

# Long Gone

Bryan Adams

The telephone's bin ringin' - ringin' off the wall  
It's your Las Vegas lawyer - another long distance call  
He says you get the house and the car  
And I get the clothes I got on  
Now she's gone  
Long, long, long, long gone  
Now I'm a happy boy

She's long, long, long, long gone

Operator get me Manhattan - get my baby on the line  
Sooner or later she's gotta realize  
That all my feelin's were for real  
But maybe she was leadin' me on

She took the frigidaire  
She got my favorite chair  
You could say she got the best of me

It's like a legal crime  
But in a matter of time  
She'll be back for the rest of me