

## Georgia Satellites, The

### "Six Years Gone"

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It's been forever and a day since I felt like this  
Want a fifth of wild turkey upon a little kiss  
And I don't miss that girl  
If I did I wouldn't let it show

I might go to the moon  
Might wind up dead  
Wake up in mornin' in a stranger's bed  
Well, I'm not concerned with any of that no more

Six years gone  
Water through my hands  
Well, you can blame it on me  
Say, I wasn't your kind of man

Well, I'm in no mood to fight, no mood to bicker  
Sittin' in the back seat, drinkin' your liquor  
And everything tonight  
Suits me just fine

Well, that little girl beside me barely knows her name  
But she says, she loves it just the same  
But I'm not about to say no when she  
Offers me that a line

Six years gone  
Water through my hands  
Well, you can blame it on me  
Say, I wasn't your kind of man

Six years gone  
Water through my hands  
Well, you can blame it on me  
Say, I wasn't your kind of man

Yeah, blame it on me  
Say I wasn't your kind of man

