

Jack Ingram

"Gone"

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Look at all those fancy clothes,
But these could keep us warm just like those.
And what about your soul? Is it cold?
Is it straight from the mold, and ready to be sold?

And cars and phones and diamond rings,
Bling, bling, because those are only removable things.
And what about your mind? Does it shine?
Are there things that concern you, more than your
time?

Gone, the wind.
Gone, everything.
Gone, don't give a damn.
Gone, be the birds, when they don't wanna sing.
Gone, people, all awkward with their things,
Gone.

Look at you, out to make a deal.
You try to be appealing, but you lose your appeal.
And what about those shoes you're in today?
They'll do no good, on the bridges you burnt along the
way.

Are you willing to sell, anything?
Gone, with your head.
Leave your footprints,
And we'll shame them with our words.
Gone, people, all careful and consumed.

Gone, gone, gone, everything.
Gone, don't give a damn.
Gone, be the birds, when they don't wanna sing.
Gone, people, all awkward with their things, Gone.

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