

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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