

Spitfire

Sierra Hull

Young love, one month a wife
The river took him under, took his life
And she cried, "Oh, Lord, how can I be
A widow before eighteen?"

New love, moved too fast
A little bitty baby, blue lights, a crash
And she cried, "Oh, God, is this a dream?
How could you take him from me?"

She's a spitfire, spitfire
Tougher than thorns on a briar
And you really can't blame her
If she's easy to anger
Oh, she's a spitfire

Third love, not quite the charm
Doctor born addiction stole his heart
And she cried "Oh, God, just take me now
Or dammit give me strength somehow"
Five kids and broke with no way out

She's a spitfire, spitfire
Queen of a tip toe high wire
And you really can't blame her
When nobody can tame her
Oh, she's a spitfire

Old age, seen it all
Factories, tragedies big and small
Son died young, her kidney too
With calloused smile she pushes through

She's a spitfire, spitfire
With a take it or leave it desire
And you really can't blame her
When she's easy to anger
Oh, she's a spitfire

She's in my blood, oh, she's a spitfire
She's in my blood, oh, she's a spitfire

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