

Name: _____

Class: _____

Gone Going

Black Eyed Peas Feat Jack Johnson

Johnny wanna be a big star

Get on stage and play the guitar

Make a little money, buy a fancy car

Big old house and an alligator

Just to match with them alligator shoes

He's a rich man so he's no longer singing the blues

He's singing songs about material things

And platinum rings and watches that go bling

But, diamonds don't bling in the dark

He a star now, but he ain't singing from the heart

Sooner or later he's just gonna fall apart

Cause his fans can't relate to his new found art

He ain't doing what he did from the start

And that's putting in some feeling and thought

He decided to live his life shallow

Cash in his love for material

[Chorus]

And its gone... gone... going...

Gone... everything gone... give a damn...

Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing...

Gone people... all awkward with their things... gone.

You see yourself in the mirror

And you feel safe cause it looks familiar

But you afraid to open up your soul

Cause you don't really know, don't really know

Who he is, the person that's deep within

Cause you are content with just being the name-brand man

And you fail to see that its trivial

Insignificant, you addicted to material

I've seen your kind before

You're the type that thinks souls is sold in a store

Packaged up with incense sticks

With them vegetarian meals

To you that's righteous

You're fiction like books

You need to go out to life and look

Cause... what happens when they take your material

You already sold your soul and its...

[Chorus]

And its gone... gone... going...

Gone... everything gone... give a damn...

Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing...

Gone people... all awkward with their things... gone.

You say that time is money and money is time

So you got mind in your money and your money on your mind

But what about... that crime that you did to get paid

And what about... that bid, you can't take it to your brain

What about those shoes you'll wear today

They'll do no good on the bridges you burnt along the way

All that money that you got gonna be gone

That gear that you rock gonna be gone

The house up on the hill gonna be gone

The gold purse on your grill gonna be gone

The ice on your wrist gonna be gone

That nice little Miss gonna be gone

That whip that you roll gonna be gone

And what's worst is your soul's already gone

[Chorus]

And its gone... gone... going...

Gone... everything gone... give a damn...

Gone be the birds when they don't want to sing...

Gone people... all awkward with their things...

gone.

