

Freedy Johnston, Gone Like The Water

A red suitcase she'll never miss
A leather coat he used to wear
Thinking tough, looking tired
With momma's money and daddy's ring

Chorus:

He's gone like the water down to
NYC

Sleeping on the 802
Along this river, running down
He's gone like the water down
the deep hole drain
disappering in the city

Twenty-four and growing pale
Growing up, coming back
Drew a face on the ticket stub
With mamma's hands, and daddy's pen

Chorus

Talk all night, cook all day
Looking for a new place to stay
Thinking hard, looking bad
With mama's dollar in daddy's coat

Chorus