

Gone Gone

Julie Doiron

All that I can think about are fall days
Winter snows, and summer evening on my own
Lying in my bed, covered up my head, oh

And you're gone, and you're gone
And I'm not
And I'm glad, and I'm glad
And I hope you'll find the one

And you're gone, and you're gone
And I'm not
And I'm glad, and I'm glad
And I hope you'll find the one