

Real Things

Joe Nichols

I love real things built to last
Hardwood floors and stone fireplaces
And lookin' back on the past

Ice cold beer, fish that fight
Wise, old bucks and old timer's
Tellin' lies and fireflies

Rainy days, I love 'em, I always have
Screened in porches, my old straw hat
Smell of dogwoods
Early signs of spring, real things

I love real things like a hard day's work
Sinkin' my hands in fresh plowed dirt
And lovin' someone so much it hurts

New strings on an old guitar
Moonshine in a mason jar
And just feelin' alive
At peace with who you are

Real things, I love 'em, I always have
Like Grandma's kitchen and Grandpa's laugh
Stealin' that first kiss
On the front porch swing, real things

It's them real things
That I come back to every year
Like Christmas Time
With those that I hold dear

When it's real things
The truth rings so loud and clear
For those with ears to hear

I want real things like an 'I love you'
Or an amen from the very last pew
And I miss you, Dad, "Son, I miss you too"

Real things, I love 'em, I always have
Like the kinfolk shoes on a welcome mat
Sunday morning, hearing my mama sing
Real things, I love those real things
Real things