

Bryan Adams, Long Gone

The telephone's bin ringin' - ringin' off the wall
It's your Las Vegas lawyer - another long distance call
He says you get the house and the car
And I get the clothes I got on
Now she's gone
Long, long, long, long gone
Now I'm a happy boy

She's long, long, long, long gone

Operator get me Manhattan - get my baby on the line
Sooner or later she's gotta realize
That all my feelin's were for real
But maybe she was leadin' me on

[Chorus]

She took the frigidaire
She got my favorite chair
You could say she got the best of me

It's like a legal crime
But in a matter of time
She'll be back for the rest of me