

Headache. The girl she says she's got a headache
What she needs is just a handshake
Squeezing out all of the bad excuses she can make
Mornings- There will be some ugly mornings
But at least I'll know what love means
Love that lets me be as human as can be
I don't have to fake it
I won't have to lead you on
I'm as real as they come and
I don't see how some women put you on
Fakers With your lipo and your lipstick
You make it easy for a real chick
To see the horror pouring out of your ruby lips
Perfect I thank God that I'm not perfect
I happen to like all my defects
But my TV don't agree and I don't give a shit
I won't have to fake it
I don't have to put you on
I'm as real as they come
And I don't see how some women lead you on
I won't have to fake it
I won't have to put you on
And I don't like the way that I'm put on display
For your sorry eyes sorry eyes
Here comes the real one
Here comes the real thing
Here comes the real one
I don't have to fake it
I don't have to put you on
I'm as real as they come
And I don't see how some women lead you on
I don't have to fake it
I won't have to lead you on
And I don't understand why would a man
Want a circus clown