

Gone

Matt Nathanson

Love,
I'm aching to believe
Give me something real enough
Give me somewhere to fall from

'cause in the dark
I can't find my feet
Built my world on promises
Colorless and cold

I'm short of breath, I'm sure
Gone, let it wash away the best I had
Gone, and when I disappear
Don't expect me back, don't expect me back

Lost, sweetest things get lost
In the static far away
Painted pictures of you
I fold
Don't want to be holy then
Don't want to be sold again
The way I was with you

I'm short of breath, I'm sure
Gone let it wash away the best I had
Gone and when I disappear
Don't expect me back, don't expect me back

I'm short of breath, I'm sure
Gone, let it wash away
The best I had
Gone, and when I disappear
Don't expect me back
Don't expect me back

At its worse the heart is sober
At its worse the heart is cold, cold, cold

I'm short of breath, I'm sure
Gone, let it wash away all the best I had
Gone, and when I disappear
Don't expect me, don't expect me back

Gone, let it wash away
The best I had
Gone, and when I disappear
Don't expect me back
Don't expect me back
Don't expect me back