

# Kanye West, Pinocchio Story

[Intro]

Wise man say, wise man say  
Wise man say  
You'll never figure out real love  
Never figure out real love  
You'll never figure out real love

[Verse 1]

It's so crazy, crazy-crazy  
I got everything figured out  
But for some reason, I can never find what real love is about  
No doubt  
Everything in the world figured out  
But I can never seem to find what real love was about  
Do you think I'd sacrifice real life  
For all the fame and flashing lights?  
Do you think I'd sacrifice a real life  
For all the fame and flashing lights?  
There is no Gucci I can buy  
There is no Louis Vuitton to put on  
There is no YSL that they could sell  
To get my heart out of this hell and my mind out of this jail  
There is no clothes that I could buy  
That could turn back in time  
There is no vacation spot I could fly  
That could bring back a piece of real life  
Real life, what does it feel like?  
I ask you tonight, I ask you tonight  
What does it feel like? I ask you tonight  
To live a real life

[Chorus]

I just wanna be a real boy  
They always say: "Kanye, he keeps it real, boy"  
Pinocchio's story is, I just wanna be a real boy  
Pinocchio's story goes, to be a real boy

[Verse 2]

It's funny  
Pinocchio lied and that's what kept him from it  
I tell the truth and I keep running  
It's like I'm lookin' for something out there, trying to find something  
I turn on the TV and see me and see nothing  
What does it feel like to live real life, to be real?  
Not some façade on TV that no one can really feel  
Do you really have the stamina?  
For everybody that sees you that say: "where's my camera?"  
For everybody that sees you to say: "sign an autograph"  
For everybody that sees you cryin' that say you oughta laugh  
You oughta laugh

[Chorus]

I just wanna be a real boy  
Pinocchio's story goes  
I just wanna be a real boy  
Pinocchio's story goes

[Verse 3]

And there is no Gepetto to guide me  
No one right beside me  
The only one was behind me  
I can't find her no more, I can't call her no more  
I can't—  
The only one that come out on the tour and screams

Back when I was livin' at home and this was all a big dream  
And the fame will be get-got  
And the day I moved to L.A., maybe that was all my fault  
All my fault to be a real boy, chasin' the American dream  
Chasin' everything we seen up on the TV screen  
And when, uh, the Benz was left  
And the clothes was left, and the hoes was left  
You talk the hoes to death thinkin' the money that the—  
You spend the dough to death  
And tell me what be left for a real boy  
They say: "Kanye, you keep it too real, boy"  
Perspective, and wise man say  
One day, you'll find your way  
The wise man say you'll find your way  
The wise man say you'll find your way  
Wise man say