

Gone Gone Gone

Turnpike Troubadours

You had your hands on the wheel
I stood on the street 'neath the telephone lines
Well you took everything you could steal
You came & you went like a thief in the night

And I ran for the hills
so you couldn't kill me
but damn you cut close to the bone

You can call me a fool
you can call me alone
call me gone gone gone
and this heavy old heart
it's as steady as stone
call me gone gone gone

Well the suns gonna rise in the east
and I'm bound to stumble on a Saturday night
passion is painful but it's free
love is a mean hateful business sometimes

And I ran for the hills
so you couldn't kill me
but damn you cut close to the bone

I throw the horses some feed
I warm my hands up to a hickory fire
I'm hanging on to the heat
Love is a cold institution sometimes

and I'm all full of guilt
and my heart is all black
selling my soul for a pat on the back

you can call me a fool
you can call me alone
call me gone gone gone

call me gone gone gone

call me gone gone gone