He Wasn't Murdered

Freedy Johnston

He wasn't murdered by love or loneliness
He walked out on his own
It was a holiday night, he was out of state
Before she knew he'd goneLeaving just enough for the weekly rent
Plus a little change
Taking the long way to any place
In the frozen rainIt was a roadside stop with a broken name
And he sat there all alone
In the used-up mirror he saw
His ghost come slowly walking overHe said, "Where are you goin', son? I'll go too
Listen, don't you think I know
What you've been doin'?"He wasn't murdered or lost or ransomed off
He walked out on his own
With a rain to wash his conscience off
And an idea where he's goin'Looking both ways on a one-way street
But the light won't change
Finding just enough behind the seat
To make her telephone ring

Songwriters
Johnston, FreedyPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/