

The Carpenters, When It's Gone

Where's the word for the sadness
Where's the poetry in the pain
Where's the color in the stain where the tears have fallen
It's gone, it's just gone
Where's the method to this madness
As we create this suffering
And we do each other in and we still hold on
But it's gone, it's just gone
(* He says it's gone
And he can't go on a living a memory
Mulling it over endlessly
Why is that so hard for me to see
He says it's gone
And he can't go on trying to live a lie
And when he cries, I know it's over
But I may never know why
There's no face in the locket
There's no place for the past
I'll put it back in my pocket
It was never meant to last
It's just gone
Repeat (*)
There's no word for the sadness
There's no poetry in the pain
There's no color in the stain where the tears have fallen
It's gone, it's just gone
It's gone, it's just gone
Well, it's gone