

Gone

Deacon Blue

And I'd tear out the pages
That I've got in these books
Just to find you some words
Just to get some reward
And I'll show you all the photographs
That I ever got took
And I'll play you old 45's
That now mean nothing to meAnd you're a real gone kid
And maybe now baby
I'll do what I should have didNow I've stood on your shadow
And I've watched it grow
And it's shaken and it's driven me
And let me know
Let me know let me know let me know
About all the old 45s
And the paperback rooms
And it's scattered all the photographs
Of summers and sunsAnd you're a real gone kid
And maybe now baby
I'll do what I should have did
Cause you're a real
Gone

Songwriters

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