

Gone Going

Black Eyed Peas

Johnny want to be a big star
Get on stage and play the guitar
Make a little money, buy a fancy car
Big old house and an alligator
Just to match with them alligator shoes
He's a rich man so he's no longer singing the blues
He's singing songs about material things
And platinum rings and watches that go bling
But, diamonds don't bling in the dark
He a star now, but he ain't singing 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 doing what he did from the start
And that's putting in some feeling and thought
He decided to live his life shallow
Cash in his love for material And its gone, gone, going,
Gone, everything gone, give a damn,
Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing,
Gone people, up awkward with their things, gone. You see yourself in the mirror
And you feel safe cause it looks familiar
But you afraid to open up your soul
Cause you don't really know, don't really know
Who is, the person that's deep within
Cause you are content with just being the name brand man
And you fail to see that its trivial
Insignificant, you addicted to material
I've seen your kind before
Your the type that thinks souls is sold in a store
Packaged up with incense sticks
With them 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
You already sold your soul and its And its gone, gone, going,
Gone, everything gone, give a damn,
Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing,
Gone people, up awkward with their things, gone. You say that time is money and money is time
So you got mind in your money and your money on your mind

But what about, that crime that you did to get paid
And what about, that bid, you can't take it to your brain
Why you on about those shoes you'll wear today
They'll do no good on the bridges you've walked along the way
All that money that you got gonna be gone
That gear that you rock gonna be gone
The house up on the hill gonna be gone
The gold, on your grill gonna be gone
The ice on your wrist gonna be gone
That nice little Miss gonna be gone
That whip that you roll gonna be gone
And what's worst is your soul will be gone
And its gone, gone, going,
Gone, everything gone, give a damn,
Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing,
Gone people, up awkward with their things, gone.

Songwriters

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