Real Gone

[Billy Ray Cyrus](#)

Uh!I'm American made, Bud Light, Chevrolet
My momma taught me wrong from right
I was born in the South, sometimes I have a big mouth
When I see somethin' that I don't like
I gotta say itWell we been drivin' this road for a mighty long time
Payin' no mind to the signs
Well this neighborhood's changed, it's all been rearranged
We left that dream somewhere behindSlow down, you're gonna crash
Baby, you'll be screamin', "It's a blast, blast, blast!"
Look out babe you got your blinders on
Everybody's lookin' for a way to get real gone
Real gone, real goneBut there's a new cat in town, he's got high payin' 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
C'mon now!Slow down, you're gonna crash
Baby, you'll be screamin', "It's a blast, blast, blast!"
Look out, you got your blinders on
Everybody's lookin' for a way to get real gone, real gone
Real gone, real gone
Whoa! Uh!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'll be screamin', "It's a blast, blast, blast!"
Look out, you got your blinders on
Everybody's lookin' for a way to get real goneWell, here I come and I'm so not scared
Got my pedal to the metal, got my hands in the air
Well, look out, you take your blinders off
Everybody's lookin' for a way to get real gone
Real gone, real gone, ow!
Real gone, real gone