

She's Gone

Chuck Wicks

She's a rapid fire coming down a one way target range
She's a first shot, creeping up, hit you just a right way
Take your love, lay it down, shoot a smile as you start to fall
She's a money down, lose it all, hit you like a wrecking ball

She's gone, yeah she's gone
That girl, she's gone, yeah she's gone

She's a walk through the wet woods, wreckage from the house she
burned
She's a smoke still rising from the ashes from a lesson learned
She's a black leather seat in the summer of muscle car
She's a fire red lipstick ready to leave her mark

And she's gone, yeah she's gone
She's gone, yeah she's gone

Oooh

I guess I should have known it
I should have seen this coming
So I put the blame on me right now

She's gone, yeah she's gone
That girl, she's gone, yeah she's gone

Oooh, Oooh, Oooh

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She's a first shot creeping up hit you just a right way