

# 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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