

False Advertising

Bright Eyes

On a string
On a string

On a string, I was held the way 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's 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 all of it

We used to think that sound was something pure

But if I could act like this was my real life
And not some cage, where I've been placed
Well then, I could tell you the truth like I used to
And not be afraid of sounding fake
Now all anyone's listening for are the mistakes

Ahh, I'm sorry
No, it's okay, it's okay
One, two, three
One, two, three

In a house by myself I hear the ice start to melt
And I'll watch the 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 somethin' true, I have lacked
And spent my whole life tryin' to make up for
But I found in a song and in the people I love
They will lift me up out of darkness

And now my door, it stands open
I'm inviting everyone in we're gonna laugh
We're gonna drink, until' the morning comes
That's what we're gonna do come on, come on