

Real Gone – Auta

I'm American made, Bud Light, Chevrolet
My mama 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 mightily 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
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
SOLLO

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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
Real gone
Real gone



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych