Listening to the big guy's new CD laying in bed The one his producer thinks he never should made But it gets me going, gets me into the shower What a shock to be awake at this early hour

And you're gone
It was time to fly
And all that's left
Is the fact we tried

So thanks for the tunes And thanks for the time You're gone now Baby bye bye

Them guys from Orange County, man, do they wail? Shakes my brain and it shakes my tail New girl on top of me, will this work out? I retreat to the kitchen and sort it all out

And you're gone

You left your keys on the table
And on the bed you left a rose
And a note that said, "My CD's won't fit in the car
You can keep 'em I s'pose"

This disc was left out in the sun, it's warped and it's hissing I can't place the voice and the insert's missing I turn off the phone so if you don't call it's all right And maybe I won't listen to nothing tonight

And you're gone