

He's gone

Phoebe Killdeer

Tears on a pillow
Eyes on the phone
You pour all the love that you keep it inside
 Into a song
 Like 'He's gone'
These are the thoughts that you keep it inside
 You smile from your window
 And standing all alone
And pour all the love that you keep it inside
 Into the phone
 Into the phone
 And like the leaves on the trees
 Like the Carpenters' song
Like the planes and the trains and the lives that were young
 He's gone
 And it feels like the words to a song
 With the style of a widow
 And the place of your own
You pour all the words that you keep it inside
 Into the phone
 And sit alone
And these are the thoughts that you keep it inside
 And you smile from your window
 And stand all alone

Pour all the love that you keep it inside
 Into a song
 Into a song
 And like the leaves on the trees
 Like the Carpenters' song
Like the planes and the trains and the lives that were young
 He's gone
 And it feels like the words to a song
And like the stains on the names of the lives of the young
 He's gone
 And it feels like the words to a song
 And like the leaves on the trees
 Like the Carpenters' song
Like the planes and the trains and the lives that were young

He's gone
And it feels like the words to a song
And like the stains on the names of the lives of the young
He's gone
And it feels like the words to a song
So gone
So gone
La da da da, la da da da
La da da da, da da da

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