

# Big Star, Way Out West

She's a schemer and she makes me bad  
But i love her a lot those lonely nights  
I was in a big room playing my things  
Oh i wish she were here she can be so kind  
When she's not trying to hide  
She tries not to love me but she knows  
She can  
Chorus and why don't you come on back from  
Way out west  
And love me we can work out the rest

She thinks she's a mystery to all  
But i know what's behind those eyes  
Sometimes i think she'll make me forget  
What i need most to remember  
And then i'll slip on back  
Even if they say it's better.