Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing

The Jackson 5

Ain't nothing like the real thing, baby.
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I got your picture hangin' on the wall,
But it can't see or come to me when I call your name.
I realize it's just a picture inside a frame.

I read your letters when you're not near me,
But they don't move me, and they don't groove me
Like when I hear your sweet voice whispering in my ear.
I play the game, a fantasy.
I pretend I'm not in reality.
I need the shelter of your arms to comfort me.

I got some memories to look back on
And though they help me when you're gone,
I'm well aware nothin' can take the place of you being there.
No other sound is quite the same as your name.
No touch can do half as much to make me feel better,
So let's get together.

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