

Gone Away

Seven Mary Three

It's not the clothes that she borrows
Just call me out 'cause you know I'll follow
Back through the backdoor into June
Luck will sleep the October June Sometimes in deep thought I'm 31
She's wanting kids it sounds like fun
I'll teach them to sing along
Sure beats the end of a smoking gun And I know that God exists
Because I feel Him sometimes
When she takes up the sheets
Or my telephone lines When I'm home she says
"Baby you're a lie
You're not really here
You've gone away"

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