

# Real to Me

Brian McFadden

Bullshit dinners and the free champagne  
Men in suits who think they know it all  
No one knows me but they know my name  
That's not real to me Hotel lobby to the aeroplane  
Another country but they start to look the same  
Watch the world behind a windowpane  
That's not real to me When I see my babies run  
When all the madness has been and gone  
I'll raise my family and live in peace  
Now, that's what's real to me, real to me  
Dying flowers in a dressing room  
A dangerous time to let your head make up it's own mind  
Got me thinking that the spirit's flown  
That's not real to me When I see my babies run  
When all the madness has been and gone  
I'll raise my family and live in peace  
Now, that's what's real to me Picnics in the garden  
Then the children they can play  
The first day of the summer and I laze here all the day  
And we'll invite the family round And drink some English tea  
Then I raise up my finger and watch football on TV  
Yeah, oh, now that's what's real to me  
When I see my babies run  
When all the madness has been and gone  
I'll raise my family and live in peace  
Now, that's what real to me, that's  
What's real to me, real to me  
Wake up, you might be dreaming  
Wake up, you might be dreaming now

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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