

Reality

Newsboys

Mom and dad, I'm fine, how are you?
I have joined a small circus, that much is true
I'm a little malnourished, but try to relax
Could you find a better photo for the milk carton backs?
Send money

Runaway
Where's your head?
Dreamers' dreams
Are grounded

In reality that comes from above
God is calling, there's no bigger love
It's his reality that welcomes us back
Trust and obey, there is no other way

Mom and dad, I'm fair, how's life?
Lent the money you sent me to the clown with the knife
My career as an acrobat hasn't begun
But I'm busy giving blood and shoveling elephant dung
Send money

Runaway
Why so tense?
Dreamers' dreams
Will make sense

In reality that comes from above
God is calling, there's no bigger love
It's his reality that welcomes us back
Trust and obey, there is no other way

Runaway
Blowing smoke
Your folks are worried
And going broke

After the fall
Is an all-new episode
Reality
Is the high road

In reality that comes from above
God is calling, there's no bigger love
His reality will welcome us back
Trust and obey, there is no other way

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God is calling