

# Going, Going, Gone

Luke Combs

Some things in life are meant to fly  
And others, they were born to run  
You can't tie down up and leaving  
Like the changing of the seasons  
Good things, they come and then they go

Like a runaway southbound train  
Like an Arizona desert rain  
Like lightning in the sky  
Like fireworks in July  
Like a left field home run ball  
Like a whiskey shot at last call  
It's like she was made for moving on  
That girl is going, going, gone

I can say it wasn't meant to be  
Or maybe meant to be's misunderstood  
Can't hold on to letting go  
Or change the way the river flows  
Loving her's like roping in the wind

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Like an Arizona desert rain  
Like lightning in the sky  
Like fireworks in July  
Like a left field home run ball  
Like a whiskey shot at last call  
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She ain't got one bit of stick around  
There's no sense in trying to slow her down

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