

## 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