

# Reality

## Newsboys

Mom and dad, I'm fine, how are you?  
I have joined a small circus, that much is true  
I'm a little malnourished, but try to relax  
Could you find a better photo for the milk carton backs?  
Send money

Runaway  
Where's your head?  
Dreamers' dreams  
Are grounded

In reality that comes from above  
God is calling, there's no bigger love  
It's his reality that welcomes us back  
Trust and obey, there is no other way

Mom and dad, I'm fair, how's life?  
Lent the money you sent me to the clown with the knife  
My career as an acrobat hasn't begun  
But I'm busy giving blood and shoveling elephant dung  
Send money

Runaway  
Why so tense?  
Dreamers' dreams  
Will make sense

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Runaway  
Blowing smoke  
Your folks are worried  
And going broke

After the fall  
Is an all-new episode  
Reality  
Is the high road

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His reality will welcome us back  
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