

# 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.