

Adams Bryan, Long Gone

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Reckless

Long Gone

The telephone's bin ringin' - ringin' off the wall

It's your Las Vegas lawyer - another long distance call

He says you get the house and the car

And I get the clothes I got on

Now she's gone

Long, long, long, long gone

Now I'm a happy boy

She's long, long, long, long gone

Operator get me Manhattan - get my baby on the line

Sooner or later she's gotta realize

That all my feelin's were for real

But maybe she was leadin' me on

[Chorus]

She took the frigidaire

She got my favorite chair

You could say she got the best of me

It's like a legal crime

But in a matter of time

She'll be back for the rest of me