

# Lavin Christine, Until Now

The reality of me cannot compete with the dreams you have of her.  
And the love you've given me is not as sweet as the feelings that she stirs.  
And so you turn away and you say that you're sorry,  
But you must pursue this dream, this improbable dream.  
Though things have not been bad, you can't say you've had  
Quite as good a time as it first seemed.  
The reality of me is not what you write love songs about.  
You'd rather be longing from afar; you're not as comfortable with love as  
you are without.  
And she's a thousand miles gone, and that's fine,  
'Cause you're fond of the shimmer distance brings to these things.  
And tonight when you sleep you'll keep dreaming of the love  
And the happiness you're so sure she will bring.  
The reality of me is probably much like the reality of her.  
By the time you find this out let's just hope I've recovered from the hurt.  
'Cause if I get a call that you're all by yourself  
And you're longing for the love that we once knew.  
Oh what would I do  
With the reality of you?