

# Gone Going

## Black Eyed Peas

Johnny wanna be a big star  
Get on stage and play the guitar  
Make a little money, buy a fancy car  
A big old house and an alligator  
Just to match with them alligator shoes  
He's a rich man, so he's no longer singin' the blues  
He's singin' songs about material things  
And platinum rings and watches that go blingBut diamonds don't blink in the dark  
He's a star now but he ain't singin' it from the heart  
Sooner or later, he's just gonna fall apart  
'Cause his fans can't relate to his new found art  
He ain't doin' what he did from the start  
And that's puttin' in some feelin' and thought  
He decided to live his life shallow  
Passion is love for material and it's goneGone going gone  
Everything gone, give a damn  
Gone be the birds when they don't wanna sing  
Gone people, all awkward with their things  
GoneYou see yourself in the mirror and ya  
Feel safe 'cause it looks familiar but ya  
Afraid to open up your soul 'cause ya  
Don't really know, don't really know, who is  
The person that's deep within 'cause you're content  
With just being the name brand man  
And ya fail to see that it's trivial  
Insignificant, you addicted to materialI've seen your kind before  
You're the type that thinks souls is sold in a store  
Packaged up with incense sticks with a vegetarian meals  
To you, that's righteous  
You're fiction like books  
You need to go out to life and look  
'Cause, what happens when they take your material  
And you already sold ya soul? And it'sGone going gone  
Everything gone, give a damn  
Gone be the birds when they don't wanna sing  
Gone people, all awkward with their things  
GoneYou say that time is money and money is time  
So you got ya mind on ya money and ya money on ya mind  
But what about that crime thatcha did to get paid?

And what about that bid you can't take it to your grave? What about those shoes you're in today?

They'll be no good

On the bridges you've walked along the way All that money that you got gon' be gone

That gear that you rock gon' be gone

The house up on the hill gon' be gone

The gold fronts on your grill gon' be gone

The ice on your wrist gon' be gone

That nice little miss gon' be gone

That whip that you roll gon' be gone

And what's worse is ya soul already gone, and it's Gone going gone

Everything gone, give a damn

Gone be the birds when they don't wanna sing

Gone people, all awkward with their things

Gone

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