

# Gone

## The Head and the Heart

There were times you should have stalled  
As you sailed into the fog  
Like a dog, I smelled your fear  
God knows you should have been here with me  
But you were gone These days roll sleepily by  
I can hear the old trains cry  
There will always be a moon  
pulling me away from you  
You're gone Gone are the days when the wind would brush my face  
Gone are the days when you're the wind  
Gone are the days when my heavy heart is worn on my sleeve Take back your pictures  
Take back your letters  
Don't send me no postcards  
Telling me you miss me  
Cause I'm trying here, I'm trying here And fuck what they're saying  
My mind is made up  
And they're all just starving  
Like the rest of us  
And I'm trying here, I'm trying here Gone are the days when the wind would brush my face  
Gone are the days when you're the wind  
Gone are the days when your heavy heart is worn on my sleeve

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