

# Butch Walker, The Weight Of Her

Oh!

Here come the captain  
She's a firecracker, skinny jeans  
Two lips of honey, yeah  
She leaves a trail of gasoline  
She drinks more whiskey  
Than her daddy, she can even sing  
And all the clappers say  
You're living in her world

The word around the street  
She likes the smell of cocaine  
It makes her crazy when she  
Mix it up with champagne  
You'll never make it if you  
Don't keep her locked in a cage  
You will be wishing now  
For any other girl

Don't let the weight of her world  
Bring you down  
Don't let her walk in the room  
And turn you inside out  
Don't let the touch of her hand  
Take you down  
No, not now  
No, not ever again  
Ooh

6:45 as you wake up  
She's just gone to bed  
Clear out the phone  
From a hundred texts you haven't read  
She only wants you  
When it's later and she's off her head  
Pay close attention  
You're just living in her world

And all the Swedish girls  
They hang out at the hotel  
It's sex for green cards  
I think they know you very well  
It paints a picture of a movie  
Ending dark as hell  
You will be wishing now  
For any other girl

Don't let the weight of her world  
Bring you down  
Don't let her walk in the room  
And turn you inside out  
Don't let the touch of her hand  
Take you down  
No, not now  
No, not ever again  
Ooh

And what am I supposed to talk about with you anyway?  
I graduated the year you were born.  
And I don't wanna have to drive around and listen to your burned CDs through your shitty car speaker

Don't let the weight of her world  
Bring you down

Don't let her walk in the room  
And turn you inside out  
Don't let the touch of her hand  
Take you down  
No, not now  
No, not ever, hey!

Don't let the weight of her world  
Bring you down  
Don't let her walk in the room  
And turn you inside out  
Don't let the touch of her hand  
Take you down  
No, not now  
No, not ever again  
Ooh  
Yeah ooh