

It's Real

Amos Lee

So you want to walk away just like you always did
Push me down and run away just like a little kid
You hold up me up and so I feel the flame
Then you leave me in the dark again

It's all so precious, this part of the game
You say you love me but you need the pain
Wild-eyed with your hands on the wheel
I'm a fool when I want you to feel

My love is real
My love is real
My love is real
It's real

I'm the same sort of misfit
Missed it when I had a wishlist that I made
But I'd like to believe
When you say you still feel the same

If you want me I'd fall at your feet
There's a hole where your heart used to be
And I can't deny I don't want you to leave
It's a sadness and a sickness that I still believe

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It's real