

Brook Benton "Going Going Gone"

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Going, going, gone
Going, going, gone

Mister auctioneer
Those are my things
You're selling today

And just like the love
They remind me of
They're going, going, gone

I still see her face
When I gave her that ring
You're selling now

Like all she promised me
For all eternity
It's going, going, gone

It hurts me so
To see that old chair go
How much it means to me
No one understands

I'd give my last
Ten dollars for it now
I wanna keep it from
That stranger's hands

Mister auctioneer
You don't know how
You're breaking my heart

Cause like those old french screens
Are all my hopes and dreams
Going, going, gone
Going, going, gone...

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