

# 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