

Go Away

Lorrie Morgan

Touche', touche'
You're right, there's nothing I can say
I am a wishy washy girl
But it's a wishy washy world

Go away
No, wait a minute
I want out
Then I want in it
I'm all confused but I admit it
Go away
No, wait a minute.

C'est la vie, la vie
That's what you get when you get me
I have the right to change my mind
At least a couple hundred times.

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I need some help
I'm not quite myself
And lately I'm a nervous wreck
My whole world has changed
And the reason I'm strange
Is I love you and baby that scares me to death.

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