

America's Sweetheart

Elle King

[Verse 1]

No, there ain't nothing 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, hey
You try and change me, you can go to hell
Cause I don't want to be nobody else
I like the chip I got in my front teeth
And I got bad tattoos you won't believe

[Pre-Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 2]

My hands are dirty and my heart is cold
The 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, mmm now
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

[Pre-Chorus]

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[Outro]

I'm not America's sweetheart, no, no, no