

Joe Nichols, Real Things

I love real things built to last
Hardwood floors and stone fireplaces
And looking back on the past

Ice cold beer, fish that fight
Wise, old bucks
And old timer's tellin' lies
Fireflies

Rainy days, I love them, I always have
Screened in porches, my old, straw hat
Smell of dogwoods, early signs of spring
Real things

I love real things like a hard days work
Sinkin' my hands in fresh plowed dirt
And lovin' someone so much it hurts

New strings on an old guitar
Moonshine in a mason jar
And just feelin' alive, at peace with who you are

Real things, I love 'em, I always have
Like grandma's kitchen
And grandpa's laugh
Stealin' that first kiss on the front porch swing
Real things

It's them real things, that I come back to every year
Like Christmas time with those that I hold dear
When it's the real things
The truth rings so loud and clear
For those with ears to hear

I want real things like I love you
Or an amen, from the very last pew
And I miss you dad
Son, I miss you too

Real things, I love them, I always have
Like the kinfolk shoes on a welcome mat
Sunday morning, hearing my mama sing
Real things, I love those real things
Real things