

Gone

Tower of Power

Gone
Are the joyful days
Of sweet smelling pine
And morning mist
Gone
Are the joyful days
Like when the pine dies
And the mist dries
I, like a lonely gull, keep on searching

Gone are the joyful days
When the seasons change
I still remain the same
I turned to look for you
You were gone
Ah yeah
You, you were gone