

## Chroma Key "On The Page"

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Tell me something stupid  
Auction off my diary  
Life is getting esoteric  
Let me in your movie

Each time I walk out the door  
Someone mixes metaphor  
Life is so much cleaner on the page

It's like the morning when I'm dreaming  
And everything is so pristine  
It's just a seven hour movie  
And I'm in every scene

Let me in my TV  
And get this tape to Tori  
Got to have a subplot

When I sell them my life story

Maybe I should write it first  
Do the living later  
'Cause life is so much  
Cleaner on the page

It's like the time I lost my body  
And then I saw it on TV  
Somehow it shed a whole dimension  
It still looked like me  
Hey, that looks like me

Each time I write lines for it  
Someone improvises it  
Life is so much cleaner on the page  
Life is so much cleaner on the page

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