

Real Gone Kid

Deacon Blue

'Cause I'd tear out the pages
That I've got in these books
Just to find you some words
Just to get some reward And I'll show you all the photographs
That I ever got took
And I'll play you old 45's
That now mean nothing to me And you're a real gone kid
And maybe now, baby
(Maybe now baby)
Maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
Maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
I'll do what I should have did Now I've stood on your shadow
And I've watched it grow
And it's shaken and it's driven me
And let me know, let me know, let me know, let me know About all the old 45's
And the paperback rooms
And it's scattered all the photographs
Of summers and suns And you're a real gone kid
And maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
Maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
Maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
I'll do what I should have did
'Cause you're a real gone kid Cried and I craved, hoped and I saved
And I put away those souvenirs, souvenirs, souvenirs
I cried and I craved, hoped and I saved
And I put away those souvenirs, souvenirs, souvenirs You're a real gone kid
And maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
Maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
Maybe now, baby
(Maybe now, baby)
I'll do what I should have did
'Cause you're a real gone kid, oh 'Cause you're a real gone kid

You're a real gone kid
(Do what I should have done)
'Cause you're a real gone kid
(Do what I should have done)
'Cause you're a real gone kid

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