

The Real Thing

George Strait

I was on a bus comin' back to us
From Atlanta in '53
And I picked up a Rhythm & Blues magazine
Layin' underneath my seat
And I found out the stuff they'd been playin' us
Wasn't made from grits and bone
And it would take more than the Crew Cuts
And Pat Boone to take me home

I want the real thing
Give me the real thing
Make it loud I'll make you proud
Or the songs they'd sing
I don't want you under my roof with your 86 proof
Watered down 'til it tastes like tea
You're gonna pull my string
Make it the real thing

I remember old Elvis when he forgot
To remember to forget
And when young Johnny Cash hadn't seen this side of
Big River yet
And old Luther and Lewis and Perkins was pickin
And playin' them songs for me

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