

Little People

Psychotic Waltz

I feel again I'm coming home
To find the peace I feel alone
My television friends have gone
Now I can take my time to talk about them

They're nice to me, they smile to me
They are what they'd like me to be
I let them keep my company
And I don't even care what they're selling
They're only selling

Look into these little boxes
Bluer weather, greener grass
Everyone has lots of money
Everyone's in style

Little people, little houses
Happy living little lives
When they wake up with perfect makeup
It makes me sick

Don't need a life of my own, you know I'm so satisfied
Deep in the screen they have made me believe
I'm so pacified
They keep me asleep with each day they repeat
This life they pretend to me

I took my television, unplugged it from the wall
Tiny people crawling as I broke it on the floor
I put them in my pockets, took them where they can't be found
Then I held them in my hands
Then I made them do really bad things

Now I'm afraid to be at home
Because I fear I'm not alone
My television friends have grown
Now I'm afraid of what they might be selling
What are they selling