

Gary Jules, Gone Daddy

Woke last night in the middle of a combat zone
Helicopters hovering over my home
My baby boy is sleeping in the other room
And ooh my soul

Born into the bullshit baby, you and me
But it don't have to be our legacy
There must be someplace better we can raise a family
Oh ooh my soul

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Baby I'm gone
Baby I'm gone
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Baby I'm gone gone
Baby I'm gone

And the man is dropping hooks into the crowd
He aims to sell you heaven in a can
And the ghost who named Los Angeles is laughing out loud
What came from desert will soon return to sand
Baby I'm gone
Baby I'm gone

A world gets weary and times get tough
The rich get richer and the rest get ffffffff
You know I ain't no hippie but I'm sure I've had enough
Oh ooh ooh my soul

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Baby I'm gone gone
Baby I'm gone
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Baby I'm gone gone gone
Baby I'm gone gone gone
Baby I'm gone daddy gone
I'm a gone gone gone
Oh gone daddy gone I'm gone