

## Gone, Play On

Russian Red

This never ending song is scratching,  
scratching my brain  
like a vinyl in desire  
this never ending thought is coming and is gone  
it's traveling on a plane on my way.

And in a highway too, as if I speak for you and I say  
that you did those things I did in the past, it's true  
And in a highway too, in a truck I do  
keep your stuff in my pocket,  
just like I did with the days we flew.

This never ending thought is coming and is gone  
it's traveling on a plane on my way  
This never ending song is coming and is gone  
it's traveling on a plane on my way.

Gone, play on  
Gone, play on  
Oh gone, play on  
Gone, play on...