

# Gone

## Jack Johnson

One, two Well look at all those fancy clothes  
But these could keep us warm just like those  
And what about your soul, is it cold?  
Is it straight from the mold and ready to be sold? And cars and phones and diamond rings, bling, bling  
Those are only removable things  
And what about your mind, does it shine  
Or are there things that concern you more than your time? Gone going, gone everything  
Gone give a damn  
Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing  
Gone people, all awkward with their things, gone Look at you, out to make a deal  
You try to be appealing but you lose your appeal  
And what about those shoes you're in today, they'll do no good  
On the bridges you burnt along the way You're willing to sell anything  
Gone with your herd, leave your footprints  
We'll shame them with our words  
Gone people, all careless and consumed Gone, gone going  
Gone everything, gone give a damn  
Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing  
Gone people all awkward with their things, gone

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