

Huntwork Hewitt, I'm Gone

I'm gone, I'm gone
I'm gone, so long
I've cleaned my room
I've gathered up my things
I've freed the dog and
I've taken off my rings
I'll send a note
From the land of tire swings
Oh I'll be happy there
I'm gone, I'm gone
I'm gone, so long
You keep the maps
I won't be needing them
When I arrive
I'm forgetting where I've been
I'm going to
Where the burning highway ends
And there I'll make my home
I'm gone, I'm gone
I'm gone, so long
I've got to fly
To buy a head start on the hurt
The lemon drops
In the pocket of my shirt
Will lead me to where the streets
Are paved with dirt
I've had enough of gold
I'm gone, I'm gone
I'm gone, so long