I'm American made, apple pie, 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. Well, we've 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 dream somewhere behind. Slow down, you're gonna crash, Baby you're a-screaming it's a blast, blast, blast Look out babe, you've got your blinders on Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone Real gone. Real gone. But there's a new cat in town He's got high-faded 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 (oh, c'm on) Slow down, you're gonna crash, Baby you're a-screaming it's a blast, blast, blast Look out, you've got your blinders on Everybody's looking for a way To get real gone Real gone. Real gone. Real gone. Uhh. 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're a-screaming it's a blast, blast, blast Look out, you've got your blinders on Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone

Well here I come and I'm so not scared,

Look out, you take your blinders off

Got my pedal to the metal, got my hands in the air

Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone

Real gone.

Real gone.

Ooh.

Real gone.

Real gone.