Real Gone

Amos Funk

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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