

# The Weary Kind

[Colin Farrell](#)

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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