

Don Gibson

"Walkaway Joe"

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Mama told her baby,
"girl, take it real slow."
Girl told her mama,
"hey, I really gotta go."
"he's waitin' in the car."
Mama said,
"girl, you won't get far."

This is the story of an average jane,
Ninety miles an hour down a lover's lane
On a tank of dreams.
Oh, if she could have only seen.
But fates got plans that it don't wanna show 'cause. . .

That boy's just a walkaway joe,
Born to be a leaver.
Tell you from the word "go,"
Destined to deceive her.
He's the wrong kind of paradise.
She's gonna know it in a matter of time.
That boy's just a walkaway joe.

Just a little while into abilene,
He pulls into a station and he robs it clean.
She's waitin' in the car
Underneath the texaco star.

She only wanted love,
Never bargained for this.
She can't help but love him for the way he is.
She's only seventeen,
And there ain't no reasoning.
So she'll ride this ride
As far as it will go, but. . .

That boy's just a walkaway joe,
Born to be a leaver.
Tell you from the word "go,"
Destined to deceive her.
He's the wrong kind of paradise.
She's gonna know it in a matter of time.

That boy's just a walkaway joe.

Somewhere in a roadside motel room,
Alone in the silence she wakes up too soon
And reaches for his arms.
But she'll just keep reachin' on.
'cause the cold hard truth revealed
What it had known. . .

That boy's just a walkaway joe,
Born to be a leaver.
Tell you from the word "go,"
Destined to deceive her.
He's the wrong kind of paradise.
But it was just another lesson in life.
That boy's just a walkaway joe.

All he was was a walkaway joe.
Ooh, walkaway joe. . .
Ooh, he was a walkaway joe.
Ooh, walkaway joe. . .
Yes, he was a walkaway joe. . .

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