

# Gone

Chiiild

I keep tryna clear my head  
Be a little more articulate  
But the hurt gets caught in my hands  
And I can't help but toss it back  
I never meant to be your problem  
I thought I'd be honest, babe  
But it's easier said than done  
Easier to cut and run  
Can you ever skip the hurt in love?  
Can you ever really know someone?

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 (Be gone, be gone)  
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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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