

# Gone Daddy

Gary Jules

Woke last night in the middle of a combat zone  
Helicopters hovering over my home  
My baby boy is sleeping in the other room  
And ooh my soul

Born into the bullshit baby, you and me  
But it don't have to be our legacy  
There must be someplace better we can raise a family  
Oh ooh my soul

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Baby I'm gone  
Baby I'm gone  
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Baby I'm gone gone  
Baby I'm gone

And the man is dropping hooks into the crowd  
He aims to sell you heaven in a can  
And the ghost who named Los Angeles is laughing out loud  
What came from desert will soon return to sand  
Baby I'm gone  
Baby I'm gone

A world gets weary and times get tough  
The rich get richer and the rest get fffffffffffffff  
You know I ain't no hippie but I'm sure I've had enough  
Oh ooh ooh my soul

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Baby I'm gone gone  
Baby I'm gone  
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Baby I'm gone gone gone  
Baby I'm gone gone gone  
Baby I'm gone daddy gone  
I'm a gone gone gone  
Oh gone daddy gone I'm gone