

Gone Again

Chris Trapper

Well, I was a little boy sitting in the back seat combing his hair
and I never looked down though the evidence was there
'Cause a map was drawn through the middle of my hands
It's a cruel, cruel map that leads you from your friends

When I'm gone again, when I'm gone again
Will you forget about me when I'm gone
They say if you do the crime
then you better do the time
and now I'm doing mine
I'm gone again

Well, there was a neighborhood girl with Band-Aids on both of her knees
heaven knows what made her decide that she loved me
But I'd swallow every letter she would send
someday I'll be back, I don't know when

So, now I'm living in the real world pushing people out of the way
Late for a deadline due last yesterday
Sitting in a traffic jam that never ends
Wishing I was who I was back then-->