

Blonde

Kip Moore

I saw you in a magazine just the other day
When they asked you where you came from, funny you forgot this place
I guess you caught amnesia, we've been knowing you before Pre-K
Can't hide the real you behind that new fake name You can chase the lights

You can chase the fame

Used to be the captain of the cheer team

Now you're just a never coming homecoming queen

Don't sell yourself long girl

You must be confused

You ain't even Blonde girl

Or even true to your roots, yeah

Wooooo

Wooooo

I saw your Mama and your sister on Sunday

Your little brother starts school on Monday

Your granddaddy'd roll over in his grave

If he saw the way you changed You can chase the lights

You can chase the fame

Used to be the captain of the cheer team

Now you're just a never coming homecoming queen

Don't sell yourself long girl

You must be confused

You ain't even Blonde girl

Or even true to your roots

Yeah, ah, ah

Yeah, ah, ah

Yeah, ah, ah, ah

Yeah, ah, ah

Yeah, ah, ah

Yeah, ah, ah, ah

I used to love your lips girl

They had a down home taste

So why'd you go and fill 'em girl

Mess up the ones that God gave You can chase the lights

You can chase the fame

Used to be the captain of the cheer team

Now you're just a never coming homecoming queen

Don't sell yourself long girl

You must be confused

You ain't even Blonde girl

Or even true to your roots (Yeah, ah, ah)

We were right there when your Daddy wasn't

(Yeah, ah, ah)
We were there the first time you got drunk
(Yeah, ah, ah, ah)
Couldn't even hold up your head
So I picked you up and put you in bed
(Yeah, ah, ah)
My shirt dried your tears when Brett broke your heart
(Yeah, ah, ah)
I took the blame in that old cop car
(Yeah, ah, ah, ah)
Laughed when you choked on your first smoke
Watching you now is a damn joke, yeah
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah, ah, ah
Yeah

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