

## **Bill Withers**

# **"Better Off Dead"**

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She couldn't stand me anymore  
So she just took the kids and went  
You see, I've got a drinkin' problem  
All the money that we had I spent

Now I must die by my own hand  
'Cause I'm not man enough to live alone  
She's better off without me  
And I'm better off dead now that she's gone

She gave the most, took the least  
And she even had the priest come to our home  
And I cried and prayed and promised God  
That I'd leave the stuff alone

Now I must die by my own hand  
'Cause I'm not man enough to live alone  
She's better off without me  
And I'm better off dead now that she's gone

She used to call her friend and cry  
Then the man cut off the telephone  
She'd sit and cry while I went out  
And pawned the things we owned

Now I must die by my own hand  
'Cause I'm not man enough to live alone  
She's better off without me  
And I'm better off dead

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