Reckless (still Growin' Up)

Kip Moore

I spent a summer down south, working for the county, trying to save for school
I blew it all like a damn fool on women and beer
I didn't have the grades but I had myself a major league fastball
Got a call from the minor leagues in Wichita and blew out my arm in the first year, ha-ha, yeah

Well, I took a good look at my life and decided I'd make a change
Booked me a flight on an airplane, I was 3rd world Peace Corps bound
But I met me a stewardess right there in the airport bar
Before I knew it I was in her car and never turned around

Well, maybe I'm reckless, maybe bad luck, hell maybe I'm way too much about having fun
I'll send you a postcard, send me your love, just don't give up on me yet, I'm still growing up

I went to work for my uncle on the coast called the hot spot
We took our breaks on the boat docks and I got fired for smoking pot
with the beach right there I guess surfing was the logical next move
But I got mouthy with the wrong dude and got my damn jaw tattooed

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Alright
I bought an old guitar with cash from a good hand of blackjack
learned a few chord from a fat-back, hairy man named Pete
I got a local gig on the weekends in some old honky-tonk
Singing 2 hours of nothing but Cash songs, and I could always drink for free
And some so called big-wig, producer man started sniffing 'round
He told me he liked my sound but there was something holding me back
He said a rhinestone suit and a cowboy hat outta do the trick
I told him I had something he could stick, way on up his ass

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I'll send you a post card, send me your love, just don't give up on me yet, I'm still growing up
Alright
but don't give up on me yet
I know I might take a little time
But I'm gonna come around

I just feel Like I still got a few things I gotta Get out of my system, ha ha

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