

# She's Gone

Chuck Wicks

She's a rapid fire coming down a one way target range  
She's a first shot, creeping up, hit you just a right way  
Take your love, lay it down, shoot a smile as you start to fall  
She's a money down, lose it all, hit you like a wrecking ball  
She's gone  
Yeah she's gone  
That girl, she's gone  
Yeah she's gone She's a walk through the wet woods, wreckage from the house she burned  
She's a smoke still rising from the ashes from a lesson learned  
She's a black leather seat in the summer of muscle car  
She's a fire red lipstick ready to leave her mark  
And she's gone  
Yeah she's gone  
She's gone  
Yeah she's gone Oooh I guess I should have known it  
I should have seen this coming  
So I put the blame on me right now She's gone  
Yeah she's gone  
She's gone  
Yeah she's gone  
Oooh  
Oooh  
Oooh She's a rapid fire coming down a one way target range  
She's a first shot creeping up hit you just a right way

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>