

Wild Child (with Grace Potter)

Kenny Chesney

Looks like a royal in a thrift store dress
Keeps my heart and her hair a mess
She goes where the wind suggests she goes
Who knows

Got a spirit that can't be tamed
She's a Calico pony on an open plain
I know I'll never be the same no more, for sure

She's a wild child
Got a rebel soul and a whole lot of gypsy
Wild style, she can't be tied down but for a while
I'll be fallin free and so alive
I'd break my heart but god she drives me wild, child

You never heard of her favorite band
Unless you've been to Bonnaroo or Burning Man
She's penny lane in a Chevy Urban
She loves to love
She loves me, wild child

Got a rebel soul and a whole lot of gypsy
Wild style, she can't be tied down but for a while
I'll be fallin free and so alive
and I'd break my heart but god she drives me wild, child

She'll be here until she runs
Some just have to chase the sun
She's a wild child
Got a rebel soul and a whole lot of gypsy
Wild style, she can't be tied down but for a while
I'll be fallin free and so alive
and I'd break my heart but god she drives me wild, child

A kaleidoscope of colors in her mind, child
A touch of crazy hides behind her wild smile
So simple yet experimental
Innocent but still a little wild, child
Wild child

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