Gone

The Cult

So your anger didn't carry you too far What'd you expect anyway?
There's no patience left, your shattered little self You haven't got a fucking thing to say

High on your own Gone motherfucker Fucking stoned, yeah

Rain on your back, the wind in your face You're spinnin 'round, going nowhere Sweet dreams of her, she left you alone You wasted it this time, my friend

High on your own, yeah Gone motherfucker Fucking stoned, yeah

My friends and I used to mess about in the park We were only 14, yeah
I later understood about my attitude
I never thought I'd get that gone

High on your own, yeah Gone motherfucker Fucking stoned, whoa

High, high Stoned, yeah

Come on nasty person On your own, yeah