

Look out, you've got your blinders on

Fill in the gaps

I'm American made	Everybody's looking for a way
But I like Chevrolet	To get real gone
My mama taught me (1) from right	Real gone
I was born in the South	Real gone
Sometimes I have a big mouth	Real gone
When I see something that I don't like	(Uh)
I gotta say it	Well you can say what you want
We've been driving this road	But you can't say it round here
For a mighty long time	'Cause they'll catch you and give you a whipping
Paying no mind to the signs	Well, I believe I was right
Well, (2) neighborhood's changed	When I said you were wrong
It's all (3) rearranged	You didn't (6) the sound of that
We left that team somewhere behind	Now, did you
Slow down	Slow down
You're (4) crash	You're gonna crash
Baby you're a screaming	Baby you're a screaming
It's a blast, blast, blast	It's a blast, blast, blast
Look out babe, you've got your blinders on	Look out, you've got your (7) on
Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone	Everybody's looking for a way to get real gone
Real gone	Well, here I come
Real gone	And I'm so not scared
But there's a new cat in town	Got my pedal to the metal
He's got high-faded friends	Got my hands in the air
Thinks he's (5) change history	Look out, you take your blinders off
You think you know him so well	Everybody's looking for a way to get (8) gone
Yeah, you think he's so swell	Real gone
But he's just perpetuating prophecy	Real gone
Come on now	(Uh)
Slow down	Real gone
You're gonna crash	Real gone
Baby you're a screaming	
It's a blast, blast, blast	



Fill in the gaps

- 1. wrong
- 2. this
- 3. been
- 4. gonna
- 5. gonna
- 6. like
- 7. blinders
- 8. real