

## Walkaway Joe

Trisha Yearwood

Momma told her baby, girl take it real slow  
Girl told her momma hey I really gotta go  
He's waitin' in the car  
Momma said girl you won't get far  
Thus are the dreams of an average Jane  
Ninety miles an hour down a lovers lane  
On a tank of dreams  
Oh if she could've only seen  
But fate's got cards that it don't want to show  
And that boy's just

A walkaway Joe  
Born to be a leaver  
Tell you from the word go, destined to deceive her  
He's the wrong kind of paradise  
She's gonna know it in a matter of time  
That boy's just a walkaway Joe

Now just a little while into Abilene  
Pulls into a station and he robs it clean  
She's waitin' in the car  
Underneath the Texaco star  
She only wanted love didn't bargain for this  
She can't help but love him for the way he is  
She's only seventeen  
And there ain't no reasoning  
So she'll ride this ride as far as it can go  
Cause that boy's just

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Born to be a leaver  
Tell you from the word go, destined to deceive her  
He's the wrong kind of paradise  
She's gonna know it in a matter of time  
That boy's just a walkaway Joe

Somewhere in a roadside motel room  
Alone in the silence she wakes up too soon  
And reaches for his arm  
But she'll just keep reachin' on  
For the cold hard truth revealed what it had known  
That boy's just

A walkaway Joe  
Born to be a leaver  
Tell you from the word go, destined to deceive her  
He's the wrong kind of paradise  
But it was just another lesson in life  
That boy was a walkaway Joe