

Black Eyed Peas "Gone Going Ft. Jack Johnson"

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Johnny wanna be a big star
Get on stage and play the guitar
Make a little money, buy a fancy car
Big old house and a alligator

Just to match with them alligator shoes
He's a rich man, so, he's no longer singin' the blues
He's singing songs about material things
And platinum rings and watches that go blink

But diamonds don't blink in the dark
He a star now but he ain't singing from the heart
Sooner or later, he's just gonna fall apart
'Cuz his fans can't relate to his newfound art

He ain't doing what he did from the start
And that's putting in some feeling and thought
He decided to live his life shallow
Passion is love for material

And it's gone, gone going
Gone, everything gone, give a damn
Gone be the birds when they don't wanna sing
Gone people, up awkward with their things
Gone

You see yourself in the mirror and ya
Feel safe 'cuz it looks familiar but ya
Afraid to open up your soul 'cuz ya
Don't really know, don't really know

Who is the person that's deep within
'Cuz your content with just being the naive brown man
And ya fail to see that it's trivial
Insignificant, you addicted to material

I've seen your kind before
Your the type that thinks souls is sold in a store
Packaged up with incense sticks
With them vegetarian meals, to you thats righteous

You're fiction like books

You need to go out to life and look
'Cuz what happens when they take your material
And you already sold ya soul

And it's gone, gone going
Gone, everything gone, give a damn
Gone be the birds when they don't wanna sing
Gone people, up awkward with their things
Gone

You say that time is money and money is time
So, you got mind in ya money and ya money on ya
mind
But what about that crime thatcha did to get paid?
And what about that bid? You can't take it to your brain

And what about those shoes you're in today, they'll be
no good
On the bridges, you've walked along the way

All that money that you got, gon' be gone
That gear that you rock, gon' be gone
The house up on the hill, gon' be gone
The gold fronts on your grill, gon' be gone

The ice on your wrist, gon' be gone
That nice little miss, gon' be gone
That whip that you roll, gon' be gone
And what's worst is your soul already gone

It is gone, gone going
Gone, everything gone, give a damn
Gone be the birds when they don't wanna sing
Gone people, up awkward with their things
Gone

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