

# He's Gone

Doris Duke

Tears on a pillow  
Eyes on the phone  
You pour all the love that you keep it inside  
Into a song  
Like 'He's gone'  
These are the thoughts that you keep it inside  
You smile from your window  
And standing all alone  
And pour all the love that you keep it 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 the place of your own  
You pour all the words that you keep it inside  
Into the phone  
And sit alone  
And these are the thoughts that you keep it inside  
And you smile from your window  
And stand all alone

Pour all the love that you keep it 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 of the 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 of the young  
He's gone  
And it feels like the words to a song  
So gone  
So gone  
La da da da, la da da da  
La da da da, da da da

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