

# Wild Child (with Grace Potter)

[Kenny Chesney](#)

Looks like a royal in a thrift store dress  
Keeps my heart and her hair a mess  
She goes where the wind suggests she goes  
Who knows Got a spirit that can't be tamed  
She's a Calico pony on an open plain  
I know I'll never be the same no more, for sure She's a wild child  
Got a rebel soul and a whole lot of gypsy  
Wild style, she can't be tied down but for a while  
I'll be falling free and so alive  
I'd break my heart but god she drives me wild, child  
You never heard of her favorite band  
Unless you've been to Bonnaroo or Burning Man  
She's penny lane in a Chevy Urban  
She loves to love  
She loves me, wild child Got a rebel soul and a whole lot of gypsy  
Wild style, she can't be tied down but for a while  
I'll be falling free and so alive  
and I'd break my heart but god she drives me wild, child She'll be here until she runs  
Some just have to chase the sun  
She's a wild child  
Got a rebel soul and a whole lot of gypsy  
Wild style, she can't be tied down but for a while  
I'll be falling free and so alive  
and I'd break my heart but god she drives me wild, child  
A kaleidoscope of colors in her mind, child  
A touch of crazy hides behind her wild smile  
So simple yet experimental  
Innocent but still a little wild, child  
Wild child

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>