

# Real Things

[Joe Nichols](#)

I love real things built to last  
Hardwood floors and stone fireplaces  
And lookin' back on the pastIce cold beer, fish that fight  
Wise, old bucks and old timer's  
Tellin' lies and firefliesRainy days, I love 'em, I always have  
Screened in porches, my old straw hat  
Smell of dogwoods  
Early signs of spring, real thingsI love real things like a hard day's work  
Sinkin' my hands in fresh plowed dirt  
And lovin' someone so much it hurtsNew strings on an old guitar  
Moonshine in a mason jar  
And just feelin' alive  
At peace with who you areReal things, I love 'em, I always have  
Like Grandma's kitchen and Grandpa's laugh  
Stealin' that first kiss  
On the front porch swing, real thingsIt's them real things  
That I come back to every year  
Like Christmas Time  
With those that I hold dearWhen it's real things  
The truth rings so loud and clear  
For those with ears to hearI want real things like an 'I love you'  
Or an amen from the very last pew  
And I miss you, Dad, "Son, I miss you too"Real things, I love 'em, I always have  
Like the kinfolk shoes on a welcome mat  
Sunday morning, hearing my mama sing  
Real things, I love those real things  
Real things

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