

Couldn't have been but a hundred pounds soakin' wet  
All stressed out and worried  
Podunk, Missouri  
And I don't know how or why or when her daddy left  
But he drove off in a fury  
She grew up in a hurry

Now skinny jeans and Maybelline  
Make pretty girls do crazy things  
Teenage tears and bathroom mirrors  
Will stick with you throughout your years

Picket fence, two car garage and a man that she don't love  
But he makes six figures  
And she thought he'd fix her  
But that iron gate feels more and more like an old bird cage  
Than a way to keep out the danger ....So she takes to liquor

All the champagne brunches and upper class shine  
Can't keep a woman satisfied  
Swimming pools and bow and braids  
And the baby thinks mama's the live in maid  
If you as me, I think it's ugly, (so...)

Gimme a rusty old rain silo  
Gimme good food that sticks to my bones  
Thank you for that good good man who loves me  
With dirt on my hands and scrapes on my knees  
The feeling at night when i wash it all clean  
I'm telling ya girls, its a beautiful thing  
Trust me, it's far from ugly

Eighteen wheels and an open road  
I sing my songs all across the country  
Cause these people trust me

So give me  
Gimme a rusty old rain silo  
Gimme good food that sticks to my bones  
Thank you for that good good man who loves me  
With dirt on my hands and scrapes on my knees  
The feeling at night when i wash it all clean  
I'm telling ya girls, its a beautiful thing  
Trust me, it's far from ugly