

Wild Child

Kenny Chesney

Looks like royal in a thrift store dress
Keeps my heart and her hair a mess
She goes where the wind suggests she goes, who knows
Got a spirit that can't be tamed
She's a calico pony on an open plain
I know I'll never be the same no more, for sure

She's a wild child
Got a rebel soul with a whole lot of gypsy wild style
She can't be tied down but for a while
I'll be falling free and so in love
Might break my heart but God she drives me wild child

You've never heard of her favorite band unless you
Been to Bonnaroo or Burning Man
She's Penny Lane in a Chevy van, she loves to love

She loves me wild child
Got a rebel soul with a whole lot of gypsy wild style
She can't be tied down but for a while
I'll be falling free and so in love
Might break my heart but God she drives me wild child

She'll be here until she runs
Some just have to chase the sun

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A kaleidoscope of colors in her mind child
A touch of crazy hides behind her wild smile
So simple yet experimental
Innocent but still a little wild child

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