

Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing

Michael McDonald

[R: x2]

Ain't nothin' like the real thing baby
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Ain't nothin' like the real thing baby
Ain't nothin' like the real thing

I've got your picture,
Hangin' on my wall
But it can't see,
Or come to me when I call your name
I realize it's just a picture in a frame,
I read your letters when you're not near
But they don't move me, they don't groove me
Like when I hear,
Your sweet voice, whispering in my ear
Oh

[R]

I play my game, of fantasy
I pretend, but I know in reality,
I need the shelter of your arms to comfort me,
No other sound
Is quite the same as your name
No touch can do half as much
To make me feel better,
Oh

I've got your memories
To look back on
Though they help me when you're gone
I'm well aware,
Nothin' can, take the place of you being there
Oh

[R]

So glad we got the real thing baby
So glad we got the real thing

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