

Gone, Gone, Gone

Echo & the Bunnymen

My head is like an unblocked drain
My head is full of brains
My instincts are to kiss this train
I hear it coming

You're conscience says "mind how you go"
Your ulcer still says no
Your morals ebb
Your morals flow
Your mouth is running

The normal rules do not apply
And mine is not to reason why
Gone, gone, gone

My arms are like two shipyard cranes
That may not work again
My fortunes wax
My fortunes wane
My senses sunder

A cup would cheer
The cheerless heart
The path I dare not chart
I look askance, not quite the part
Someone has blundered

The normal rules do not apply
And mine is not to reason why
Gone, gone, gone

To all this scoundrel scheme of things
To all the pain it brings
To all those who pull the strings
I said good riddance

So pass the time to coin a phrase
I'll mint a million ways
To counterfeit my salad days
And split the difference

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