

## Sue Thompson

### "He's Gone"

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Tears on a pillow eyes on the phone  
You pour all the love that you keep inside into a song  
Like "He's Gone" and these are the thoughts that you  
keep inside  
You smile from your window and stand all alone  
And pour all the love that you keep inside into the  
phone into the phone

And like the leaves on the trees  
Like the Carpenters song  
Like the planes and the trains  
And the lives that were young he's gone  
And it feels like the words to a song

With the style of a widow, and a place of your own  
You pour all the love that you keep inside into the  
phone,  
And sit alone  
Cos these are the thoughts that you keep inside  
And you smile from your window and stand all alone  
And pour all the love that you keep inside into a song,  
into a song

And like the leaves on the trees,  
Like the Carpenters song,  
Like the planes and the trains  
And the lives that were young, he's gone  
And it feels like the words to a song  
And like the stains on the names of the lives that were  
young, he's gone  
And it feels like the words to a song,

And like the leaves on the trees,  
Like the Carpenters song,  
Like the planes and the trains  
And the lives that were young, he's gone  
And it feels like the words to a song  
And like the stains on the names of the lives that were  
young, he's gone  
And it feels like the words to a song,  
So gone, so gone....

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