

Now You're Gone

Hilltop Hoods

Now you're gone life moves on without you,
You always wanted me to write a song about you,
Where to begin? I caught her in fling,
They've been asking where you've been so I thought I'd fill them in,
See there's nothing that I wouldn't put past you,
When she got a lot of men that's the harsh truth,
You find the truth hard to swallow, gotta ask you?
Kind regards I've been doing well these past few,
She's a master with plans and a terrible feud,
Leaving scars on a man if she's ever pursued,
Even after you're damned and aware of the wound,
Your beating hearts in her hand like the 'Temple of Doom',
She's a beast in disguise of a sweet song siren,
That feasts on admirers so keep on driving,
Unleashed like the virus Calici we're blinded,
And weak so she think she can keep on lying?
Enough is enough its just counter productive,
When trust is inductive to being so fucked with,
And love is a high you can buy in a substance,
Know what? Fuck this it was always destructive,
I'm a let you know I've yet you go,
You'll never affect my mode get dressed and go,
You better test the road so step and know,
Your left alone to be another stepping stone it goes

[Verse 2: Suffa]

She slept on the couch for about four days or so,
Then left like a southpaw, bout four days ago,
I'm blessed with a mouth than can outtalk ASIO,
But from this fallout my poor mouth couldn't save me so,
Now I spend my days alone, playing me some Maseo,
Telephone messages; I doubt she ever plays 'em though,
CD in the stereo, TV on the radio,
I was a lover, but the love it couldn't save me though,
Baby don't play me, don't break me yo save me,
Don't make me go crazy like saying don't taze me bro,
Maybe you're right, and it's all for the best,
And maybe you're right, but I'm all you'll have left,
When the best friends head for the S bend,
Less than zero, you'll need me like a western hero,
You used to use my chest as a pillow, paro,
Now my heart is just a target for an arrow

[Verse 3: Suffa]

Every breath you take is filling the,
Lungs that hug the heart that's killing me,
Feelings Suffa foster for her,
Lost her, not my lover, Billy Jean,
So pretty please, to a girl so pretty, please,
You really need to not make me crawl like a millipede,
Feeling the fool? Maybe you're not fulfilling me,
But silly me, I'm feeling this Philly's all I really need like