

# Going, Going, Gone

Luke Combs

Some things in life are meant to fly  
And others, they were born to run  
You can't tie them up and leavin'  
Like the changing of the seasons  
Good things, they come and then they go  
Like a runaway Southbound train  
Like an Arizona desert rain  
Like lightning in the sky  
Like fireworks in July  
Like a left field homerun ball  
Like a whiskey shot at last call  
It's like she was made for moving on  
That girl is going, going, gone  
I can say it wasn't meant to be  
But maybe meant to be is misunderstood  
I can't hold on to letting go  
Change the way the river flows  
Lovin' her's like roping in the wind  
Like a runaway Southbound train  
Like an Arizona desert rain  
Like lightning in the sky  
Like fireworks in July  
Like a left field homerun ball  
Like a whiskey shot at last call  
It's like she was made for moving on  
That girl is going, going, gone  
She ain't got one bit of stick around  
There's no sense in tryin' to slow her down  
Like a runaway Southbound train  
Like an Arizona desert rain  
Like lightning in the sky  
Like fireworks in July  
Like a left field homerun ball  
Like a whiskey shot at last call  
It's like she was made for moving on  
That girl is going, going, gone  
Going, going, gone  
Going, going, gone

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