

Verve Pipe "Real"

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My sister had a nursery rhyme, set of figurines
She'd often let me play with them
I'd set 'em up in different scenes

Fifty plastic army men, led by Superman
Destroyed the ranks of Mother Goose
Mary and her little lamb slips away
And catches sister getting real and I can too
As long as I don't make a sound

When we were real, we were in love
With everyone and everything
I guess it was the beauty of

A bluebird clears his throat of phlegm
And static singing operatic
Evening comes and the butterflies are
Bats eat the spider that had saddled up beside her
And the dish, his lovin' spoon were never found

And I'm taking flight, seeking relief
The lure of handkerchief so white
I chase it straight into the ground

Lamb slips away
And catches sister getting real and I can too
As long as I don't make a sound

And I'm taking flight, seeking relief
The lure of handkerchief so white
I chase it straight into the ground

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