

## **Kip Moore** **"Reckless"**

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I spent a summer down south, working for the county,  
trying to save for school  
I blew it all like a damn fool on women and beer  
I didn't have the grades but I had myself a major  
league fastball  
Got a call from the minor leagues in Wichita and blew  
out my arm in the first year, ha-ha, yeah

Well, I took a good look at my life and decided I'd  
make a change  
Booked me a flight on an airplane, I was 3rd world  
Peace Corps bound  
But I met me a stewardess right there in the airport bar  
Before I knew it I was in her car and never turned  
around

Well, maybe I'm reckless, maybe bad luck, hell maybe  
I'm way too much about having fun  
I'll send you a postcard, send me your love, just don't  
give up on me yet, I'm still growing up

I went to work for my uncle on the coast called the hot  
spot  
We took our breaks on the boat docks and I got fired  
for smoking pot  
with the beach right there I guess surfing was the  
logical next move  
But I got mouthy with the wrong dude and got my  
damn jaw tattooed

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I'm way too much about having fun  
I'll send you a postcard, send me your love, just don't  
give up on me yet, I'm still growing up

Alright  
I bought an old guitar with cash from a good hand of  
blackjack  
learned a few chord from a fat-back, hairy man named  
Pete  
I got a local gig on the weekends in some old honky-  
tonk

Singing 2 hours of nothing but Cash songs, and I could  
always drink for free  
And some so called big-wig, producer man started  
sniffing 'round  
He told me he liked my sound but there was something  
holding me back  
He said a rhinestone suit and a cowboy hat outta do the  
trick  
I told him I had something he could stick, way on up his  
ass

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I'll send you a post card, send me your love, just don't  
give up on me yet, I'm still growing up  
Alright  
but don't give up on me yet  
I know I might take a little time  
But I'm gonna come around  
I just feel Like I still got a few things I gotta Get out of  
my system, ha ha

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