

Marcella Detroit, Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing

Ain't nothing like the real thing, baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing
Ain't nothing like the real thing, baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing
I got your picture hanging on my wall
But it can't seem to come to me
When I call your name
I realized it's just a picture in a frame
I read your letters but you're not here
They don't move me, they don't groove me
Like when I hear your sweet voice
Whispering in my ear
I play my games of fantasy
I pretend I don't see reality
I need the shelter of your arms to comfort me
I got some memories you look back on
Though they help me when you're gone
I'm well aware nothing can
Take the place of you being there
No other sound is quite the same as your name
No touch can do half as much
To make me feel better
Let's stay together
I'm so
So glad we got the real thing, baby
So glad we got the real thing
Ain't nothing like the real thing, baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing