

Blanca - Real Love

Tom: G

This isn't easy
 For me to admit
 I got a fire inside and some words I know I can't keep in
 I see faith turning
 Into a show
 Of Sundays and sermons
 And words getting caught in the flow

Oh, but we got real pain and real fears
 Thirsting for the drying of our real tears
 It's not satisfying anymore
 Ain't it true that the veil was torn

I don't need no stained glass
 To be washed in His blood
 I don't need no perfect, put together pretty words
 To be enough, no
 I want Jesus and His real love
 Something that I crave deep inside of my bones
 Soooo-ooo you can leave your religion at home

Spent my life trying
 To keep all the rules
 Now I know it's about what He's already done
 Not about what I think that I gotta do

I don't need no stained glass
 To be washed in His blood
 I don't need no perfect, put together pretty words
 To be enough, no
 I want Jesus and His real love
 Something that I crave deep inside of my bones
 Soooo-ooo you can leave your religion at home

I want real, real love, hey
 I got real pain and real fears
 Thirsting for the drying of real tears
 It's not satisfying anymore
 Ain't it true that the veil was torn

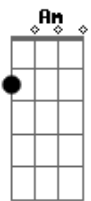
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 Soooo-ooo you can leave your religion at home

I want real, real love
 I want real, real love
 I want real, real love
 Oh, yeah, yeah

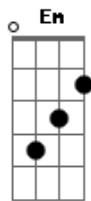
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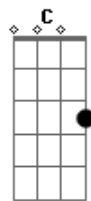
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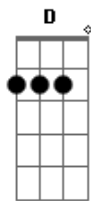
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