

# Bryan Adams, Long Gone

The telephone's bin ringin' - ringin' off the wall  
It's your Las Vegas lawyer - another long distance call  
He says you get the house and the car  
And I get the clothes I got on  
Now she's gone  
Long, long, long, long gone  
Now I'm a happy boy

She's long, long, long, long gone

Operator get me Manhattan - get my baby on the line  
Sooner or later she's gotta realize  
That all my feelin's were for real  
But maybe she was leadin' me on

[Chorus]

She took the frigidaire  
She got my favorite chair  
You could say she got the best of me

It's like a legal crime  
But in a matter of time  
She'll be back for the rest of me