

Long Gone

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The telephone's bin ringin' - ringin' off the wall
It's your Las Vegas lawyer - another long distance call
He says you get the house and the car
And I get the clothes I got on
Now she's gone
Long, long, long, long gone
Now I'm a happy boy

She's long, long, long, long gone

Operator get me Manhattan - get my baby on the line
Sooner or later she's gotta realize
That all my feelin's were for real
But maybe she was leadin' me on

She took the frigidaire
She got my favorite chair
You could say she got the best of me

It's like a legal crime
But in a matter of time
She'll be back for the rest of me