

Six Years Gone

The Georgia Satellites

It's been forever and a day since I felt like this
Want a fifth of wild turkey upon a little kiss
And I don't miss that girl
If I did I wouldn't let it show

I might go to the moon
Might wind up dead
Wake up in mornin' in a stranger's bed
Well, I'm not concerned with any of that no more

Six years gone
Water through my hands
Well, you can blame it on me
Say, I wasn't your kind of man

Well, I'm in no mood to fight, no mood to bicker
Sittin' in the back seat, drinkin' your liquor
And everything tonight
Suits me just fine

Well, that little girl beside me barely knows her name
But she says, she loves it just the same
But I'm not about to say no when she
Offers me that a line

Six years gone
Water through my hands
Well, you can blame it on me
Say, I wasn't your kind of man

Six years gone
Water through my hands
Well, you can blame it on me
Say, I wasn't your kind of man

Yeah, blame it on me
Say I wasn't your kind of man