The Real Thing

Warren Haynes

He wore a song around his neck
Like some medal of honor
He carried his wisdom like a knife
An empty pocket was a temporary chain
Knowing you've got it coming
Ain't no crimeEvery blue note that rolled off his tongue
You could feel his soul twisting right in two
Nobody knew where he came from
Ah but everybody knew, everybody knewHe was the real thing
No doubt about it
The kind that you remember when they're gone
The real thing
Put here for a reason
We knew someday the whole world
Was going to know his name
He was the real thingShe whispered in his ear, and he heard the thunder
Singing 'bout a world he never knew
Head spinning round, he began to wonder
Was he made to love her, or born to sing the bluesHe searched inside him for an answer
But all he found was a troubled mind
He left her somewhere on the blue highway
Oh it wasn't just another love that he left behindIt was the real thing
No doubt about it
The kind that you remember when it's gone
The real thing
Not like passion's fire
But a burning, smoldering, eternal flame
It was the real thingAnd sometimes at night he longs for her whisper
But he hides from the dawn, 'cause he always wakes to find her goneIn some broken down dressing room in some major city
The thunder plays an old familiar tune
He spies a face of a distant angel
Outside, beneath the halo moonFinger on the trigger, needle in the vein
One more bullet, it might be your last ride
This is ain't no no-show, this ain't no nervous breakdown
And it sure as hell ain't the time to let the fool decideThis is the real thing
No doubt about it
Who cares if they love you and you're gone
This is the real thing

So you were put here for a reason
But what gives you the right to quit when you're tired
Anyway boy, this ain't no game
This is the real thingHe wore a song around his neck
Like some medal of honor
He carried his wisdom like a knife

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