Well, you can have the truck and the stuff Baby, you can have the house Yeah, you and your lawyer and your new boyfriend Can all sort it out.

What's left of my pride and these two wheels are all I need To take me away from somewhere I don't wanna be Baby I'm gone.

When you read these words, I'll be a blur of chrome I wanna ride, watch the heat waves rise I wanna feel the sun on my face and the wind in my hair I'll know where I'm goin' when I get there.

From what I hear, the beer is cheap down in Mexico I wouldn't mind bein' where they speak a language I don' know The altitude of the Rockies might be what I need If anybody ever asks about what happened to me Tell 'em I'm gone.

When you read these words, I'll be a blur of chrome I wanna ride, watch the heat waves rise I need to feel the sun n my face and the wind in my hair I'll know where I'm goin' when I get there.

And if I miss a turn, it won't make a bit of difference Baby, where we're concerned, all I need is distance Baby, I'm gone.

I need to feel the sun on my face and the wind in my hair I'll know where I'm goin' when I get there Baby I'm gone.

Ooh, gone
Oh, I'm going, yeah

I'm taking my heart and I'm hittin' the road of these two wheel  $\ensuremath{\mathbf{s}}$ 

Baby, I'm gone.

Gone, gone, gone.

Baby, I'm gone, gone, gone, yeah...