

Gone

Chiiild

I know that it can hurt sometimes, I bet
When all the words don't come out right, it happens
And maybe we can learn from times like this, and they can be gone (Gone, gone)

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Hmm-hmm, hmm
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It takes a little practice
So close I almost had it
I thought I was concise
But it turns out, I guess, it's one of those nights
Military tactics
Like we're from two different atlases
Inside the corners of your mind
You've got your stories and I've got mine
You're already perfect, I'm already right
With a little practice, we'll be fine

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