

After Midnight Project, The Real Thing

These pills are the medicine
That we use to hide behind when we're awake
Money is everything, we blanket ourselves under the greed
Fancy cars, elastic smiles, what a show
I better wrap my heart in cellophane
'Cause this is not the real thing
This is not real, is not real
I delve for absolution,
But my thoughts get distracted by desire
Yea it's all about who you know
And it's all about being the biggest star
The sugar keeps us sweet for an hour at a time
All aboard the bullet train
'Cause this is not the real thing
This is not real, is not real
I want it all and I want it now
Pick me up from the ground just to throw me down
I'm scared of you, the one
Who throws opinions each and every way
You're not real
I saw you on the screen last night
You looked glamorous with pearl,
Diamonds and Novocain
You looked happier than sin
Your bleeding heart is paper-thin
You are so far away from where you belong
'Cause this is not the real thing
This is not real, is not real
I want it all and I want it now
Pick me up from the ground just to throw me down
This is not, this is not the real thing
I know it's not, I know it's not
It's not the real thing