

Sister Seven, The Only Thing That's Real

Out here it's 95 degrees in the shade
There's nothing left, but ashes of the plans we made
I'll be the last one standing, I'm not afraid
Of trippin' over myself, worrying 'bout
the things they said

It feels just like being alone
I wish I was at home with you
You're the only thing that's real

All the books I've read just leave me cold
Same lies, same confessions, same stories being told
It's amazing how cheaply everyone's bought and sold
How easy we break, how easily we fold

And you know
It feels just like being alone
I wish I was at home with you
You're the only thing that's real
I can do anything
Act like a fool or I can sing about you
You're the only thing that's real

It's so easy to stumble, so easy to lose your way
It won't take much to forget what you're trying to say