It's too damn far from your fingertips
You are the man that ruined her world
Your heart's on the loose
You rolled them sevens with nothing to lose
This ain't no place for the weary kind

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