

## She's Runnin'

The Lacs

She's runnin with a piece of my heart. I don't know what tore us apart. It could have been my rowdy old friends. I'm comin home late and I'm drunk again, but I'm sittin here tryin to drink away. There's no need to try to beg her to stay cause she's tired of all the stuff I'm puttin her through. Now I'm sittin here lookin like a fool, singin.

I stumbled on in around about four and there was a note on the kitchen floor. I guess she got tired of those endless nights, comin home drunk, and those endless fights. I think to myself, somethin ain't right. Lookin around, I done paid the price. She wrote in the note, she can't take it no more. Took my couch and my lazyboy, my huntin boots that I bought last year, my bedroom suit had did done disappear. She really made sure it would hurt a lot. Took the spare bed and the extra cot. She's still runnin, the boat is comin, so officer, can you tell me somethin? Officer said I got heavy love. She stole all of my stuff and my Chevy truck.

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I know that she's wrong, I know that I'm right. I'm livin alone, she's livin the life. If I got to pay after all that she done, it's me and my boys til the morning sun. You know how it gets when women get mad. It's hell on earth, it gets pretty bad. People get hurt and things get thrown, you better get used to everything gone. Word gets around, she's onto me now. I'm gettin her back for kickin me out. The ring on the hand, it's out in the mud and that could have saved me a few hundred bucks. All that I wanted was my old truck, but she took my keys and she blew it up. She rode up my stash I had in the back. If I catch her alone, I'm whoopin her ass.

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