

Blonde

Kip Moore

I saw you in a magazine just the other day
When they asked you where you came from, funny you forgot this place
I guess you caught amnesia, we've been knowing you before Pre-K
Can't hide the real you behind that new fake name

You can chase the lights
You can chase the fame
Used to be the captain of the cheer team
Now you're just a never coming homecoming queen
Don't sell yourself long girl
You must be confused
You ain't even Blonde girl
Or even true to your roots, yeah
Wooooo
Wooooo

I saw your Mama and your sister on Sunday
Your little brother starts school on Monday
Your granddaddy'd roll over in his grave
If he saw the way you changed

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Don't sell yourself long girl
You must be confused
You ain't even Blonde girl
Or even true to your roots
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah, ah, ah, ah
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah, ah, ah, ah

I used to love your lips girl
They had a down home taste
So why'd you go and fill 'em girl
Mess up the ones that God gave

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(Yeah, ah, ah)
We were right there when your Daddy wasn't
(Yeah, ah, ah)
We were there the first time you got drunk
(Yeah, ah, ah, ah)
Couldn't even hold up your head
So I picked you up and put you in bed

(Yeah, ah, ah)
My shirt dried your tears when Brett broke your heart
(Yeah, ah, ah)
I took the blame in that old cop car
(Yeah, ah, ah, ah)
Laughed when you choked on your first smoke
Watching you now is a damn joke, yeah
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah