

# 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.