

Too Real

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Ah

None can pull the passion loose from youth's ungrateful hands
As it stands, I'm about to make a lot of money
Gold harps in the pan
None can revolution lead with selfish needs aside
As I cried, I'm about to make a lot of money
Gold harps on the side

Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real?

The winter evening settles down
The bruised and beat up open sky, six o'clock
The city in its final dress
And now a gusty shower wraps the grimy scraps
Of withered leaves all about your feet
And then the wringing of a twitching hand
Six o'clock, six o'clock

Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?

None can pull the passion loose from youth's ungrateful hands
As it stands, I'm about to make a lot of money
Gold harps in the pan
None can revolution lead with selfish needs aside
As I climbed, I'm about to make a lot of money
Goes around and around and around
Oh yeah, boya

Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?
Is it too real for ya?