

# Pete Townshend, Don't Try To Make Me Real

"RAY:"

"Ruth, what do you really want? What are you doing here?"

Make me of clay, make me of steel  
But whatever you do don't try and make me real  
Make me your dream, a secretive deal  
But don't ever scheme to try and make me real

Stop trying to make me real  
I haven't got the kind of heart a lover can steal  
Stop crying, I just can't feel  
Any sympathy for someone trying to make me real

Make me of shit in a two-tenner deal  
Make me of pornography in a pedophile wheel  
Whatever I do, whatever I feel  
By your double standard, I will never be real

Stop trying to make me real  
I haven't got the kind of heart a lover can steal  
Stop crying, I just can't feel  
Any sympathy for someone trying to make me

Why can't you settle for a fantasy?  
You're so convinced that I'm the man to see  
I can't live up to  
What you give up to  
I fail to see the perfect man in me

Make me from your magazine, a listed ideal  
Dress me in the doll's house your knickers conceal  
Make me your brother-lover beau-ideal  
But you will soon discover lover can't be real

Stop trying to make me real  
I haven't got the kind of heart a lover can steal  
Stop crying, I just can't feel  
Any sympathy for someone trying to make me real

Stop trying to make me real  
I haven't got the kind of heart a lover can steal  
Stop crying, I just can't feel  
Any sympathy for someone trying to make me real

Don't try to make me real, Oh no  
I've got no sympathy  
Sympathy for someone trying to make me real

Stop trying to make me real  
I haven't got the kind of heart a lover can steal  
Stop crying, I just can't feel  
Any sympathy for someone trying to make me real