

Real Gone

Billy Ray Cyrus

I'm American made, apple pie, Chevrolet
My momma taught me wrong from right.

I was born in the South
Sometimes I have a big mouth
When I see something that I don't like
I gotta say it.

Well, we've been driving this road for a mighty long time
Paying no mind to the signs
Well, this neighborhood's changed
It's all been rearranged
We left that dream somewhere behind.

Slow down, you're gonna crash,
Baby you're a-screaming it's a blast, blast, blast
Look out babe, you've got your blinders on
Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone
Real gone.
Real gone.

But there's a new cat in town
He's got high-faded friends
Thinks he's gonna change history

You think you know him so well
Yeah you think he's so swell
But he's just perpetuatin' prophecy

(oh, c'm on)
Slow down, you're gonna crash,
Baby you're a-screaming it's a blast, blast, blast
Look out, you've got your blinders on
Everybody's looking for a way
To get real gone
Real gone.
Real gone.
Real gone.
Uhh.

Well you can say what you want
But you can't say it 'round here
'Cause they'll catch you and give you a whippin'

Well, I believe I was right when I said you were wrong
You didn't like the sound of that
Now, did ya?

Slow down, you're gonna crash,
Baby you're a-screaming it's a blast, blast, blast
Look out, you've got your blinders on
Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone

Well here I come and I'm so not scared,
Got my pedal to the metal, got my hands in the air
Look out, you take your blinders off
Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone

Real gone.
Real gone.
Ooh.
Real gone.
Real gone.