

Bayou Bartholomew

The Weeks

She said she'll be leaving soon
Cold death in the afternoon
She's gone, she's gone free
Go on out and light a cigarette
Getting older but you won't forget
You can't run, you can't run from me

You been lovin' on a wanted man
Saw him out with gun in hand
He's gone and we can finally be
I didn't want [?]
You can't take back yesterday
He's gone, she's gone for me