

# Bill Withers, Better Off Dead

She couldn't stand me anymore so she just took the kids and went.  
You see, I've got a drinkin' problem, all the money that we had I spent.  
Now I must die by my own hand cause I'm not man enough to live alone.  
Hey, hey, she's better off without me and I'm better off dead now that she's gone.

Ah, she gave the most, took the least, she even had the priest come to our home.  
And I cried and prayed and promised that I'd leave the stuff alone.  
Now I must leave what I can't face, I hope she finds the kids a happy home.  
Hey, hey she's better off without me and I'm better off dead now that she's gone.

She used to call her friend and cry, then the man cut off the telephone.  
She'd sit and cry while I went out and pawned the things we owned.  
Now I must die by my own hand cause I'm not man enough to live alone.  
Hey, hey she's better off without me and I'm better off dead.