The Real Thing

Delbert McClinton

I was playin' pinball, drinkin' my last call alone She was leanin' in that doorway lookin' like a sure way home She said, I like the way you handle that machine I'm into playin', if you know what I mean So if you're tired of mediocrity I bet you I can make you see

You ain't really had the real thing 'Til I get you into my thing There ain't nothin' left to explain Once you really had the real thing You ain't really had the real thing 'Til I get you into my thing There ain't nothin' left to explain Once you really had the real thing

I read the look on her face, took her off to my place fast Man, she wasn't foolin', she could make a good thing last Up all night until the break of dawn She was leavin' I was already gone She whispered call me when you've had some rest I closed my eyes and I confessed

I ain't never had the real thing Til' you got me into your thing There ain't nothin' left to explain Once you really had the real thing I ain't never had the real thing Til' you got me into your thing There ain't nothin' left to explain Once you really had the real thing

I aint never had the real thing Til' you got me into your thing There ain't nothin' left to explain Once you really had the real thing