

The Weary Kind

Ryan Bingham

Your heart's on the loose
You rolled them seven's with nothing to lose
This ain't no place for the weary kind

You called all your shots
Shootin' 8 ball at the corner truck stop
Somehow this don't feel like home anymore

And this ain't no place for the weary kind
This ain't no place to lose your mind
This ain't no place to fall behind
Pick up your crazy heart and give it one more try

Your body aches
Playin' your guitar, sweating out the hate
The days and the nights all feel the same

Whiskey has been
A thorn in your side, it doesn't forget
The highway that calls for your heart inside

And this ain't no place for the weary kind
This ain't no place to lose your mind
This ain't no place to fall behind
Pick up your crazy heart and give it one more try

Your lover's warm kiss
Is too damn far from your fingertips
You are the man that ruined her world

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