

The Real Thing

Warren Haynes

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

He wore a song around his neck like some medal of honor
Carried his wisdom, lucky knife
An empty pocket was a temporary chain
Knowing you've got it coming, ain't no crime Every blue note that rolled off his tongue
You could feel his soul twisting right into
Nobody knew where he came from
Oh but everybody knew, everybody knew He 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
Yeah, he was the real thing She 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 blues He searched inside him for the answer
But all he found was a troubled mind
He left her somewhere on the blue highway
But it wasn't just another love that he left behind It was the real thing, no doubt about it
The kind that you remember when he's gone
The real thing, not like passion's fine
But a burning, smoldering, oh, eternal flame And sometimes at night he longs for her whisper
But he hides from the dawn
'Cause he always wakes to find her gone In some broken down dressing room, in some major city
The thunder plays an old familiar tune
He spies the face of a distant angel
Outside beneath the halo moon Finger 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 decide This is the real thing, no doubt about it
Who cares if they love you when 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 thing
He wore a song around his neck
Like some medal of honor
He carried his wisdom like a knife

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