

# Gone

**Matt Nathanson**

love,  
I'm aching to believe  
give me something real enough  
give me somewhere to fall from  
'cause in the dark  
I can't find my feet  
built my world on promises  
colorless and cold  
I'm short of breath, I'm sure  
gone, let it wash away the best I had  
gone, and when I disappear  
don't expect me back, don't expect me back  
lost, sweetest things get lost  
in the static far away  
painted pictures of you  
I fold  
don't want to be holy then  
don't want to be sold again  
the way I was with you  
I'm short of breath, I'm sure  
  
gone let it wash away the best I had  
gone and when I disappear  
don't expect me back, don't expect me back  
I'm short of breath, I'm sure  
gone, let it wash away  
the best I had  
gone, and when I disappear  
don't expect me back  
don't expect me back  
at its worse the heart is sober  
at its worse the heart is cold, cold, cold  
I'm short of breath, I'm sure  
gone, let it wash away all the best I had  
gone, and when I disappear  
don't expect me, don't expect me back  
gone, let it wash away  
the best I had  
gone, and when I disappear

don't expect me back  
don't expect me back  
don't expect me back

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