

Courtesy Of

Running Touch

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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Real, real, no, hey, no, no
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