

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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