

# Indigo Girls, Something Real

I've seen the sun on a funeral, the full moon in a midday sky  
Tactician politician hold his head and wonder why  
I'm always struck that much harder by the power of suggestion  
By now I know the answer's always in the question

Now that we're done with that why don't you warm the car  
All of the fields are filled with fresh boys playing football  
More than the weather chills, the bands practicing their drills  
I've got to get back to something real with you

I had to call your parents to get your number again  
I was either gonna be the prodigal or the banished friend  
We were standing against an outside wall, I was afraid of what you'd say  
It took me ten years to call you back but here we are today

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So life has brought you this: two marriages and three kids  
And me life as slick as ice that finally hit the skids  
You're as sweet as you ever were  
A slight sickness of regret washes over me  
And in the end that's all I get

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