

The Real Thing

Delbert McClinton

I was playin' pinball, drinkin' my last call alone
She was leanin' in that doorway lookin' like a sure way home
She said, I like the way you handle that machine
I'm into playin', if you know what I mean
So if you're tired of mediocrity
I bet you I can make you see

You ain't really had the real thing
'Til I get you into my thing
There ain't nothin' left to explain
Once you really had the real thing
You ain't really had the real thing
'Til I get you into my thing
There ain't nothin' left to explain
Once you really had the real thing

I read the look on her face, took her off to my place fast
Man, she wasn't foolin', she could make a good thing last
Up all night until the break of dawn
She was leavin' I was already gone
She whispered call me when you've had some rest
I closed my eyes and I confessed

I ain't never had the real thing
Til' you got me into your thing
There ain't nothin' left to explain
Once you really had the real thing
I ain't never had the real thing
Til' you got me into your thing
There ain't nothin' left to explain
Once you really had the real thing

I aint never had the real thing
Til' you got me into your thing
There ain't nothin' left to explain
Once you really had the real thing