Gone

Benjamin Clementine

I remember walking by the A406
Holding bags of mother sent cornflakes
Guessing somebody might have noticed
A little boy big head small ears
Whilst making a ballad through a Sunday mist
Sure we've all been there done it
Prepare a little time to reminisce
On all that eventually falls into nothingness
Oh, all will be gone
After all
Before we all get to the knowing
All will be goneI went back to where life seemed promising at first
Gambling on memory's lane
I tried a trip through all the pavements and fields
But I lost cause all had changed
Like the road I use to cross to school
Is now full of prostitutes
No wonder why the priest is dead
No wonder why the priest is dead
Oh brother when did you get married?
Neighbours where did you vanish to?
If it was to a wonderland,
Well it's not known to my kind, mankindAll will be gone
After all
Before we all get to the knowing
All will be goneAnd what about relationship?
What is it about relationships that we don't get?
Here we are always thinking we've learnt only to get smacked and realise we are but mere students of life
And feels like
We've been fighting a lost battle
To have always realise at the end of it all
It feels like
We've been brought to a royal banquet, just to be served a brew and a wretched floor
But I say
It doesn't mater
All because am here now and it's too late to go back anyways
And so I will get it all going,
Whilst it all gets lost and gone.

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