

The Real Thing

The Badlees

They met up in Rockport
Where the moon rose early and the days were short
And the miles between were still too many to mention

The Blue Ridge rides at starfall
Oh, the epic scope of it all
Those days before the double-edged blade of contention

CHORUS

Sometimes passion's like a cigarette
Burning clean out 'fore it really takes wing
But you always fly high for a little while
When you think you've got the real thing

He moved in for the long haul
The '81 Hog, the guitar and all
They got an apartment, a conversation piece

But the big spark dimmed substantial
You know it's always financials
That give the portrait of happiness its nasty crease

CHORUS

Sometimes they'd find common ground
Some days he'd run to where he couldn't be found
A ride in the pines can truly inspire
The need for a soul to come clean from a waning desire

He laid there deciding
What side of a man should come out of hiding
While she laid there, the key to his conventions

She had brought some changes
But how could he pretend with all these empty pages
And the miles to go, still too many to mention

CHORUS

Do you think you got the real thing