

Long Gone

W.C. Handy

Who in the Hell are you to criticize
Every day and every night you're just a drag
You've been long gone, long gone

You are working from a point of depression
Isn't it amazing when you find you're slipping
You've been long gone, long gone

I guess you've always been a power-hungry specimen
You were raised with rank in mind
I'd gladly give away everything I've ever owned
For the chance to stab you from behind
Cause I'm tired of what you're saying
It's not worth the paper it's printed on
It just doesn't cut it anymore.

Each time the sun greets the new dawning
I'll try to kick you while you're down
Welcome to the Kingdom of Hatred
You'll find out soon that I wear the crown.
I'm tired of what you been sayin'
It's not worth the time to discuss it
You just don't cut it anymore.

Who in the Hell are you to criticize
You're still learning how to form an opinion
You've been long gone, long gone

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