

The Real Thing

Loverboy

Begin the day with a friendly voice
A companion unobtrusive
Plays that song that's so elusive
And the magic music makes your morning mood

Off on your way, hit the open road
There is magic at your fingers
For the spirit ever lingers
Undemanding contact in your happy solitude

Invisible airwaves, crackle with life
Bright antennae, bristle with the energy
Emotional feedback on timeless wavelength
Bearing a gift beyond price, almost free

All this machinery making modern music
Can still be open-hearted
Not so boldly charted
It's really just a question of your honesty
Yeah, your honesty

One likes to believe in the freedom of music
But glittering prizes and endless compromises
Shatter the illusion of integrity, yeah

Invisible airwaves, crackle with life
Bright antennae bristle with the energy
Emotional feedback on timeless wavelength
Bearing a gift beyond price, almost free

For the words of the profits
Were written on the studio walls
And concert halls
And echoes with the sound of salesmen
Of salesmen, of salesmen