

# Now That You're Gone

Diana Ross

My nights grow long  
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Now that you're gone  
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Now that you're gone  
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Now that you're gone  
I'm living my life all alone  
Or hit by a blow  
To my pride  
But I'm doing OK

I won't let you see  
What this has done to me  
I guess I'll just take it in stride  
Come what may

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How can one do what should be done by two  
I guess that's a crazy question to ask  
I might seem happy  
But don't be fooled by my appearance  
Make no mistake  
I'm just wearing a mask

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