

## Going Gone

Jade Bird

You've got an addiction, unrealistic mission  
Cigarettes and alcohol, you've lost yourself  
Telling the same stories, you did all it last week  
The bar is closed and darling please put that bottle down

One, two, three, four  
Come on babe, there's the door  
Five, six, seven, eight  
I'm your girlfriend, not your maid  
Seven, eight, nine, ten  
If you go down, you won't get up again  
Four, three, two, one  
He's going, going gone

Sorry, Mr. Einstein, it's already past your bedtime  
Acting big and talkin' shit, get over yourself  
I'm sure you would go very far if you even had a car  
But I hate to inform you're still living in your mother's house

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He's going, going gone  
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Someone gonna taxi you, you were sick in the back seat  
Everybody's tryna calm you down  
Tell me what you'd do if I wasn't with you  
And there was nobody else around  
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