

# The Wrong Goodbye

John Wesley Harding

The time on the clock on the wall in the bedroom  
Tells him it's time to leave  
Last glass of wine drowns the changes  
She wipes her eyes on her sleeve  
She's not crying she tries to persuade him  
No-one really believes  
No-one really believes

He holds the gun hard to her forehead  
He's given her his best shot  
She cleaned the barrel while they made love  
It was the bullets that he forgot  
One day when he stopped lying next to her  
That was when the lying stopped  
That was when the lying stopped

And it's the long goodbye  
It's the long goodbye  
It's the long goodbye  
But it's the wrong goodbye

The telephone rings for an alarm clock  
Wakes her out of her latest nightmare  
The light bulb goes as she gets turned on  
Where the hell did she leave the spare  
Make up in a mirror that's been cracked six years  
One more left til she falls down the stairs  
Falls down the stairs

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He's sitting on a windowsill looking out  
Even the laundromat is shut  
He'd write her a poem but he doesn't know how  
He smokes the day down to the butt  
One day they'll meet again in a rainstorm  
But it's gonna take a lot of guts  
It's gonna take a lot of guts

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