

Nothing Is Real But the Girl

Blondie

Some days are all Mondays, sort of time on ice
It seems like jet planes on snowed in runways
Under clear blue skies, who needs it? Nothing is real but the girl, nothing is real but her
Money goes to money in
a figure eight around me
Money, who's gonna love me if I liquidate and drown me? Nothing is real but the girl, nothing else feels
solid We believe in love, we believe in little things
Like Heaven up above and seven, it's a lucky number
We believe that something lives inside every thing there is
Don't think about it much, I mean it, I believe it, I believe it
Wind down, put your mind down like your missing
school
You'll teach her to find out while your dying in your living room
How much you need her Nothing is real but the girl, only her eyes are solid
Nothing is real but her, nothing is real but the girl

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