

The Kinks, Property

My bags are packed, I guess it's time for me to go.
I can't say where I'm headed, 'cause I just don't know.
When I think of what I'll be losing,
It's hard to move along,
But it's harder just to stay here,
Knowing that I don't belong.

I'll be in touch, don't worry, I'll be calling you.
I've got no plans, I'm not sure where I'm going to.
It's hard to keep from crying,
After all that we've been through.
I've taken everything I need,
Now all that's left belongs to you.

You take the photographs, the ones of you and me,
When we both posed and laughed to please the family.
Nobody noticed then we wanted to be free,
And now there's no more love,
It's just the property.

It's hard to keep from crying,
After all that we've been through.

Now that it's all over, now that you and I are free,
Now there's nothing left except the bit of property.
Started off with nothing, started off just you and me,
Now that it's all over you can keep the property.

And all the little gifts we thought we'd throw away,
The useless souvenirs bought on a holiday.
We put them on a shelf, now they're collecting dust.
We never needed them, but they outlasted us.