

# Rolling Stone

Lainey Wilson

Waking up here in your arms  
I feel like a queen in your king-size bed  
The sun's lightin' up your face in the dark  
And I see the wheels turnin' in your head

Think you're the one that's gonna turn me around  
Give me a ring and settle me down  
Got a little hold on me, don't get me wrong  
But, baby, my heart runs wild and free  
You gotta know 'fore you fall for me  
Like a feather in the wind, I could be gone  
You don't give a rock to a rolling stone

A home to you is a handed-down farm  
Little house on the back of your grandpa's land  
Home to me is this old guitar  
Yeah, a country song and a beat-up van

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Ain't got a thing to do with love  
I was born to roll like a tumbleweed does  
And I belong to a long highway  
And there it goes, callin' my name  
Callin' my name  
Callin' my name

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Got a little hold on me, don't get me wrong  
But, baby, my heart runs wild and free  
You gotta know 'fore you fall for me  
Like a feather in the wind, I could be gone  
You don't give a rock to a rolling stone  
No, you don't give a rock to a rolling stone