

Am *G*
White Trash Beautiful, Traylor Park Queen
She slings hash at the diner from 11 to 5
She married a boy from school, thought he was oh so cool
But all he can do for money is drive

Out late haulin' freight on Interstate 5, prayin' he'll see home before his baby
arrive

Am *G*
White Trash Beautiful, There's something you should know

Am *E*
My heart belongs to you

Am
And you coulda found a better guy

G
I'll love you till the day I die

Am *E*
I swear to God it's true

I'm comin' home to you
I'm comin' home to you girl

He lights a cigarette, his eyes half open
He won't be home tonight, but she keeps hopin'
Drinkin himself to sleep is his only way of copein'
She waits for him every night, she leaves the front door open
It's 4 AM and doin 95, Tryin to stay awake and make it home alive

Chorus

White Trash Beautiful, There's something you should know
My heart belongs to you

I know you coulda found a better guy
I'll love you till the day I die

I swear to God it's true

I'm comin' home to you
I'm comin' home to you girl

Verse 3

Her lips say painted red, nametag's crooked
Her heart's been gone awhile with the truck driving man that took it
He keeps her photograph on his rearview mirror
She prays for him every night, she hopes that he can hear her

Chorus

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I know you coulda found you some better guy
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