

# Don't You Think Someone Should Take You Home

Butch Walker

Her hair is like a crow's nest  
She's got glitter in her eye  
Her smile is like a jack-o-lantern  
Trying not to cry  
She's been living been living pretty hard  
Since her old man up and died a year ago

And I see her every morning  
While she's walking to the check  
She holds her head like she's got something heavy  
Hanging 'round her neck

Puts some money in her purse  
And hides some where he won't expect before she goes

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Well she stole more than a little  
From her folks in Cartersville  
With that wrong foot in that right boot  
Left a lot of room to fill

With one foot on the platform  
And a lot of time to kill  
They shoulda' known

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Well I haven't seen her lately  
Guess I just assumed the worst  
But I think I kinda miss her  
Standing there with her lips pursed.

First thing in the morning  
Leaning up against the church  
Like it's your own

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