

I opened the paper, there was your picture
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand
I couldn't believe it, the paper was shakin'
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand

I know I'm gonna spend the rest of my lifetime wondering why
You found yourself so badly hurt you had to die

I opened the paper, there was your picture
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand
The phone started ringing, had I heard about it?
I shook every time I heard it ring
What was my reaction? I put the phone down
That was the only news that was fit to sing

They ask about dylan, about macdougall street and third
Question piled on question and each question more absurd

I opened the paper, there was your picture
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand

Oh, I remember "there but for fortune",
There but for fortune you and I would go
Fortune turned it's back on you,
Or so it must have seemed to you,
Christ alone knows what was the final blow

The last time I saw you, the last time I saw you,
Bleeker street outside the other end
I told you I'd see you, I got distracted
I never saw your face again

I heard that you were feeling stronger every day
I heard that you were well with good things on their way

Then I opened the paper, there was your picture
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand.