

Grace & Grit

Meghan Patrick

Mmmmmm, yeah

I'm a Mamma's girl, her whole world
I'm like the son Daddy never had
I might rock a skirt, but love playin' in the dirt
And my shot, it ain't half bad

I'm a real spitfire, who can raise some hell
But I can be sweeter than a Southern Belle

Giddy-up, giddy-up, foot on the pedal
I get knocked down, I get back in the saddle
It's gonna take more than one hit
To get me rattled
I could be as pretty as a wildflower petal
Little bit of angel, double shot of devil
When it comes right down to it
Baby I'm grace and grit

I love gettin' tattoo's and singin' the blues
And playin' my guitar loud
But Sunday morning I'm in the choir
Makin' my Momma proud
I love my guns and my fishing
But I'm a sucker for my man's kissing

Giddy-up, giddy-up, foot on the pedal
I get knocked down, I get back in the saddle
It's gonna take more than one hit
To get me rattled
I could be as pretty as a wildflower petal
Little bit of angel, double shot of devil
When it comes right down to it
Baby I'm grace and grit
Ooh, I'm grace and grit

It's who I am, it's how I live
I do things right, with grace and grit

Giddy-up, giddy-up, foot on the pedal
I get knocked down, I get back in the saddle
It's gonna take more than one hit
To get me rattled
I could be as pretty as a wildflower pedal
Little bit of angel, double shot of devil
When it comes right down to it
Baby I'm grace and grit
Mmmmm ooh, I'm grace and grit
Oh yeah, grace and grit