

Track Record

Miranda Lambert

Another date with the devil on Saturday night
Another Bible in my hand on Sunday morning
Last one I left standing in the drive
Said a heart like mine oughta come with a warning
Can't help it, I'm in love with love

I got a track record
A past that's checkered
As the floor at the diner on Main Street
A heart wrecker
A runner under pressure
Like a dang Mustang on high speed
Maybe it's the ones that I can't fix
And maybe it's the chase that makes me tick
Girls like me don't mean it but we don't know better
I got a track record

One might've been a keeper and one was the leaver
And one was the one Daddy gave me away to
One's a user, and one was a loser
Still waiting on the one to give my whole damn heart to
Can't help it, I'm in love with love

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