

Baby's Gotten Good at Goodbye

George Strait

What a rotten day this turned out to be.
I still can't believe she'd leave so easily.
She just got all her things, threw 'em into a pile,
Then she loaded her car and said after a while,
She'd done this before, but this time she didn't cry.

That's why I'm sittin' on the front steps,
Staring down the road, wond'rin' if she'll come back -
This time I don't know.
After she packed, when she looked back
There were no tears in her eyes,
And that's got me worried thinking
Maybe my baby's gotten good at goodbye.

All the times before she'd break down and cry.
She'd make her threats, but her heart wasn't set on goodbye.
She just wanted me to hear what she had to say.
Now I'm lost for words, since she went away.
She may not return for this time she didn't cry.

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