

Gone

Built to Spill

Hey, where were you today?
How did you escape?
The way no one gets away
'Cause no one's gone

Fate guided me to hate
Invited me to take the bait
Realized too late
That I was gone

Say, how can you explain
Person to the pain
And then sickness to the sane?
But it's all gone

Most of us get riled up
Justify the lies that we believe
Not enough to disbelieve them

I've been thinking you've been treating
Situations seemingly unkind
Stockade seems to still be working

Change of heart
Save yourself
So damn long

I get ashamed
So much sound
I kiss the ground