

# 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  
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  
Coz his fans can't relate to his new found art  
He ain't doing what he did from the start  
And that's foolish cause and feeling it far (????)  
He decided to live his life shallow  
Passion is love for material

R: 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 coz it looks familiar  
But you afraid to open up your soul  
Coz you don't really know, don't really know  
Who is, the person that's deep within  
Coz you are content with just being the naïve brown man

And you fail to see that it's trivial  
Insignificant, you addicted to material

I've seen your kind before  
You're the type that thinks souls is sold in a store  
Packaged up with inscent sticks  
With them vegetarian meals  
To you that's righteous  
You're fiction like books  
You need to go out to life and look

Coz... what happens when they take your material  
You already sold your soul and its...

R: 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 burst 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

R: 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.