

Cult, The "Gone"

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So your anger didn't carry you too far
What'd you expect anyway?
There's no patience left, your shattered little self
You haven't got a fucking thing to say

High on your own
Gone mother fucker
Fucking stoned, yeah

Rain on your back, the wind in your face
You're spinnin 'round, going nowhere
Sweet dreams of her, she left you alone
You wasted it this time, my friend

High on your own, yeah
Gone mother fucker
Fucking stoned, yeah

My friends and I used to mess about in the park
We were only 14, yeah
I later understood about my attitude
I never thought I'd get that gone

High on your own, yeah
Gone mother fucker
Fucking stoned, whoa

High, high
Stoned, yeah

Come on nasty person
On your own, yeah

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