

Mary Gauthier, Good-Bye

(Mary Gauthier)

Born a bastard child in New Orleans
to a woman I've never seen
I don't know if she ever held me
All I know is that she let go of me

I passed thru like thunder
I passed thru like rain
Passed out from under
Good-bye could have been my family name

Every time I settle down it happens
I get a restless feeling I can't control
I hit the wall, then I hit the highway
I've got the curse of a gypsy on my soul

So I move thru like thunder
I move through like rain
Moving out from under
Good-bye could have been my family name

I can't break free of the winds that blow me
They roll in like a Gulf Coast Hurricane
I'd love to stay now but I don't know how
Hold me honey till I'm gone again

When it's time to leave forever
I pray the Lord don't take me slow.
I don't know where I'm going
I just wanna say good-bye and go

And I'll move thru like thunder
Push thru like rain
Pushing out from under