

Good and Gone

Patty Griffin

I'm gonna make sure he's good and gone
Gonna make sure he's good and dead
Good and gone
Good and dead
Tonight before I lay my head
I'm gonna make sure he knows his place
Wipes that smile off of his face
Find a way to lay him low
I know some things that he don't know
Rich man has his money
What can a poor man claim?
What can a poor man call his own?
Pawns of another rich man's game
He lights a fire to distract
From all the things that we have lost
Fiery fingers point and blame
And burn into a fiery cross
Something so old and on the brink
Something so cold and set in stone
It's easier than you would think
To break him down and break his bones
To take his joy
That carried on
Tear after tear
Dawn after dawn
To take him from the ones he loved
And who loved him
And make him gone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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