

Echo & The Bunnymen, Gone, Gone, Gone

My head is like an unblocked drain
My head is full of brains
My instincts are to kiss this train
I hear it coming

You're conscious says mind how you go
Your _____ still says no
Your morals ebb
Your morals flow
Your mouth is running

Though all the rules do not apply
And mine is not to reason why
Gone, gone, gone

My arms are like two shipyard crains
That may not work again
My fortunes wax
My fortunes wane
My sense is sundered

A carpet cheer
A cheerless heart
The path I darn not to jot
_____ against not quite the parts
Someone has blundered

Though all the rules do not apply
And mine is not to reason why
Gone, gone, gone

To all this grand old scheme of things
To all the pain it brings
To all those who pull the strings
I bid good ridence

Surpass the time to call it a phrase
I meant a million was
To counterfit my solid days
And split the difference

Though all the rules do not apply
And mine is not to reason why
Though all the rules do not apply
And mine is not to reason why
Gone, gone, gone