

# Gone With The Winner

Century

Waiting for the noise to disappear  
The crying all the saint  
The pining of the fool  
I never had the time to pray

Waiting for the sound to calm my way  
I'm tired of asking why I'm dying everyday  
You're leaving now, your lips are gone

Gone with the winner, gone, gone with the wind  
And now it's like a silent thing that's running in my  
hand  
Gone, gone with the wind  
And now it's like a silent thing that's running in my  
hand  
Gone, gone with the wind

Coming with desolate state of mind  
You wouldn't've gone to war  
The slave to every tear  
I'm waiting for the smoke to fade

I listen to this calling in your eyes crying all the  
saint  
The pining of a fool  
You're leaving now, your lips are gone

Gone with the winner, gone, gone with the wind  
And now it's like a silent thing that's running in my  
hand  
Gone, gone with the wind