

# I Been Gone a Long Time

## Every Time I Die

What we're doing is so wrong  
And what you're wearing is so right, it's so tight  
But I've never felt better, so I'm going out to get her  
And I don't care, I don't care what set of wheels I steal to get there

Balance is a minor setback, what she thinks is all right  
And the way she looks is just fine  
She sure as hell ain't you, but Lord knows she'll have to do  
She don't know I'm alive but neither do I so there's nothing left to lose

If I could only make it make you want to want me  
One more drink, I think should do

I wish that I could say, I love to watch you walk away  
But you probably won't be back in time to hear it  
So it's just as well, no one out there gets back in alive  
So I'll love the way you stand so close to a guy  
Who we both know can't get near it

Strike when ready, burn the highway  
Strike when ready, burn the highway  
Strike when ready, burn the highway  
Strike when ready, burn the highway  
Let me hear her high heels moan

I'm ready, I'm ready, set, go  
There's cocaine in the key that took us  
From the bar to her car to the bedroom

Only the lonesome love us, only the careless can handle us  
Only the lonesome love us, what's wrong with us that we're so unamused?  
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