

Gift, The

"Real"

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Come and take me
Come and love me
Come here and do those things to me
Come and hold me
And adore me
Come here and do those things to me
Come and feel me
Come and thrill me
You might pretend those things to me
Mistify me
Come and show me
Come here and do those things to me
You've gotta get me for real
You've gotta get me
Come and take me
Come and love me
Come here and do those things to me
Mistify me
Come and show me
Come here and do those things to me
You've gotta get me for real
You've gotta get me
I met him a long time ago
I felt
Immediately charmed
With his freshness
His way of looking
His hair
His shoes
He told me about his great adventures
Real or not, it doesn't matter
He called me love
Next he didn't want me
He called me queen
He didn't mean it
He bought me presents
I don't want them
He doesn't care
He told me everything
I don't know of anything
You talk too much, I said

I don't want your words I want your love
When I finally asked
If he really loved me
I felt a little shake in his eyes
A trembling breath
A fearful smile
He changed his rigid voice into a softly voice
And he whispered
And I said
You've gotta get me for real

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