Better Off Gone

John Waite

I can see there's no easy way out
A paper cup half-full of gin
Behind the wheel of a Lincoln Continental
Driving down your street againI take your ghost out on the freeway
Out from the memory of your leaving
A thousand miles till the day break over Tulsa
Where no one's heard about you'Cause one of these days you're gonna be with somebody
And I, I don't wanna hurt no one
Gonna let these horses run straight in to the morning sun
I'm better off gone, yeah, yeah, I'm better off gone, yeah, yeahOut in the rhythm of the white lies
Just the inner state of me
I place my bet on a hand that I was winning
And it made a loser out of me'Cause one of these days you're gonna be with somebody
And I, I don't wanna hurt no one
Gonna let these horses run straight in to the morning sun
'Cause I'm better off gone, yeah, yeah, yeah'Cause one of these days you're gonna be with somebody
And I, I don't wanna hurt no one
Gonna let these horses run straight in to the morning sun
YeahAnd like a bullet from a gun
You see, yeah
I'm better off gone, yeah, yeah
I'm better off gone, yeah, yeahBetter off gone
Better off gone

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