Gone

Jack Johnson & Ben Harper

Look at all those fancy clothes,
But these could keep us warm just like those.
And what about your soul? Is it cold?
Is it straight from the mold, and ready to be sold?And cars and phones and diamond rings,
Bling, bling, those are only removable things.
And what about your mind? Does it shine?
Are there things that concern you, more than your time?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.
Look at you, out to make a deal.
You try to be appealing, but you lose your appeal.
And what about those shoes you're in today?
They'll do no good, on the bridges you burnt along the way, OhAnd you're willing to sell, anything?
Gone, with your head.
Leave your footprints,
And we'll shame them with our words.
Gone, people, all careless and consumed, gone
Gone, going,
Gone, everything.
Gone, give a damn.
Gone, be the birds, if they don't wanna sing.
Gone, people, all awkward with their things, gone.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/