

Gravity Is a Bitch

Miranda Lambert

You spent your twenties feeling
That you're walking on the ceiling
And you party like you're eight feet tall
You say working's for the birds
Chasing dreams in mini skirts
From here everything seems small

Then thirties come around
And you finally feel the ground
Look around and maybe start planning
For what the future holds
And though you're far from old,
Your moisturizer's been less time tanning

You're hanging over, but you're hanging in
You're starting to look like all of your friends
Conversations turning from rock n' roll
To kids and politics and how much money you owe

Got bags under your eyes, bigger hips and bigger thighs
You got places you can't even itch
You can nip it, tuck it, squeeze it
But you're never gonna beat it
'Cause gravity is a bitch

Forty's kinda boring
And you spend your time ignoring
The things you don't see so clear
Your reflection in the glass
Is gonna knock you on you ass
You wonder how the hell to get down here

You're happy in your fifties
Though things are kinda shifty
At sixty you find peace of mind
Go to bed at 8 o'clock
And comb your hair if you still got it
'Cause you're almost at the finish line

You're hanging over, but you're hanging in
You're starting to look like all of your friends
Conversations turning from rock n' roll
To kids and politics and how much money you owe

Got bags under your eyes,
Bigger hips and bigger thighs
You got places that you can't even itch
You can nip it, tuck it, squeeze it
But you're never gonna beat it
'Cause gravity is a bitch

Yeah, gravity is a bitch
I'm here to tell ya
Gravity is a bitch