

# Amanda Shaw, Gone

Look at all  
Those fancy clothes  
But these gonna keep us  
Warm just like those  
And what about  
Your soul is it cold  
Is it straight  
From the mold  
And ready to be sold  
Your cars and phones  
And diamond rings  
Bling, bling  
Those are only  
Removable things  
What about your mind  
Does it shine on  
There the things  
That concern you  
More than your time  
Gone, going  
Gone, everything  
Gone, never care  
Gone, be the birds  
That never wanna sing  
Gone, people  
All awkward  
With their things gone  
Look at you  
Out to make a deal  
You try to be appealing  
But you lose your appeal  
What about those shoes  
You're in today  
They'll be no good  
On the bridges  
You burnt along the way  
You're willing to sell  
Anything  
Gone, with your head  
Leave your footprints  
We'll shame them  
With our words  
Gone, people  
All careless  
And consumed  
Gone, gone  
Ggoing, gone  
Everything gone  
Never care  
Gone, be the birds  
That never wanna sing  
Gone, people  
All awkward  
With their things gone