

I think I'm tired of hearing don't  
With ticket stubs in front of me  
Paint my house all shades of gold  
That way I can't see

He's not real, real, real, no  
Real, real, no, hey, no, no  
Real, real, real, no, no  
No, no

I'm not even friends with the ones I know  
Courtesy of Curtis, I'm on my own  
I'm not even friends with the ones I know  
Courtesy of Curtis, I'm on my own

Quarter your visits and then some  
As every breath disturbs me  
And I would have no one know  
Of all these years waiting

Days spend whiling and waiting  
In an anvil of sheets, yeah  
An anvil of sheets  
Your nose upon mine as I would go  
But who would you have if I were to leave?

He's not real, real, real, no no  
Real, real, no, hey, no, no  
Real, real, real, no, no  
No, no, no, hey, no, no

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