

## The Kinleys "The Real Thing"

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Don't want your picture in a frame on the table  
Don't want your notes on the wall  
Don't want your voice on the phone machine baby  
Don't want your stuff in the hall

Don't want your smell on the pillow next to me  
No roses at my front door  
No dedication on the radio station  
No substitutions no more

I just want the real thing that's how it is  
Your tender touch baby, your sweet kiss  
No imitation darling, that's not my business  
I'm talking 'bout the genuine thing  
The real thing

Don't wanna hear about how much you miss me  
And wish you had a little more time  
But if you really want to try to convince me  
Try with your lips next time

In my arms, in the flesh  
A little ole fashioned tenderness  
No ruby ring, no Taj Mahal  
I just need you and that's all

I just want the real thing that's how it is  
Your tender touch baby, your sweet kiss  
No imitation darling, that's not my business  
I'm talking 'bout the genuine thing  
The real thing

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