

Gone

Edyta Górníak

You pack my bags I feel already gone.....
I've had to watch your silent face moving
around the house,
It's been several days, you can really
shut me out.
I draw up my thoughts to find a way to say
Something mending us, you shrug and then
you turn away.

You pack my bags I feel already gone....
It's like you pushed me with your hand and I
was pointing forward.
I could've been blindfolded and I'd know
where the door was.
I had to step aside, I had to be perfect.
I had to hold your hand, anticipate and second
guess.

And would you wipe it out with that much
distaste,
Take it from your heart, the hands, the lips,
the mouth, the taste.
It is more than hurt I can't communicate.
What you leave me with, the ache, the ache,
the ache.

You pack my bags I feel already gone.
Like the countries that seem to shuffle
into war,
The way it's lining up baby, we've been
here before.
We never took the time for no diplomacy.
How am I supposed to know what you're
not telling me?

When I'm standing here with my rugged choir,
You can't hurt me now I'm holding all the wires.
Calling down to you with a grateful sigh,
Thank you baby, you have sent me high.

You pack my bags I feel already gone....
Already gone, already gone.
Yeah, I'm gone.
You pack my bags and now I'm gone.
Now I'm gone...