

Gone

Jack Johnson

Look at all those fancy clothes
But these gonna keep us warm, just like those
What about your soul?
Is it cold?
Is it straight from the mold and ready to be sold? Cars and phones and diamond rings, bling bling
Those are only removable things
What about your mind, does it shine?
Or are there things that concern you more than your time? Gone
Goin'
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 be appealing but you lose your appeal
What about those shoes you're in today?
They'll do no good on the bridges you brought along the way, oh
You willing to sell anything, gone with your head
Leave your footprints, well shame them with our words
Gone people, all careless and consumed, gone

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