

Chroma Key, On The Page

Tell me something stupid
Auction off my diary
Life is getting esoteric
Let me in your movie
Each time I walk out the door
Someone mixes metaphor
Life is so much cleaner on the page
It's like the morning when I'm dreaming
And everything is so pristine
It's just a seven hour movie
And I'm in every scene
Let me in my TV
And get this tape to Tori
Got to have a subplot
When I sell them my life story

Maybe I should write it first
Do the living later
'Cause life is so much
Cleaner on the page
It's like the time I lost my body
And then I saw it on TV
Somehow it shed a whole dimension
It still looked like me
Hey, that looks like me
Each time I write lines for it
Someone improvises it
Life is so much cleaner on the page
Life is so much cleaner on the page