

Helluva Heart

Hailey Whitters

I'ma pack it up when a dream's calling, I'm an offsuit deuce seven, all-in

Level-headed ain't ever been my strong suit, I lean heavy on wings and roots

I'm all cigarette, no filter, when my world feels a little off-kilter

I get back to what I know, some supper table talk and a field of gold

Sweet or sour, weeds or flowers, I take 'em with a grain of salt

May be left-footed, but straight or crooked, that's the line I walk

Life ain't no bed of roses, but I sleep just fine

These wheels roll a little bit rusted, but that's where I shine

Might take their time to line up, but I thank my lucky stars I got what I got

A love like a rock, a good head on my shoulders, and a helluva heart

I'm a blackbird on a high wire, ice in my drink, and a soul on fire

Ain't always hitting that target, but I finish if I start it

More than it should, sometimes my put together comes unwound

When push comes to shove, my get back up is stronger than my stay down

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I took one's name, one keeps me sane, one beats to its own drum And that won't change no matter what

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Oh, a helluva heart