

No Cure For Crazy

Kellie Pickler

I was born a pistol
With a bullet in the barrel
And another fistful

Step on up, and you'll
Know right where I stand

Church girls used to whisper,
"Lord, it's like the devil kissed her."
But Jesus loves me just the way I am

And there ain't no cure for crazy
I ain't sorry, baby
Wheels fell off of my trailer
Daddy taught me how to cuss like a sailor

I'm an all night, long-neck train wreck
Two queens short of a full deck
Good luck tryin' to save me
There ain't no cure
No cure for crazy, baby

Now I ain't prim and proper
No country clubbin' champagne popper
Droppin' names, sippin' Sonoma wine

I'll be barefoot on the bar
White lightnin' buzz from a mason jar
Chasin' my whisky with a damn good time

And there ain't no cure for crazy
I ain't sorry, baby
Wheels fell off of my trailer
Daddy taught me how to cuss like a sailor

I'm an all night, long-neck train wreck
Two queens short of a full deck
Good luck tryin' to save me
There ain't no cure, no cure for crazy

Now you can call the doctor
To give me a pill
To me, honey, that's just another thrill
I can try to act like you think I should
But it ain't gonna do no good

'Cause there ain't no cure for crazy
I ain't sorry, baby
Wheels fell off of my trailer
Daddy taught me how to cuss like a sailor

I'm an all night, long-neck train wreck
Two queens short of a full deck
Good luck tryin' to save me
There ain't no cure
No cure for crazy, baby

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