

Kinleys, The

"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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