

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

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