

Reality Used To Be A Friend Of Mine

P.M. Dawn

[Chorus]

Reality used to be a friend of mine

Reality used to be a friend of mine

Maybe "why?" is the question that's on you mind

But reality used to be a friend of mine

Reality used to be a friend of mine.

Reality used to be a friend of mine

Please don't ask me 'cause I don't know why,

but reality used to be a friend of mine.I used to be friends with reality

She used to be a pal real close to me

But she tried to hide from me what was in store

Tried to house me but a house has doors

I was insane and the picture was crazy

So the relevance here seems to be a bit hazy

But I tried to explain this in the simplest terms

But she let the cross burn and it was my turn to say,

"The roses are red, and violets are blue,
and things are gonna stay that way, too"

And I was the nut to believe all of this

I figured life would just hand me bliss

Now I have to worry about certain doom

Or will I be here tomorrow afternoon

Now ask me about the future.[Chorus]I remember Sandy gave me a hand.

Now I'm known as the maniac man

Looking and searching for a shred of proof

Knowing any time this world could go poof

Now what might happen without me knowin'

That's why I find myself always tip-tip toeing

She tried to let prophecy sneak ip on me

But I woke up, I told her "Yo step off me"

What you want me to do?

You want me to sweat blood,

And hang up on your strings like a marionette does?

Go to the PM on the dock of the bay, sit

You need a clue. Go back to the basics.

She needs to learn her ABC's

Her and I sail on different seas.

She sees different from what I sees.

{Do you believe? Hell no}[Chorus]I lost touch with reality.

I keep it as far as I can from Prince Be
I just didn't run with the way she flowed,
To where I just said "Yo, I gots to go"
But my heart wasn't ill or mad at her
I just chose to laugh at her
And disregard everything she tells me
Believe in her and she's happy and healthy
What is real, a positive plane
Reality and life are no the same
as to her equivalent to what is real
She doesn't appeal to how I feel
Maybe I should try transchanneling her
{Prince, you're taking this trip to far}
Okay, fine, nevermind
But reality used to be a friend of min[Chorus x2]Chase the blues away
Take your mind off reality and leave her alone

Songwriters

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