

Don Henley, 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 Lover's Lane
On a tank of dreams
Oh, if she could've only seen
That Fate's got cards that it don't wanna show

(CHORUS):

'Cause that boy is just a Walkaway Joe
Born to be a leaver
Tell you from the word go
Destined to deceive her
He's the wrong kind of paradise
She's gonna know it in a matter of time
That boy is just a Walkaway Joe

Now just a little while into Abilene
He pulls into a station and he robs it clean
She's waitin' in the car
Oh, 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

CHORUS (1x)

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 reaching on
For the cold, hard truth revealed what it had known

'Cause that boy is just a Walkaway Joe
Born to be a leaver
Tell you from the word go
Destined to deceive her
He's the wrong kind of paradise
But it was just another lesson in life
That boy was a Walkaway Joe

All he was was a Walkaway Joe.