

Trisha Yearwood, Walkaway Joe

Momma told her baby, girl take it real slow
Girl told her momma hey I really gotta go
He's waitin' in the car
Momma said girl you won't get far
Thus are the dreams of an average Jane
Ninety miles an hour down a lovers lane
On a tank of dreams
Oh if she could've only seen
But fate's got cards that it don't want to show
And that boy's just

A walkaway Joe
Born to be a leaver
Tell you from the word go, destined to deceive her
He's a wrong kinda paradise
She's gonna know it in a matter of time
That boy's just a walkaway Joe

Now just a little while into Abilene
Pulls into a station and he robs it clean
She's waitin' in the car
Underneath the Texaco star
She only wanted love didn't bargain for this
She can't help but love him for the way he is
She's only seventeen
And there ain't no reasoning
So she'll ride this ride as far as it can go
Cause that boy's just

A walkaway Joe
Born to be a leaver
Tell you from the word go, destined to deceive her
He's a wrong kinda paradise
She's gonna know it in a matter of time
That boy's just a walkaway Joe

Somewhere in a roadside motel room
Alone in the silence she wakes up too soon
And reaches for his arm
But she'll just keep reachin' on
For the cold hard truth revealed what it had known
That boy's just

A walkaway Joe
Born to be a leaver
Tell you from the word go, destined to deceive her
He's a wrong kinda paradise
She's gonna know it in a matter of time
That boy's just a walkaway Joe