Better

Shelby Lynne

Lost her raising
On a whim
Going home
Symphony
Plays the same old song
Amplifiers
Ringing in her head
Time for bed
Go to bedIt's better that you're gone
It's better that you're goneMystery keeps the lady
In the gloom
Freedom keeps her crazy
As a loon
She's starving but
She don't need to dine
Anyplace
AnytimeIt's better that you're gone
It's better that you're goneIn the evening
Sun is sleeping
Fading youth
Desolation
Secret avenue
She's God-forsaken
Although night-time finds
The quiet fight
In the nightIt's better that you're gone
It's better that you're goneIt's better that you're gone
It's better that you're gone

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