

Gathering

"Looks Like The Real Thing"

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I can tell you're lying
It cuts through my belly
Let the dull colors spill right down to my shoes
And the children gather 'round to lap it up
And the children gather round
I am empty
Others are overfilled on what I've given up, so come on
I can tell you're lying
To them it's Technicolor
I can tell you're lying. It cuts through my belly
Lies this deck is stacked with lies
But no one knows the difference
So what's the difference? You see
We all walk on a string
If I bounce you bounce too
It's all connected
The sun carries the hanging moon from it's shoulders
and says
"If I don't shine, then you don't shine"
And if I fail and you succeed what does it mean
Their eyes are sunken. Come on look at them
These kids have needs
We balance on a string
When it's all over maybe then you'll see you're
Blinded by your greed
Are you blinded?
Are you blinded?
I can tell you're lying

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