

Forgotten, But Not Gone

Gary Allan

Her birthday came and went without a card, or a single I love you
On their anniversary she sat all alone at a table set for two
She tries her best to please him, but she never hears one single word of praise
She feels just like a stranger, in a home where love has seen its better days

Well he's taken her for granted
God only knows why she keeps hangin' on
'Cause it's better to be gone, but not forgotten
Than to be forgotten, but not gone

Somehow he can't remember, when he's late to even take the time to call
And even on the nights he's there she gets the feeling he's not there at all
She's become a prisoner in that big old house where sweet love used to be
Well, it's not even over but Lord she feels just like a memory

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