

## **Real Gone**

### **From “Cars” by Sheryl Crow**

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 paying 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 screaming, It's a blast, blast,  
blast, look out babe you got your blinders on

Everybody's looking for a way to get 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  
perpetuating prophecy

Come on now, Slow down, you're gonna crash,

Baby you were screaming

It's a blast, blast, blast, Look out, you got your blinders on

Everybody's looking for a way, to get real gone, Real gone

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 screaming,

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 looking

for a way, To get real gone, real gone, Real Gone, Real

Gone, Real Gone