

The Real Deal

UFO

She seen my momma, took me to delights.
She go dizzy without warning.
She wrap you up, like a Saturday night Show you [?] until the morning. You can hear the angels singing,
at the admiral Amsterdam.
Lyin on a naked bed,
Hear the radio jam. No more sleeping, cos this is the real deal.
No more talking, cos this is the real deal.
I won't be forsaken, cos this is the real, real, real deal, baby.
No more fakin', cos this is the real deal, baby.
She spins me round like a donkey by the tail,
She has a mystical power.
She points her finger to the gunpowder trail,
I think I'm climbing higher. You can hear the angels singing,
at the admiral Amsterdam.
Spread out here on the naked sheet,
Listening to the radio jam. No more sleeping, cos this is the real deal, yes it is.
I ain't for fakin' it, cos this is the real deal.
I ain't forsakin', cos this is the real deal, baby.
No more fakin', cos this is the real deal, the real deal, baby. And we said goodbye to the morning,
And the fallen sky.
The meanest year we ever saw,
before we said goodbye.
Goodbye.
This is the real deal, oh yeah.
This is the real deal, baby.
This is the real deal,
Accept no substitute.
This is the real deal.
This is the real deal.

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