She's Gone #2

Paul Henry Dallaire

I see her smiling face on the streets and everywhere
if the phone should ring I'll get it just hopin she'll be there
This Motel that I'm a crashin ain't no Holiday Inn
it's a hell of a place and a mess that I'm in
But she's gone yes she's gone

I've read some books on see the light and how to live alone
it's crazy at the Laundry mat how my white shirts turn to brown
At night I pace the floor and cry and howl at the moon
in the morning I wake-up realizing she ain't you
But she's gone yea she's gone

I called a Blue Line taxi for to go to MontrÃ©al
to see some friends and family for a home-cooked meal that's all
The grey haired Cabby prophesied that life was like a song
if you don't like the chorus just turn the words around
But she's gone yes she's gone

Now mothers help your daughters father lead you son's
teach them well in their convictions and they never will go wrong

Chorus: End

Words/Music
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Paul Henry Pub.
SOCAN.CA

U.S. Rep: ASCAP

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