

Blanca - Real Love

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Tom: G
                                                                 I don't need no stained glass
                                                                 To be washed in His blood
This isn't easy
For me to admit
                                                                 I don't need no perfect, put together pretty words
     G
                            Am
                                                                        Em
I got a fire inside and some words I know I can't keep in
                                                                 To be enough, no
                                                                                       D
I see faith turning
                                                                 I want Jesus and His real love
   Em
                                                                            G
                                                                 Something that I crave deep inside of my bones D \stackrel{\square}{\text{C}}
Into a show
Of Sundays and sermons
                                                                 Soooo-ooo you can leave your religion at home
And words getting caught in the flow
                                                                 I want real, real love, hey
Oh, but we got real pain and real fears ${\color{red} {\rm D}}$
                                                                 I got real pain and real fears
Thirsting for the drying of our real tears \frac{Am}{G}
                                                                 Thirsting for the drying of real tears \frac{Am}{G}
It's not satisfying anymore
                                                                 It's not satisfying anymore
Ain't it true that the veil was torn
                                                                 Ain't it true that the veil was torn
I don't need no stained glass
                                                                 I don't need no stained glass
To be washed in His blood
                                                                 To be washed in His blood
              С
I don't need no perfect, put together pretty words
                                                                 I don't need no perfect, put together pretty words
       Em
To be enough, no
                                                                 To be enough, no
I want Jesus and His real love
                                                                  C
                                                                 I want Jesus and His real love
Something that I crave deep inside of my bones D C D G C
                                                                 Something that I crave deep inside of my bones
Soooo-ooo you can leave your religion at home
                                                                 D C D
                                                                 Soooo-ooo you can leave your religion at home
Spent my life trying
                                                                 I want real, real love
To keep all the rules
                                                                 I want real, real love
               G
Now I know it's about what He's already done
                                                                    Am
                                                                 I want real, real love
Not about what I think that I gotta do
                                                                 Oh, yeah, yeah
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Acordes

