

# 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 show  
And they call that real  
Real 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 heal  
I call that real  
Where 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 yet  
Real, 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 meal  
I call that real  
Real, 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 goodbye  
I call that real  
Man, I call that real  
Oh, I call that real

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