Jayne Nelsen
"What It Really Is"

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It looks just like an old man and his old wife
HavinÂ' lunch in the food court at the mall
He stumbles twice, she holds on tight
And heÂ's embarrassed cuz he almost falls
It looks just like the sad end of a long life
But that ainÂ't it at all

What it really is is a boy home from world war two
One leg pinned up on his uniform
TryinÂ' not to cry as he spit shines one black shoe
Scared she wonÂ't love him anymore
What it really is is the smile on her pretty young face
As he crutches down the gang plank and that kiss
ThatÂ's burned from that day to this
ThatÂ's what it really is

It looks just like a small town around twilight
And a couple pushinÂ' a stroller up the street
They stop a while and the neighbors smile
At the babyÂ's pretty little hands and feet
It looks just like just another brand new life
But that picture ainÂ't complete

Cuz what it really is is one expert after another
BreakinÂ' their hearts month after month

TellinÂ' her that she will never be a mother
And him that he will never hold a son
And what it really is is a waiting room and tears of joy
As he walks in with a little boy all his
His finger wrapped in a tiny little fist
ThatÂ's what it really is

So much of what this life can be
All depends on what you see

It looks just like a long line of headlights
Rolling slowly down a rainy country road
A small casket white, a cold, windy graveside
And a family with such a heavy load
It looks just like the sad end of a short life
But the truth be told

What it really is is the first breath sheÂ's ever taken
That made her feel like she could fly
The grey skies above and the chains finally breakinÂ'
And tellinÂ' the pain goodbye
What it really is is running to her SaviorÂ's side
In a body glorified in bliss
As she slips her little hand into His
ThatÂ's what it really is