

# Get Gone

Neil Young

When I was a young boy,  
It weren't too late  
I had me a Buick, was a '48  
Yeah, tons and tons  
Of rollin' steel  
With a long black hoad  
And four big wheels.

Well, I worked so hard  
I flunked out of school  
And everybody said  
I was a teenage fool  
Meanwhile I wrote me  
A new set of rules  
'Bout how to get gone  
And how to be cool.

Well, we hit the road  
Like a ton o' bricks  
With an old guitar  
And a few hot licks  
We were rockin' in the city  
And rockin' in the sticks  
Didn't make much money  
But we had a lotta kicks.

Get gone, get gone  
Get gone, oh yeah, get gone  
Get gone, get gone  
Get gone, oh yeah, get gone.

Well, then one day  
A city slicker walked up  
Said, son, I'm gonna make you  
A million bucks  
Gonna fly around the country  
In a big ol' plane  
Gonna get a lotta drugs,  
Gonna feel no pain.

Well, I knew we were breakin'  
That highway rule  
When we pulled outta town  
A little low on fuel  
That big ol' plane  
Fell from the sky  
Me and the boys  
Kissed the world goodbye  
Yeah, me and the boys  
Kissed the world goodbye.

Get gone, get gone  
Get gone, oh yeah, get gone  
Get gone, get gone  
Get gone, oh yeah, get gone.