

## James Wesley "Real"

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Five-hundred channels and there ain't much on tonight  
Except reality shows about some folk's so-called lives  
A pretty girl cries 'cause she don't get a rose  
But she'll find love next year on her own show

And they call that real

Real is a hand you hold fifty-seven years  
Real is a band of gold tremblin' with fear  
It's the first long tear down an old man's face,  
watchin' his angel slippin' away  
His heart's so broke, it's never gonna heal

I call that real

Where I live, housewives don't act like that  
And the survivors are farmers in John Deere hats  
Our amazin' race is beatin' the check  
Prayin' that the bank ain't ran it through yet  
Real, like too much rain fallin' from the sky  
Real, like the drought that came around here last July  
It's the damn boll weevils and the market and the  
weeds,  
the prayer they're sayin' when they plant the seeds  
And the chance they take to bring us our next meal

I call that real

Real, like a job you lose 'cause it moves to Mexico  
Like a mama and a baby with no safe place to go  
Like a little dream-house with a big old foreclosed  
sign  
Like a flag-draped coffin and a twenty-one gun  
goodbye

I call that real  
Man, I call that real  
Oh, I call that real

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