

The Real Thing

The Kinleys

Don't want your picture in a frame on the table
Don't want your notes on the wall
Don't want your voice on the phone machine baby
Don't want your stuff in the hall Don't want your smell on the pillow next to me
No roses at my front door
No dedication on the radio station
No substitutions no more I just want the real thing that's how it is
Your tender touch baby, your sweet kiss
No imitation darling, that's not my business
I'm talking 'bout the genuine thing
The real thing Don't wanna hear about how much you miss me
And wish you had a little more time
But if you really want to try to convince me
Try with your lips next time In my arms, in the flesh
A little ole fashioned tenderness
No ruby ring, no Taj Mahal
I just need you and that's all I just want the real thing that's how it is
Your tender touch baby, your sweet kiss
No imitation darling, that's not my business
I'm talking 'bout the genuine thing
The real thing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>