

Amy Speace "The Real Thing"

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I don't like men who tell me how to talk and how to dress
I don't like girls who gossip when their own life is a mess
I don't like winter in New York 'cause I don't like too much wind
But I like the way you feel against me naked on my skin
And I'll tell you what I think and I won't sugarcoat it baby,
I am the real thing

I'm too young to know better but I'm too damn old to care
With enough tequila I might take up any dare
I'm as aloof as November and mean like July
But I can purr like a little kitten if you scratch me on my side
I like the way I look although I am not model thin
I am the real thing

Do I make you blush do I talk too loud

Do I drink too much, do I act too proud?
Well take me as I am or take another now
'Cause I am not going to change for nobody no how
I am not a good reformer I found a twisted satisfaction
When I went back to confession just to see the priests' reaction
After quite a pause he asked me if I was contrite then
He gave me 25 Hail Marys to repeat every night
Then I asked him am I free to go repeating all of my sins
I am the real thing

[Chorus]

You can look to the princess In her high glass tower
Or join us witches we keep very late hours
We are the real thing

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