

# Selling the News

Switchfoot

Welcome to the holy city a silver screen  
Built with the lens and a low self esteem  
A teenagers plea for meaning and means  
Were selling the news  
See opinions are easier to swallow than facts  
The grays instead of the whites and the blacks  
If you shoot it too straight they wont come back  
Were selling the news  
See money speaks volumes louder than words  
And virtues with wings maybe not quite at first  
But their salaries are paying for the ad not the verbs  
Were selling the news  
See all men are equal all is for sale  
A powerful dog has been chasing his tail  
The lowest common denominator prevails  
Were selling the news

I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
The fact is fiction  
I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
Suspicion is a new religion

America listens the story is told  
Of our aim on truth the story unfolds  
The ratings determine the story was sold  
Were selling the news  
Begging the question longer in fear  
Stroking the eyes and tickling ears  
It's seldom just as it appears  
Were selling the news

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I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
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I want to believe you  
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I can see your talking heads  
On the television set  
On the internet they said  
That fact is fiction  
Suspicion is a new religion

Substance oh substance where have you been  
You've been replaced by the masters of spin  
who make good looking books and write history in  
Were selling the news  
The lines start to blur I get so confused  
I get shiny new models mixed up with the blues  
I get binary code mixed up with abuse

The facts are simply one option to choose  
When nothing is sacred there's nothing to lose  
When nothing is sacred all is consumed  
Were still on the air it must be the truth  
Were selling the news

I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
The fact is fiction  
I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction

I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything I see is greed  
The fact is fiction  
Suspicion is a new religion