

# Trisha Yearwood, Real Live Woman

I don't buy the lines in magazines  
That tell me what I've gotta be  
Don't base my life on a movie screen  
Don't fit the mold society has planned

I don't need to be 19-years-old  
Or starve myself for some weight I'm told  
Or turn men's heads down that road  
And I thank God I finally know just who I am

I ain't a movie star  
They never see the view from where they are  
And this old town may be as far as I'm goin'  
What he'll hold tonight in his hands  
He swears is so much better than  
Anything this old world can show him

I'm a real live woman  
In love with this man I see lyin' here next to me  
Lost in the way that he's holdin'  
This real live woman  
In the arms of a man where I'll fall asleep knowin' there's  
Nothin' on earth he loves more than  
This real live woman

I work 9-5 and I can't relate  
To millionaires who somehow fate  
Has smiled upon and fortune made their  
Common lives a better place to be

And I no longer justify  
Reasons for the way that I behave  
I offer no apologies  
For the things that I believe and say  
And I like it that way

Cause I'm a real live woman  
In love with this man I see lyin' here next to me  
Lost in the way that he's holdin'  
This real live woman  
In the arms of a man where I'll fall asleep knowin' there's  
Nothin' on earth he loves more than  
This real live woman