

# Gone, Gone, Don't Sing This Sad Song

It was just another Friday night, we were looking for fun,  
Gathered a few friends and the night had just begun.

Football game and a few beers on the side,  
A stop on the way home, a few more we thought we could hide.

A stop at a night club and then time to head on home,  
Six of us laughing, joking, no thought of the doom to come.

Too much fun, too many beers, too many friends,  
Packed into that pickup, as we came upon that bend.

The glare of headlights we swerved to miss,  
An embankment awaited, and the sting of death did kiss,

Four of my friends lay dead upon that ground,  
Another would die later, my whole world turned upside down.

Why was I left, I had no reason to live,  
What was the purpose, did I have something yet to give?

"Why was I left?" keeps swirling through my mind,  
Only to watch this grieving, surely more I had to find.

My soul cried out in anguish I had never known before,  
A minute in time had changed so many lives forever more.

So as you sit there at that bar and listen to this sad song,  
And as you down a few more beers, remember my buddies are gone.

Gone, gone, their blood cries out to me from that ground,  
And my world just keeps turning round and round.

So many loved ones left with their loved ones gone,  
And all I hear in my mind is gone, gone, gone.

Gone, gone, but where are they gone,  
My soul cries out to God as I write this song.

All will stand before Him in all His might,  
Some will be sent to the left, some to the right.

What have I done, my friends are gone,  
I ask forgiveness and for peace I long,  
But my five friends are gone, gone, gone.

The wheels in my mind keep on turning, turning round and round,  
And all I hear is the blood of my five friends crying from the ground.

So if you are sitting there and one more you think you can hold,  
Remember this story and leave that bar while stone cold.

Written by Louise Hall  
(In memory of Charlie Davis)