

# Michelle Shocked, Hardly Gonna Miss Him

I'm hardly gonna miss him  
Won't notice he's gone  
You won't catch me with the blues  
Over some two-timing boozier  
Hard-luck loser  
Not me, boys  
I'm wearing my dancing shoes

I'm hardly gonna miss him  
Won't notice he's gone  
I've put out my old welcome mat  
And giving all I has to that  
Old swing-time jazz  
And dusting off my high-stepping hat

He's gone  
He's gone  
And I'll tell you why  
He don't like to laugh  
And I don't like to cry  
I tried to warn him  
But he would not listen  
That's why  
I'm hardly gonna miss him

Now I'm sitting here alone  
At this old corner bar  
Waiting on a hero  
Wishing on a star  
Someday I'm gonna leave this place  
But for now  
I'm gonna drink another round to old what's-his-face