

Gone, Gone, Gone - song lyrics

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GONE, GONE, GONE.

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By Chas. Dittmar.

A little song I'll sing to you, called gone, gone, gone;
So listen, pray, till I get through with gone, gone, gone;
Some funny jokes I'll try to sing, although I may some chestnut spring,
I think I've struck a clever thing in gone, gone, gone.

I once did have a nice clear voice-it's gone, gone, gone;
My clothes that always were so nice are gone, gone, gone;
My diamond pin, kold watch and chain, my umbrella and walking cane,
Will never trouble me again, there gone, gone, gone.

A Thomas cat so gaily sang, mien, mien, mien,
A bootjack hit him With a bang, mien, mien, mien.
The sausage-maker came around, and in the yard that cat was found.
To Tittle pieces it was ground-it's gone, gone, gone.

My sixty-dollar overcoat Is gone, gone, gone;
My best girl she says I'm a blote-gone, gone, gone;
She left for good, took all my cash, and skipped out with another mash;
Before she left my bead she smashed, and she's gone, gone, gone.

A carpet-tack lay on the floor-It's gone, gone, gone;-
You'll never see It any more- -it's gone, gone, gone;
The baby on the floor did crawl when all at once I heard him call-
The baby, carpet-tack and all are gone, gone, gone.