

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
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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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