

# 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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