

Everything She Ain't

Hailey Whitters

She ain't a peach you oughta be picking
She ain't the cup of tea you oughta be sipping
She treats you like you're broke, like you need fixing
You ain't getting nothing back for all that you're giving

If you're good with who you're kissing, c'est la vie
But I can show you what you're missing, yeah boy, I can be

The whiskey in your soda, the lime to your Corona
Shotgun of your Tacoma, the Audrey to your Hank
She's got a little style and a Hollywood smile
But believe me, honey, good as money in the bank
I'm everything she is, and everything she ain't

She sees diamonds, but I'm seeing stars
You should leave her on an island, dance with me in this bar
Honey, there's plenty of fish in the sea
But if you take a second look, you'll see there's only one of me

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She's all wrong for you
I'm just the girl next door you know is right as rain

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Yeah, I'm everything she is, and everything she ain't