

# 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

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  
Gone...gonegone  
Gone...gonegone  
Aaaaaahhhhh