

# John Farnham, Going, Going, Gone

Things have changed, since we met you  
It's hard to see your point of view  
It's not the same, we've been sold out  
Don't you know, what it's all about

Going, going, gone, don't wait too long  
You can't hold on, if you're too far gone  
Going, going, gone, the pressure's on  
Don't wait too long before you're too far gone

So we've seen, how they run your world  
You're just a name, just a flag unfurled  
What they say is what you do  
But who are they to answer to?

Now it seems, that we did not know  
What it means, when we let go  
Although we try, to understand  
Now's the time, to show your hand