

John Hiatt, Good As She Could Be

Well she was a millionaire

Before she was fourteen

But there was an emptiness there

That to practically everyone else could be seen

She hit up on the drug of love

Though there was no hole in her arm

There was a hole some place else

About as big as dady 10.000 acre farm

CHORUS:

Oh, she was dying for it

For all the world to see

Ah, she was as good as she could be

Well she had a baby at eighteen

Never finished high school

Her husband beat her for money and sex

Till that cadillac finally ran out of fuel

One disaster led to another

Down to her and her baby son

Born with a silver spoon in her mouth

Headed south now

Cause she was never born to run

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS

Well her momma died last year

And her daddy he called her back home

But when he opened the door

He could not recognize

This spectre of hair and bone

But it was his own baby child
Though she looked like an old woman now
Well she lived ten lifetimes in five years
Anywhere that the law would allow

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS

Yeah, she was good as she could be
Ah, she was good as she could be