

The Real Thing

George Strait

I was on a bus comin' back to us
From Atlanta in '53
And I picked up a Rhythm and Blues magazine
Layin' underneath my seat
And I found out the stuff they'd been playin' us
Wasn't made from grits and bone
And it would take more than the Crew Cuts
And pat Boone to take me home I want the real thing
Give me the real thing
Make it loud, I'll make you proud
Or the songs they'd sing
I don't want you under my roof with your 86 proof
Watered down 'til it tastes like tea
You're gonna pull my string
Make it the real thing for me I remember old Elvis
When he forgot to remember to forget
And when young Johnny Cash
Hadn't seen this side of big river yet
And when sun was more than daylight shinin'
On Memphis, Tennessee
And Luther and Lewis and Perkins was pickin'
And playin' them songs for me I want the real thing
Give me the real thing
Make it loud, I'll make you proud
Or the songs they'd sing
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Make it the real thing for me I want the real thing
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Make it the real thing for me You're gonna pull my string
Make it the real thing for me

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