

What's Real

Mary Hopkin

Take a look around you and, if seeing is believing
Then everything is never what it seems
You'd be better off believing in your dreams
What's real, who knows, no one can say

Don't hurry, stop and catch your breath
As you stumble on the stones along the way
And you move a little closer every day
Till at last you'll find you stand on firmer ground

And from a distance, you will find
It's all a product of your mind
The world is made of your imagining
And when you're reaching for the moon
You realize that all too soon
Illusion falls away, your vision crumbles into dust

Follow the meanderings of your imagination
To find the truth of what you have become
You're the living proof of all that you have done
What's real, who knows, no one can say

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