

## Johnson, Jack

### "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 gold  
Is it straight from the mold and ready to be sold

And cars and phones and diamond rings, bling bling  
Those are only removable things  
And what about your mind, does it shine, oh  
Are there things that concern you more than your time

Gone going, gone everything, gone give a damn  
Gone be the birds when they don't want to 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, oh

You're willing to sell anything gone with your hurt  
Leave your footprints we'll shame them with our words  
Gone people, all careless and consumed  
Gone

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

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