

Nothing Is Real but the Girl

Blondie

Some days are all Mondays.
Sort of time on ice.
It seems like jet planes on snowed in runways under clear blue skies.
Who needs it? Nothing is real but the girl.
Nothing is real but her. Money goes to money in a figure eight around me.
Money.
Who's gonna love me if I liquidate and drown me? Nothing is real but the girl.
Nothing else feels solid. We believe in love.
We believe in little things like Heaven up above and seven.
It's a lucky number!
We believe that something lives inside every thing there is.
Don't think about it much.
I mean it.
I believe it.
I believe it. Wind down.
Put your mind down like your missing school.
You'll teach her to find out while your dying in your living room how much you need her. Nothing is real but
the girl.
Only her eyes are solid.
Nothing is real but her.
Nothing is real but the girl.

Songwriters

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