

Make It All So Real

Steve Forbert

Take your seat in the table
Watch the cabaret fill
Ted came down for the singer
He saw the name on the bill How the minutes were draggin'
As the audience grew
Ted was growing impatient
As he swallowed his brew "It's time to welcome the artist"
He heard somebody say
Saw a face in the floodlight
And everything was okay Singer man, do your work
Sing your song, make it hurt
Sing the tears, sing the pain
Make it all so real Then the singer was singing
All his serious songs
And his Band wa a-playing
And Ted was hummin' along Meanwhile back in a corner
There was a table for two
Where sat the singer's cute lover
And she was drinkin' a few All snuggled up with a stranger
Who had his hand on her thigh
She was receivin' his message
And gazing into his eyes Singer man, do your work
Sing your song, make it hurt
Sing the tears, sing the pain
Make it all so real So the sound came a-rollin'
Tumblin' into the night
And all the people were ravin'
Sayin', "Man, our singer's alright" "He's such a burnin' performer
What a fabulous show"
Little lover was stirrin'
She was ready to go An' while the singer was wailing
She got up to depart
The crowd was stompin' and cheering
She was breakin' his heart Singer man, do your work
Sing your song, make it hurt
Sing the tears, sing the pain
Make it all so real Ted was feelin' terrific
As the crowd filtered out
Ravin' on 'bout the hero

There were whistles and shouts There was a guy with his sweetheart
Ted came walkin' on past
He could hear what was spoken
He could hear what she asked She said, "Don't you envy the hero?"
An' the fella answered his girl
"Yes, he's the ultimate singer
He's on top of the world" Singer man, do your work
Sing your song, make it hurt
Sing the tears, sing the pain
Make it all so real

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