

# 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