

# America's Sweetheart

Elle King

No, there ain't nothin' 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 it's funny when I drink too much  
You try and change me, you can go to hell  
'Cause I don't wanna 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

Them 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

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  
You love me anyway  
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  
You love me anyway  
You love me anyway  
I'm not America's sweetheart

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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