

Black Eyed Peas

"Gone Going"

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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
A big old house and an alligator

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

But diamonds don't bling in the dark
He's a star now but he ain't singing it from the heart
Sooner or later he's just gonna fall apart
'Cause 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
Cash in his 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 all awkward with their things
Gone

You see yourself in the mirror and you
Feel safe cuz it looks familiar but you
Are afraid to open up your soul cuz you
Don't really know, don't really know who is
The person that's deep within cuz you
Content with just being the name brand man

And you fail to see that it's trivial
Insignificant you addicted to material
I've seen your car before
You're the type that thinks souls are sold in the store
Packaged up with incense sticks
With a vegetarian meal
To you that's righteous

You're fiction, like books
You need to go out to life and look
Cuz what happens when I take your material
And you already sold your 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 all awkward with their things
Gone

You say that time is money and money is time
So you got your mind on your money and your money
on your mind
But what about the crime that you did to get paid
And what about that bid you can't you take it to your
grave

And what about those shoes you're wearing today
They'll do no good
On the bridges you burnt along the way

All that money that you got gonna be gone
And that hair that you got gonna be gone
The house upon the hill gonna be gone
The gold fronts on your grill gonna be gone
The ice on your wrist gonna be gone
That nice little miss gonna be gone
That whip that you roll gonna be gone
And what's worse is your soul's already gone

Yeah it's gone
Gone going gone
Everything gone
Give a damn
Gone be the birds when they don't wanna sing
Gone people all awkward with their things
Gone

Gone

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