

# Tim McGraw, Can't Be Really Gone

Her hat is hanging by the door  
The one she bought in Mexico  
It blocked the wind  
It stopped the rain  
She'd never leave that one  
So, she can't be really gone

The shoes she bought on Christmas Eve  
She laughed and said they called her name  
It's like they're waiting in the hall  
For her to slip them on  
So, she can't be really gone  
I don't know when she'll come back  
She must intend to come back  
I've seen the error of my ways  
Don't waste the tears on me  
What more proof do you need  
Just look around the room  
So much of her remains

Her book is lying on the bed  
The two of hearts to mark her page  
Now who could ever walk away at chapter 21  
So, she can't be really gone

Just look around this room  
So much of her remains  
Her book is lying on the bed  
The two of hearts to mark her page  
Now who could ever walk away  
With so much left undone  
So, she can't be really gone  
No, she can't be really gone