

Real Life

Joan as Police Woman

I freeze my hands as I close the door
To wait in line so I can wait some more

And it's true what they say about love
Yes it's true what they say about life
And I'm taking it for all it's worth

I watch the numbers register on the postal scale
I think of your hands and calculate
How a man, desired, feels the weight of a letter

It's true what they say about me
That I'm out of my mind but I think that you like it
So take the chance
Be reckless with me

'Cause I'm real life
And you're real life
And we're real life
We're real life

Is it pleasing?
Six hundred thousand miles and all this solitude?
I know what is pleasing
What I'll find beneath your new pair of glasses

I've never included a name in a song
But I'm changing my ways for you
Jonathan
I need you to know
I need you to know
That I'm real life