

The Georgia Satellites, Six Years Gone

It's been forever and a day since I felt like this
want a fifth of wild turkey and one little kiss
and I don't miss that girl
if I did I wouldn't let it show
I might go to the moon
might wind up dead
wake up in morning in a strangers bed
well I'm not concerned with any of that no more

Six Years Gone
water through my hands
well you can blame it on me
say I wasn't your kind of man

Well I'm in no mood to fight
no mood to bicker
sittin' in the back seat
drinkin' your liquor
and everything tonight suits me just fine
well that little girl beside me barely knows her name
but she says she loves it just the same
but I'm not about to say no when she offers me that a line

Six Years Gone
water through my hands
well you can blame it on me
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Six Years Gone
water through my hands
well you can blame it on me
say I wasn't your kind of man
yeah blame it on me
say I wasn't your kind of man