Real To Me

Nichole Nordeman

I was certain that I knew you
At the tender age of twelve
You'd so often been described by those
Who said they knew you well
Dark and rugged in your thirties
With a smile as bright as your robeEvery teacher, every preacher
With the very best intent
Found new ways to hide the mystery
Replaced by common sense
And to know you was to keep you in my pocket
So easy to holdI know I can't explain you
I would not even try to
And yet it's clear that you are here beside me
I marvel and I wonder
So near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are?It is easy to insist
On what is packaged and precise
And dismiss the clear suspicion
That you're bigger than we'd like
It is tempting to regard you as familiar
In so many waysI know I can't explain you
I would not even try to
And still it's clear that you are here beside me
I marvel and I wonder
So near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are?I've tried to draw these lines around you
A definition or an absolute
But I could not be satisfied with black or white
There is so much more
There is so much youI know I can't explain you
I would not even try to
And still it's clear that you are here beside me
I marvel and I wonder
So near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are?I marvel and I wonder
So near and somehow still so far
What makes you who you are?It's a mystery
It's a mystery

Songwriters
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