

The Proclaimers, I'm Gone

I'm out of my mind
On John Barleycorn
He's such a physician
His fingers are warm
Of my inhibitions
I have been shorn
And I'm gone, gone, gone

All of my fear
And most of my pain
Ran hand in hand to
Catch the last train
From Waverley station
And while I remain
I'm still gone, gone, gone

Ah whisky head
You're mine to take to bed
Ah whisky head

Young women and men
Please listen to me
They tell you that drinking
Can't set you free
Well here I am standing
And I disagree
Cause I'm gone, gone, gone

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On John Barleycorn
He's such a physician
His fingers are warm
Of my inhibitions
I have been shorn
And I'm gone, gone gone
Gone...gonegone
Gone...gonegone
Aaaaaahhhhh