

Real

ASTN

Am I in love or alone, don't know which is worse
Or why they feel the same
Am I stuck even though I know it's gonna hurt
When we walk away
It's been a year, couple months and it hasn't changed
Unbelievable that we're here
But either way

Yeah it all gets lost when it's physical
And I know it's wrong but it's holding us together
Can we try to be less predictable

Or do we just bend it till it breaks
And watch it never heal
So what's there left to say
I told you how I feel
If all we do is fake
Like we're not somewhere in the middle
And push away
Every time that it hurts a little
Baby I'm afraid
It wasn't ever real, real

I'm not giving up
I'm just saying how it really is
And why's that feel the same
Talked about it once, maybe twice
Had our differences
What difference did it make

Oh, 'cause it all gets lost when it's physical
And I know it's wrong but it's holding us together
Can we try to be less predictable

Or do we just bend it till it breaks
And watch it never heal
So what's there left to say
I told you how I feel
If all we do is fake
Like we're not somewhere in the middle
And push away
Every time that it hurts a little
Baby I'm afraid
It wasn't ever real, real

Was it even real?
(No baby)
Was it even real?
Oh no

Or do we just bend it till it breaks
And watch it never heal
So what's there left to say
I told you how I feel
If all we do is fake
Like we're not somewhere in the middle
And push away

Every time that it hurts a little
Baby I'm afraid
It wasn't ever real, real