

# Something Real

Indigo Girls

I've seen the sun on a funeral,  
the full moon in a midday sky  
Tactician politician hold his head  
and wonder why  
I'm always struck that much harder  
by the power of suggestion  
By now I know the answer's  
always in the question

Now that we're done with that  
why don't you warm the car  
All of the fields are filled  
with fresh boys playing football  
More than the weather chills,  
the bands practicing their drills  
I've got to get back to something real with you

I had to call your parents  
to get your number again  
I was either gonna be the prodigal  
or the banished friend  
We were standing against an outside wall,  
I was afraid of what you'd say  
It took me ten years to call you back  
but here we are today

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So life has brought you this:  
two marriages and three kids  
And me life as slick as ice  
that finally hit the skids  
You're as sweet as you ever were  
A slight sickness of regret washes over me  
And in the end that's all I get

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