

We had a plan, move out of this town, baby
West to the sand, it's all we talked about lately
I'd pack the car, bring your guitar and jane for smokin'
First thing at dawn, you'd queue the songs and we'd get goin'
But you weren't home, waited on the porch for ya
Sat there alone, all throughout the morn' 'til I
Got a hunch down in my gut and snuck around the back
Empty cans and I'll be damned, your shit was never packed

Did your boots stop workin'?
Did your truck break down? (Truck break down)
Did you burn through money?
Did your ex find out? (Ex find out)
Where there's a will, then there's a way
And I'm damn sure you lost it
Didn't even say goodbye
Just wish I knew what caused it
Was the whiskey flowin'?
Were you in a fight? (In a fight)
Did the nerves come get you?
What's your alibi? (Alibi)
I made my way back to LA
And that's where you'll be forgotten
In forty years you'll still be here
Drunk washed up in Austin

Hell of a bluff, you had me believin'
How many months did you plan on leavin'?
What happened? Bad habits?
Did you go back? Go batshit?
I loved you, how tragic, oh-oh

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