

## Pseudologia Fantastica

Foster the People

Faded and worn at the seams  
A psychotropic wanderlust, sick and laughing  
Their words bear their teeth into the wall  
I promised I would rid the world of feral animals

See you smiling with your feet up like your hero's  
You'd offer yourself to save your reputation  
Strong and fearless and deprived just like your heroes  
Are you sharpening your sword, well you'll fade out anyway

Why'd you say  
Why'd you say that you'd come right back for my love, for my faith?  
All the promises you made never realized  
Why'd you say  
Why'd you say that you'd come right back for my love, for my strength?  
All the promises you made never realized

Fill the air with what you like  
Another weekend massacre of opinion  
Don't be afraid of the knife, sometimes you have  
To cut the limb to survive

I see you smiling with your feet up like your heroes  
You'd offer yourself to save your reputation  
Strong and fearless and deprived just like your heroes  
Are you sharpening your sword, well you'll bleed out anyway

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Why'd you say that you'd come right back for my love, for my faith?  
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You got to love the madness of the feeling  
Don't have to rush the freshness of beginning  
You got to get back up and face your demons  
Don't ever be afraid of starting over