

The Weight Of Her

Butch Walker

Here comes the captain
She's a firecracker, skinny jeans
Two lips of honey, yeah
She leaves a trail of gasoline

She drinks more whiskey
Than her daddy, she can even sing
And all the clappers say
You're living in her world

The word around the street
She likes the smell of cocaine
It makes her crazy when she
Mix it up with champagne

You'll never make it if you
Don't keep her locked in a cage
You will be wishing now
For any other girl

Don't let the weight of her world
Bring you down
Don't let her walk in the room
And turn you inside out

Don't let the touch of her hand
Take you down
No, not now
No, not ever again

Six forty five as you wake up
She's just gone to bed
Clear out the phone
From a hundred texts you haven't read

She only wants you
When it's later and she's off her head
Pay close attention
You're just living in her world

And all the Swedish girls
They hang out at the hotel
It's sex for green cards
I think they know you very well

It paints a picture of a movie
Ending dark as hell
You will be wishing now
For any other girl

Don't let the weight of her world
Bring you down
Don't let her walk in the room
And turn you inside out

Don't let the touch of her hand
Take you down

No, not now
No, not ever again

What am I supposed to talk about
With you anyway?
I graduated the year you were born
And I don't wanna have to drive around

And listen to your burned CDs
Through your shitty car speakers
Of every band you think you discovered
It's just gonna make me feel insecure

Don't let the weight of her world
Bring you down
Don't let her walk in the room
And turn you inside out

Don't let the touch of her hand
Take you down
No, not now
No, not ever, hey

Don't let the weight of her world
Bring you down
Don't let her walk in the room
And turn you inside out

Don't let the touch of her hand
Take you down
No, not now
No, not ever again, yeah