

Real

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You don't need that guru, you don't need that shrink

Don't need a wife or a husband to tell you what to think.

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You don't need that long, lost soul mate

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Don't need to find that missing link.

B7

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Lots of layers left to peel, just trying to make it real.

Lay down your burden, cousin, lay down your load.

Take your foot off of the pedal, ease your rig off of the road.

We don't need that keynote speaker, to tell what we already know.

Lots of layers left to peel, just trying to make it real.

Put down your coffee, put down your book,

Put down your binoculars and take a closer look.

We don't need Martha Stewart just to tell us what to cook.

Lots of layers left to peel, just trying to make it real.

Turn off the Rose Bowl, turn down the heat,

Put down that bag of chips, you don't need something to eat,

But I still need a metronome, just to keep a steady beat.

Lots of layers left to peel, just trying to make it real

You put your whole self in, you put your whole self out,

You put your whole self in, and you shake yourself about.

You've got to do that hokey-pokey, man, you've got to turn yourself around.

Lots of layers left, no doubt, but that's what it's all about.

Lots of layers left to peel, just trying to make it...

Cause it's time to take it,

We really, really can't fake it,

Or else we'll half bake it,

So let's just get naked,

So we can make it real.

Intro/V1/V2/break/V3/V4/break/V5/Outro turnaround