Real

James Wesley

Five-hundred channels and there ain't much on tonight
Except reality shows about some folk's so-called lives
A pretty girl cries 'cause she don't get a rose
But she'll find love next year on her own showAnd they call that realReal is a hand you hold fifty-seven years
Real is a band of gold tremblin' with fear
It's the first long tear down an old man's face, watchin' his angel slippin' away
His heart's so broke, it's never gonna healI call that realWhere I live, housewives don't act like that
And the survivors are farmers in John Deere hats
Our amazin' race is beatin' the check
Prayin' that the bank ain't ran it through yetReal, like too much rain fallin' from the sky
Real, like the drought that came around here last July
It's the damn boll weevils and the market and the weeds, the prayer they're sayin' when they plant the seeds
And the chance they take to bring us our next mealI call that realReal, like a job you lose 'cause it moves to Mexico
Like a mama and a baby with no safe place to go
Like a little dream-house with a big old foreclosed sign
Like a flag-draped coffin and a twenty-one gun goodbyeI call that real
Man, I call that real
Oh, I call that real

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