

# The Real Thing

George Strait

I was on a bus comin' back to us  
From Atlanta in '53  
And I picked up a Rhythm & Blues magazine  
Layin' underneath my seat  
And I found out the stuff they'd been playin' us  
Wasn't made from grits and bone  
And it would take more than the Crew Cuts  
And Pat Boone to take me home

I want the real thing  
Give me the real thing  
Make it loud I'll make you proud  
Or the songs they'd sing  
I don't want you under my roof with your 86 proof  
Watered down 'til it tastes like tea  
You're gonna pull my string  
Make it the real thing

I remember old Elvis when he forgot  
To remember to forget  
And when young Johnny Cash hadn't seen this side of  
Big River yet  
And old Luther and Lewis and Perkins was pickin  
And playin' them songs for me

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