

# Alice Peacock, Real Life

Met her at the high school dance  
Down at the Aragon  
He was rockin' them parachute pants  
Leather high tops on  
Couple years later  
They went and got hitched by a  
Justice of the peace  
Settled down in a Minnesota town  
And the rest is history  
Baby this is real life  
Yeah they're doin' just fine  
Real life, real life alright  
Left home when she was 17  
Got her first tattoo  
Never was the homecoming queen  
Never was that cool  
Now she's serving up drinks  
And getting new ink  
On the east side of LA  
Not the choice her mama would make  
And she likes it that way

Baby this is real life  
Yeah she's doin' just fine  
Real life, real life alright  
Ain't always fun, it ain't always pretty  
Down in the country, up in the city  
Everybody's different but one thing's true  
We all gotta' do what we gotta' do  
So me and my gypsy heart gonna  
Pack up and hit the road  
Got a song in this ol' guitar  
And a string of shows  
When that highway calls baby  
I'll come runnin' with my gas tank full  
And my six string strumming  
Got a few friends that'll keep on coming  
This is all I know  
Baby this is real life  
Yeah I'm doin' just fine  
Real life, real life alright