

# For Real

David Wilcox

from East Asheville Hardware  
.....- (by Bob Franke) Death took the husband of a neighbor of mine  
On a highway with a drunk at the wheel  
She told me keep your clean hands off the laundry he left  
And don't tell me you know how I feel  
She had a tape that he'd sent her from a Holiday Inn  
That she never played much in the day  
But when I heard him say I love you through the window at night  
I just stayed the hell away Chorus:  
There's a hole in the middle in the middle of the prettiest life  
So the lawyers and the prophets say  
Not your father nor your mother nor your lover's ever gonna make it go away  
Now there's too much darkness in an endless night  
To be afraid of the way we feel  
Let's be kind to each other  
Not forever but for real My father never put his parachute on  
In the pacific back in World War II  
He said he'd rather go down in familiar flame  
Than get lost in that endless blue  
Well some of that blue got into my eyes  
And we never stopped fighting that war  
Until I first understood about endlessness  
And I loved him like never before There's a hole in the middle in the middle of the prettiest life  
So the lawyers and the prophets say  
Not your father nor your mother nor your lover's ever gonna make it go away  
Now there's too much darkness in an endless night  
To be ashamed of the way we feel  
Let's be kind to each other  
Not forever but for real Lucky my daughter got her mother's nose  
And just a little of her father's eyes  
And we've got just enough love  
That when the longing takes me  
It takes me by surprise  
And I remember that longing from my highway days  
When I never could give it a name  
And it's lucky that I discovered in the nick of time  
That the woman and the child aren't to blame For the hole in the middle of a pretty good life  
I only face it 'cause it's here to stay  
Not my father nor my mother nor my daughter nor my lover

Nor the highway made it go away  
But now there's too much darkness in an endless night  
to be afraid of the way I feel  
I'll be kind to my loved ones  
Not forever but for real Some say god is a lover, some say it's an endless void  
And some say both, and some say she's angry  
And some say just annoyed  
But if god felt a hammer in the palm of his hand  
Then god knows the way we feel  
And then love lasts forever  
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