

A wrinkled photo on the wall  
Tells things that came before it went away  
Even all the ghosts inside  
Hazy as can be, leave traces of who we used to be  
And they say...

How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?  
How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?

How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?  
How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?

We could write a symphony  
And go across the ocean and still  
Never feel the earth inside us  
Every little girl or boy becomes a hollow shell  
But don't cry  
Remember all the fun and let's sing...

How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?  
How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?

How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?  
How does it feel? to know that you're real. how does it feel?