

# Real Gone

## Burnt Ones

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 something that I don't like  
I gotta say it  
We been driving 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 change somewhere behind  
Slow down, you're gonna crash  
Baby you were 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 gone  
There's a new cat in town, he's got high paid 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  
Come on now  
Slow down, you're gonna crash

Baby, you were 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, 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 were screamin', it's a blast, blast, blast  
Look out, you got your blinders on  
Everybody's lookin' 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  
Well, look out, you take your blinders off

Everybody's lookin' for a way to get real gone  
Real gone, real gone, ooh!  
Real gone, real gone

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