

# Going Going Gone

Brook Benton

Going, going, gone  
Going, going, gone

Mister auctioneer  
Those are my things  
You're selling today

And just like the love  
They remind me of  
They're going, going, gone

I still see her face  
When I gave her that ring  
You're selling now

Like all she promised me  
For all eternity  
It's going, going, gone

It hurts me so  
To see that old chair go  
How much it means to me  
No one understands

I'd give my last  
Ten dollars for it now  
I wanna keep it from  
That stranger's hands

Mister auctioneer  
You don't know how  
You're breaking my heart

Cause like those old french screens  
Are all my hopes and dreams  
Going, going, gone  
Going, going, gone...