

Bright Eyes, False Advertising

On a string I was held.
The way that I move, can you tell?
My actions are orchestratedated from above.
So I swing and I sway.
Wave my hand. Kick my leg.
And it is always right with the music.
"Until all that swaying starts to make you sick"
For a song I was bought.
Now I lie when I talk with a careful eye on the cue card.
Onto a stage, I was pushed with my sorrow well rehearsed.
So give me all your pity and your money. Now.
"We used to think that sound was something pure"
If I could act like this was my real life and not some cage where I've been placed,
then, I could tell you the truth like I used to and not be afraid of sounding fake.
Now all that anyone is listening for are the mistakes.
In a house, by myself, I hear the ice start to melt and watch rooftops weep for the sunlight.
And I know what must change. Fuck my face. Fuck my name.
They are brief and false advertisements for a soul I don't have.
Something true I have lacked and spent my whole life trying to make up for.
But I found in a song and in the people I love.
They will lift me up out of darkness.
Now my door stands open. I am inviting everyone in.
We're gonna laugh, we're gonna drink until the morning comes.
That is what we are going to do.