

## Nathan Johnson "The Fabulist"

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You came to me  
In the hospital ward when I blew out my knee  
But I wasn't there to be cared for or carried  
'Cause I was asleep  
In my bed, in my house at the end of our street  
While you drove across town at 3:00 in the morning  
It was fake  
For the sake  
Of making you take me for real  
But I guess you're even less impressed  
If the world is a stage  
And we're all of us actors in some cosmic play  
I am the man at the masquerade  
Who was fake  
For the sake  
Of making you take me for real  
But I guess you're even less impressed  
I keep trying to paint a picture  
'Cause what I drew  
Could be improved  
If I could make you see  
More flame than flicker  
These half-truths  
Could be improved  
With less of me  
And more you  
Believe what I speak  
At least just keep  
Speaking to me

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