

## 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