

# Good as She Could Be

John Hiatt

Well she was a millionaire  
Before she was fourteen  
But there was an emptiness there  
That to practically everyone else could be seen  
She hit up on the drug of love  
Though there was no hole in her arm  
There was a hole some place else  
About as big as daddy 10.000 acre farm

Oh, she was dying for it  
For all the world to see  
Ah, she was as good as she could be

Well she had a baby at eighteen  
Never finished high school  
Her husband beat her for money and sex  
Till that cadillac finally ran out of fuel  
One disaster led to another  
Down to her and her baby son  
Born with a silver spoon in her mouth  
Headed south now  
Cause she was never born to run

Oh, she was dying for it  
For all the world to see  
Ah, she was as good as she could be

Oh, she was dying for it  
For all the world to see  
Ah, she was as good as she could be

Well her momma died last year  
And her daddy he called her back home  
But when he opened the door  
He could not recognize  
This spectre of hair and bone  
But it was his own baby child  
Though she looked like an old woman now  
Well she lived ten lifetimes in five years  
Anywhere that the law would allow

Yeah, she was good as she could be  
Ah, she was good as she could be