

# Walkaway Joe

Trisha Yearwood

Momma told her baby, "Girl take it real slow"  
Girl told her Momma, "Hey, I really gotta go  
He's waitin' in the car"  
Momma said, "Girl you won't get far" Thus are the dreams of an average jane  
Ninety miles an hour down a lovers lane  
On a tank of dreams oh, if she could've only seen  
But fate's got cards that it don't want to show And that boy's just a walkaway joe  
Born to be a leaver, tell you from the word go  
Destined to deceive her, he's a wrong kinda paradise  
She's gonna know it in a matter of time  
That boy's just a walkaway joe Now just a little while into Abilene  
Pulls into a station and he robs it clean  
She's waitin' in the car, underneath the Texaco Star  
She only wanted love, didn't bargain for this She can't help but love him for the way he is  
She's only seventeen and there ain't no reasoning  
So she'll ride this ride as far as it can go 'Cause that boy's just a walkaway joe  
Born to be a leaver, tell you from the word go  
Destined to deceive her, he's a wrong kinda paradise  
She's gonna know it in a matter of time  
That boy's just a walkaway joe Somewhere in a roadside motel room  
Alone in the silence, she wakes up too soon  
And reaches for his arm but she'll just keep reachin' on  
For the cold hard truth revealed what it had known That boy's just a walkaway joe  
Born to be a leaver, tell you from the word go  
Destined to deceive her, he's a wrong kinda paradise  
But it was just another lesson in life  
That boy was a walkaway joe Oh, babe, all he was a walkaway joe  
Ooh, ooh, walkaway joe  
He was a walkaway joe, hmm

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