

Gone, Gone, Gone

Gene Vincent

Well, it's a blue blue midnight
And my baby she's gone gone gone gone gone
I hate the lonely hours
Since my baby been gone gone gone gone gone
Crying all alone
Since my baby been gone gone gone gone gone

I don't know why she left me, but I
Sure wish she would come on back home
Well, that was the first thing that hit me
When I walked through the door

That she was gone gone gone gone gone
My friend say she left me along about four
And she was gone gone gone gone gone
I hate the lonely hours, pacin' up the floor
Because she's gone gone gone gone gone

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