

Go Betty Go, Unreal

It's you I wanna hear
Nothing more to please my ears
Our moments go back in time
As I sit here watching TV
So please just come home straight to me

Tell me that you'll be okay
I'll fight my tears while I must wait
Just come to me and I'll hold you tight
Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good times

Nothing is real
Nothing is real

Two weeks have passed in all
your cell phone still rings when I call
I imagine that you'll be fine
Reassuring myself all the time
While this feeling of grief leaves me blind

Tell me that you'll be okay
I'll fight my tears while I must wait
Just come to me and I'll hold you tight
Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good times

Nothing is real
Nothing is real