

Newsboys, Reality

Mom and Dad
I'm fine, how are you?
I have joined a small circus
That much is true

I'm a little malnourished
But try to relax
Could you find a better photo
For the milk carton backs?
Send money

Runaway
Where's your head?
Dreamer's dreams
Are grounded

In reality that comes from above
God is calling
There's no bigger love
It's his reality that welcomes us back
Trust and obey
There is no other way

Mom and Dad
I am fair, how's life?
Lent the money you sent me
To a clown with a knife

My career as an acrobat
Hasn't begun
But I'm busy giving blood
And shoveling elephant dung
Send money

Runaway
Why so tense?
Dreamer's dreams
Will make sense

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God is calling
There's no bigger love
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Runaway
Blowing smoke
Your folks are worried
And going broke
After the fall
Is a whole new episode
Reality is a high road

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His reality will welcome us back
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