

We're Long Gone

Matthew Good

Got a playbook full of photographs
The coffin corner floor
Faces hit so out of place
Who's going to bother with the score?

We're long gone [x2]

Used to call you on the telephone
When it was on the wall
Now we line up neat all down the street
And rebel for twice as long
Well something's in a hurry baby
Price fixing a storm
Watch it come but never run
Oh nobody has before

We're long gone