Love Is Real

Dean Friedman

By dean friedmanHe was a rumpled romeo with a 10 speed bike and a stereo,
She was a dauntless damsel in a dress with her lovelight all aglow.
He picked her up in the parking lot with a whole bouquet of forget-me-nots,
Two tickets and a gift wrapped box of oreo's. she said,Oooh. love is real.
Nothing you can do or say will ever change the way I feel,
Oooh. love is realThey went to a picture show,
The lights went on and they got up to go.
He said "well" and she said "i don't know."
He put the car in gear and she sat very near.
He turned the wheel and she whispered in his ear so soft and low. she said,Oooh. love is real.
Nothing you can do or say will ever change the way I feel,
Oooh. love is realThey were headed for their destiny.
They were headed for a place the ground would yield.
They were headed for the baseball field.And as they fell through space, the moonlight touched her face.
They found a quiet place where teenage lovers go.
They kissed and shed their clothes,
She took his hand and held him close,
Underneath the bleachers in the dark where the tall grass grows. she said,Oooh. love is real.
Nothing you can do or say can ever change the way I feel,
Oooh. love is real.

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