

Lainey Wilson, Wildflowers and Wild Horses

Wildflowers
Wild Horses

In the middle of the night
I hear a corn field coyote cry
Up at the moon no matter what
Sky I'm laying under
In the eye of a hurricane
When I got one foot in the grave
I'll dig my boots into the dirt
And face the rolling thunder

I'm five generations
Of blazing a trail
Through barbed wire valleys and overgrown dells
I'm barefoot and bareback and born tough as nails
Ohhh ohhh ohhhh
I'm four fifths of reckless
And one fifth of jack
I push like a daisy through old sidewalk cracks
Yea my kinda crazy's still running it's courses
With wildflowers and wild horses

It's in the water in my veins
That bread of heaven falls like rain
So I'm taken care of either way
Make something out of how I'm made
Until I hitch a ride on glory's train

I'm five generations
Of blazing a trail
Through barbed wire valleys and overgrown dells
I'm barefoot and bareback and born tough as nails
Ohhh ohhh ohhhh
I'm four fifths of reckless
And one fifth of jack
I push like a daisy through old sidewalk cracks
Yea my kinda crazy's still running it's courses
With wildflowers and wild horses

I'm five generations
Of blazing a trail
Through barbed wire valleys and overgrown dells
I'm barefoot and bareback and born tough as nails
Ohhh ohhh ohhhh
I'm four fifths of reckless
And one fifth of jack
I push like a daisy through old sidewalk cracks
Yea my kinda crazy's still running it's courses
With wildflowers and wild horses

Yea my kinda crazy's still running its courses
With wildflowers and wild horses
Wildflowers and wild horses