He's Gone

Syreeta Wright

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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