

Good as She Could Be

John Hiatt

Well she was a millionaire
Before she was fourteen
But there was an emptiness there
That to practically everyone else could be seen
She hit up on the drug of love
Though there was no hole in her arm
There was a hole some place else
About as big as daddy 10.000 acre farm

Oh, she was dying for it
For all the world to see
Ah, she was as good as she could be

Well she had a baby at eighteen
Never finished high school
Her husband beat her for money and sex
Till that cadillac finally ran out of fuel
One disaster led to another
Down to her and her baby son
Born with a silver spoon in her mouth
Headed south now
Cause she was never born to run

Oh, she was dying for it
For all the world to see
Ah, she was as good as she could be

Oh, she was dying for it
For all the world to see
Ah, she was as good as she could be

Well her momma died last year
And her daddy he called her back home
But when he opened the door
He could not recognize
This spectre of hair and bone
But it was his own baby child
Though she looked like an old woman now
Well she lived ten lifetimes in five years
Anywhere that the law would allow

Yeah, she was good as she could be
Ah, she was good as she could be