

# No Cure For Crazy

Kellie Pickler

I was born a pistol  
With a bullet in the barrel  
And another fistful

Step on up, and you'll  
Know right where I stand

Church girls used to whisper,  
"Lord, it's like the devil kissed her."  
But Jesus loves me just the way I am

And there ain't no cure for crazy  
I ain't sorry, baby  
Wheels fell off of my trailer  
Daddy taught me how to cuss like a sailor

I'm an all night, long-neck train wreck  
Two queens short of a full deck  
Good luck tryin' to save me  
There ain't no cure  
No cure for crazy, baby

Now I ain't prim and proper  
No country clubbin' champagne popper  
Droppin' names, sippin' Sonoma wine

I'll be barefoot on the bar  
White lightnin' buzz from a mason jar  
Chasin' my whisky with a damn good time

And there ain't no cure for crazy  
I ain't sorry, baby  
Wheels fell off of my trailer  
Daddy taught me how to cuss like a sailor

I'm an all night, long-neck train wreck  
Two queens short of a full deck  
Good luck tryin' to save me  
There ain't no cure, no cure for crazy

Now you can call the doctor  
To give me a pill  
To me, honey, that's just another thrill  
I can try to act like you think I should  
But it ain't gonna do no good

'Cause there ain't no cure for crazy  
I ain't sorry, baby  
Wheels fell off of my trailer  
Daddy taught me how to cuss like a sailor

I'm an all night, long-neck train wreck  
Two queens short of a full deck  
Good luck tryin' to save me  
There ain't no cure  
No cure for crazy, baby

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