

She's Gone

Chuck Wicks

She's a rapid fire coming down a one way target range
She's a first shot, creeping up, hit you just a right way
Take your love, lay it down, shoot a smile as you start to fall
She's a money down, lose it all, hit you like a wrecking ball
She's gone, yeah she's gone
That girl, she's gone, yeah she's gone
She's a walk through the wet woods, wreckage from the house she burned
She's a smoke still rising from the ashes from a lesson learned
She's a black leather seat in the summer of muscle car
She's a fire red lipstick ready to leave her mark
And she's gone, yeah she's gone
She's gone, yeah she's gone
Oh I guess I should have known it
I should have seen this coming
So I put the blame on me right now
She's gone, yeah she's gone
That girl, she's gone, yeah she's gone
Oh oh oh
She's a rapid fire coming down a one way target range
She's a first shot creeping up hit you just a right way

Songwriters

JEFFREY EAST, BRETT TYLER, CHUCK WICKS
Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>