

Go Away

Mark Chesnutt

I was hoping you'd be gone
Tonight when I got home
What are you still waiting for
You're probably thinking that
She won't like it where she's at
And she'll come knocking on my door
I used to believe that too
But I don't anymore.

So go away, blues don't hand around
She's gone, let me love again somehow
I've tried, but I could not make her stay
So be like her and go away.

Well, here we are again
My old foul-weathered friend
Not much left to talk about
We've cried and shared some laughs
Reminiscing this and that
But it all seems so tiresome now
You've been good company
But you wore your welcome thin.

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