

Gone

Jensen McRae

I keep tryna clear my head
Be a little more articulate
But the hurt gets caught in my hands
And I can't help but toss it back
I never meant to be your problem
I thought I'd be honest, babe
But it's easier said than done
Easier to cut and run
Can you ever skip the hurt in love?
Can you ever really know someone?

I know that it can hurt sometimes, I bet
When all the words don't come out right, it happens
And maybe we can learn from times like this and they can be gone
e (Be gone, be gone)
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It takes a little practice
So close I almost had it
I thought I was concise
But it turns out I guess it's one of those nights
Military tactics
Like we're from two different atlases
Inside the corners of your mind
You've got your stories and I've got mine
You're already perfect, I'm already right
With a little practice, we'll be fine

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