Real (Album Mix)

Natasha Thomas

my sister had a nursery rhyme
set of figurines
she'd often let me play with them, i'd
set 'em up in different scenes
fifty plastic army men, led by superman
destroyed the ranks of mother goose
mary and her little

lamb slips away and catches
sister getting real
and i can too, as long as i don't
make a sound

when we were real and we were in love
with everyone and everything, i guess it
was the beauty of
bluebird clears his throat of phlegm
and static singing operatic

evening comes, and the butterflies are

bats eat the spider that had saddled up
beside her
and the dish, his lovin' spoon were
never found
and i'm taking flight seeking relief, the
lure of handkerchief so white
i chase it straight into the ground

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