

Ella Blame "Cyberlover"

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You're shoveling tons of bits and bytes
Through fiberglass lines and copper wires,
Downloading hundreds of beauties' pictures,
Restless, being driven by desires.

For you, real life begins behind that screen,
Through which you try to peek outside yourself,
But, as every night, you're alone on the scene,
Hunting for that imaginary woman of your dream,
dream.

Eager to see if your ad was answered,
That you have placed the evening before,
Telling you're honest and good-looking,
You're trying to retrieve e-mail once more.

The world news flicker flashy on TV,
Muted politician and celebrity.
Canned lager beer evaporates since hours,
Overflowing ashtray, withered flowers, flowers.
Flowers, flowers.

Cyberlover, your dreams won't ever come true,
Ever come true!

You spend eons in chat rooms each night,
Hoping to find a woman who's no fake,
Later, you're lying on your bed awake,
Feeling something around your heart too tight.

After having typed the story of your life,
The other one who seemed to share your thoughts,
Finally admitted that he was male,
And going to bed, expected by his wife, wife.

Cyberlover!

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