

Kirsty MacColl, Rhythm Of The Real Thing

It was sublime, it was thunder,
As my life got torn asunder
I felt the rhythm of the real thing.

Falling down is nothing new
We all fall down now, even you
I felt the rhythm of the real thing.

Delicate and nearly new
Cherish it and love it too
Oh, the rhythm of the real thing.

All fall down or fall in love
Put it up to high above
You need the rhythm of the real thing

Colours fly and dull some men
Exit those who might resent
The rhythm of the real thing.

There's blood on your shirt
Is that what you said?
Exit laughing
Wake up dead

We're alone now, been before
Who can that be at my door
Is it the rhythm of the real thing?

(spoken)

Don't cry, go get him.
You're mine, don't let it.
It's time, your credit