

Being Somebody Else

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How are you going to pass the time of day
In your beautiful empty shell,
When you've shaken the hands of so many sinceroes
You feel like a fake yourself.

How do you choose between you and me
When we both feed on being somebody else.

So you suck on the juice of youth and use any chemical you can
get
You get deeper in debt every step you take on your ladder of li
felessness.
Bye bye to the boring times,
Hello to my friend, how you been being somebody else?

Now the troops in your head won't obey what you say
And the mutiny seems to spread.
And all you can hear is a voice in your ear and it's telling yo
u that you're dead.

The sun sets in a coffee cup, the moon throws up
The flood flows over the house,
The books start jumping from the shelf
And the clothes horse races itself,
Now we're all so busy being somebody else.