

Fiction Plane, Presuppose

I presuppose you're one of those
whose deepest prose is chiefly pose
and just like you my stinking rose
I'd rather lose my morals than my nose
you're beauty in the sky
the buoyant flight the happy lie
invent perfection in your brain to catch you when you fall again

sing
all this time
spent to please the eye

maybe you never had it at all (at all)
maybe you don't need it anyway (anyway)
maybe you were waiting for the fall
to teach you about the value of a day

I've never seen a better day than today
I've never seen a mirror get in death's way
I've never seen self-hate dressed up so nice
I've never seen fun preserved in ice

you're beauty in the sky
the buoyant flight the happy lie
invent perfection in your brain to catch you when you fall again

sing
all this time
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maybe you never had it at all (at all)
maybe you don't need it anyway (anyway)
maybe you were waiting for the fall
to teach you about the value of a day

baby, you were wrong about your face (your face)
don't curse your luck
your luck don't need to change (need to change)
something that is broken in your smile
a speck of dust just falling into space

maybe you never had it at all
maybe you don't need it anyway
maybe you were waiting for the fall

maybe you were wrong about your face (your face)
don't curse your luck
your luck don't need to change (need to change)
something that is broken in your smile
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I'm no one
I'm no one
I'm no one
I'm no one

I'm no one
I'm no one
I'm no one
I'm no one

I'm no one
I'm no one
I'm no one

at all