

# 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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