

Barry Manilow, Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing

[Chorus:]

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've got your picture hanging on the wall
But it can't see or come to me
When I call your name
I realize it's just a picture in a frame
I read your letters when you're not here
But they don't move me and they don't groove me
Like when I hear your sweet voice
Whispering in my ear

[Chorus]

I play my game of fantasy
And I pretend that I'm not in reality
I need shelter
Of your arms to comfort me
No other sound
Is quite the same as your name
No touch can do quite as much
To make me feel better
So let's stay together

I've got the memories to look back on
And though they help me when you're gone
I'm well aware
But nothing can take the place of your being there
So glad we've got the real thing, baby
So glad we've got the real thing
Ain't nothing like the real thing, baby
Ain't nothing like the real thing