

# 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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