

# Gone (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Kelly Rowland

Hey, Love  
Thought that I should share my day  
It felt a little bit crazy, baby  
I cleared the closet so I'm out your way  
Guess you can have your space Well I thought that I should write a letter  
then I thought this would be better, don't yell  
There's a million ways that I could tell you  
but I think I'd rather show you it's over  
and I won't be back no more  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone  
Gave you my heart  
it slipped through your fingers  
now you don't want to play  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone Oh, Love  
Your dinner's waiting down the street  
And you can have it your way  
So, Love  
The mess you made is your to clean  
So don't be looking at me  
See I don't mean to disrespect you  
but I think that you could have done me better, don't you  
There's a million ways that I could tell you  
but I think I'd rather show you it's over  
and I won't be back no more D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone  
Gave you my heart  
it slipped through your fingers  
now you don't want to play  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone Where you going  
What you doing  
Oh you must be at the point where you can't take this no more  
So you grabbing your stuff, walking out the door  
Moving so fast, forgot what we was even arguing for  
Man, I know you like that back of my hand  
You like to break up, then make up

Roll me up a joint soon as I wake up  
When I put it down mess up your makeup  
Everything provided when you rolling with a rider, huh  
You been in Hollywood so long your ass starting to act Hollywood  
Talk about you gon' leave, probably should  
I ain't tripping  
Just a bunch of extra shit that  
I ain't missing  
My sister tried to tell me 'bout you  
I ain't listen  
Now we going down this road  
Hit the smoke, said bro, I've been here before  
And you know Kelly never lie  
So you can get your stuff and get to going, I'll get back to getting high  
There's a million ways  
that I could tell you  
But I think I'd rather show you it's over  
And I won't be back no more  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone  
Gave you my heart  
it slipped through your fingers  
now you don't want to play  
D-D-Don't it always seem to go  
that you don't know what you got til it's gone

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>