

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