

# Gone Gone Gone

Turnpike Troubadours

You had your hands on the wheel  
I stood on the street 'neath the telephone lines  
Well you took everything you could steal  
You came & you went like a thief in the night

And I ran for the hills  
so you couldn't kill me  
but damn you cut close to the bone

You can call me a fool  
you can call me alone  
call me gone gone gone  
and this heavy old heart  
it's as steady as stone  
call me gone gone gone

Well the suns gonna rise in the east  
and I'm bound to stumble on a Saturday night  
passion is painful but it's free  
love is a mean hateful business sometimes

And I ran for the hills  
so you couldn't kill me  
but damn you cut close to the bone

I throw the horses some feed  
I warm my hands up to a hickory fire  
I'm hanging on to the heat  
Love is a cold institution sometimes

and I'm all full of guilt  
and my heart is all black  
selling my soul for a pat on the back

you can call me a fool  
you can call me alone  
call me gone gone gone

call me gone gone gone

call me gone gone gone