

# 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 matter  
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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