

# Living In The Real World

## Blondie

(Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, UH  
ONE TWO A-ONE TWO THREE FOUR!!!)  
Every day you've go to wake up  
Disappear behind your makeup  
Take away your calendar watch  
And you can't keep track until your heart attack  
Hey, I'm living in a magazine, page to page in my submarine  
Hey now, Cindy, you can't get to me  
Need an elevator? Hey, I'll see you later 'Cause I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
No more, no more, yeah I can be whatever I want to  
I talk to me, I even agree  
Every day's a holiday  
You can look through the glass and take a photograph  
You will never ever walk on the moon, leave your body  
and float through the room  
You could never conquer me  
'Cause I'm not here and you're not there, yeah  
And I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
No more, no more, yeah  
Didn't I ever tell you I was gone?  
Didn't I ever tell you I was gone? Bye bye I can do anything at all  
I'm invisible and I'm twenty feet tall  
Pull the plug on your digital clock  
And it all goes dark and the bodies stop  
Hey, I'm living in a magazine, page to page in my teenage dream  
Hey, now, Mary, you can't follow me  
Without a satellite - I'm on a power flight 'Cause I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
No more, no more I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
I'm not living in the real world  
No more, no more, no more  
No more, no more, no more

Songwriters

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