

# Rhythm Of The Real Thing

Kirsty MacColl

It was sublime, it was thunder,  
As my life got torn asunder  
I felt the rhythm of the real thing.

Falling down is nothing new  
We all fall down now, even you  
I felt the rhythm of the real thing.

Delicate and nearly new  
Cherish it and love it too  
Oh, the rhythm of the real thing.

All fall down or fall in love  
Put it up to high above  
You need the rhythm of the real thing

Colours fly and dull some men  
Exit those who might resent  
The rhythm of the real thing.

There's blood on your shirt  
Is that what you said?  
Exit laughing  
Wake up dead

We're alone now, been before  
Who can that be at my door  
Is it the rhythm of the real thing?

(spoken)

Don't cry, go get him.  
You're mine, don't let it.  
It's time, your credit