

Old 97's, Going, Going, Gone

Gettin' out of the house.

I gonna go for a ride,
cause I got me a five-o Ford
and the good Lord knows I tried
to make friends with you
and evything went wrong.

Yeah, I goin' goin' goin' gone.

Goin' down to the tracks.

I gonna hide out for a while.

Gonna have me some ranch-style beans

From a tin can hobo-style,

Forget your face,

If that can be done.

Yeah, I goin' goin' goin' gone.

And you'll find you a boyfriend

And he won't like my cat.

And you'll try to

Pretend that you don't want me back.

Right now I leavin' So you better say, o long. Yeah, I goin' goin' goin'

I goin' gone.

Gonna find me a boat

And a brand new name.

I gonna find some wall-eyed,

Weak-kneed European dame.

Shel be my wife

And you'll only be a song.

Yeah, I goin' goin' goin' gone.

And you'll find you a boyfriend

And he won't like my cat.

And you'll try to

Pretend that you don't want me back.

Right now I leavin' So you better say, o long. Yeah, I goin' goin' goin'

I goin' gone.

Yeah, I goin' goin' goin' gone.

Yeah, I goin' goin' goin' goin' goin' goin' goin' goin' goin'

I goin' goin' goin' gone.

Jesus.

Well, what do ya do about a string breakin'

Oh, nothin'