

Edyta Górniak, Gone

You pack my bags I feel already gone
I've had to watch your silent face moving round the house
It's been several days, you can really shut me out
I draw up my thoughts to find a way to say
Something mending us, you shrug and then you turn away

You pack my bags I feel already gone
It's like you pushed me with your hand and I was pointing forward
I could've been blindfold and I'd know where the door was
I had to step aside, I had to be perfect
I had to hold your hand anticipate and second guess

And would you wipe it out with that much distaste
Take it from your heart, the hands, the lips, the mouth, the taste
It is more than hurt I can't communicate
What you leave me with the ache, the ache, the ache

You pack my bags I feel already gone
Like the countries that seem to shuffle into war
The way its lining up baby we've been here before
We never took the time for no diplomacy
How am I supposed to know what you're not telling me

When I'm standing here with my rugged choir
You can't hurt me now I'm holding all the wires
Calling down to you with a grateful sigh
Thank you baby, you have sent me high

You pack my bags I feel already gone
Already gone already gone
Yeah I'm gone
You pack my bags and now I'm gone
Now I'm gone...