

Better Off Dead

Bill Withers

She couldn't stand me anymore
So she just took the kids and went
You see, I've got a drinkin' problem
All the money that we had I spent Now I must die by my own hand
'Cause I'm not man enough to live alone
She's better off without me
And I'm better off dead now that she's gone She gave the most, took the least
And she even had the priest come to our home
And I cried and prayed and promised God
That I'd leave the stuff alone Now I must die by my own hand
'Cause I'm not man enough to live alone
She's better off without me
And I'm better off dead now that she's gone She used to call her friend and cry
Then the man cut off the telephone
She'd sit and cry while I went out
And pawned the things we owned Now I must die by my own hand
'Cause I'm not man enough to live alone
She's better off without me
And I'm better off dead

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