

Real Life

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She, satin dress
He on the street, no address
They meet and the world just stops
Eyes lock tight, and jaws drop

Once, one on one
Crisis to crisis, under the gun
Now, worlds apart
One without a soul, one without a heart.

Real life in the city
Life raw not pretty
Life without pity
Real life.

Thinking back on better days
Looking for the love beneath the haze
But when the fog began to clear
The differences between became severe, no cheer

Now, on her own
Surprised to find him here without a home
He can't think of what to say
There's no explaining it away.

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Life raw not pretty
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As she turns to walk away
She reaches in her purse for some change
He picks it up, puts it in his cup
Then listens to the sound the quarters make, as he shakes.

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