

# Deacon Blue, Real Gone Kid

And I'd tear out the pages  
That I've got in these books  
Just to find you some words  
Just to get some reward  
And I'll show you all the photographs  
That I ever got took  
And I'll play you old 45's  
That now mean nothing to me

And you're a real gone kid  
And maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
I'll do what I should have did

Now I've stood on your shadow  
And I've watched it grow  
And it's shaken and it's driven me  
And let me know  
Let me know let me know let me know  
About all the old 45s  
And the paperback rooms  
And it's scattered all the photographs  
Of summers and suns

And you're a real gone kid  
And maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
I'll do what I should have did  
'Cause you're a real  
Gone  
Kid

I cried and I craved  
Hoped and I saved  
And I put away those souvenirs souvenirs souvenirs  
Cried and I craved  
Hoped and I saved  
And I put away those souvenirs souvenirs souvenirs

You're a real gone kid  
And maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
Maybe now baby  
I'll do what I should have did  
'Cause you're a real  
Gone  
Kid

'Cause you're a real  
Gone  
Kid

You're a real

Gone  
Kid

You're a real  
Gone  
Kid