

## Sacha Sacket "What You Are"

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You can't love yourself  
In a cheap motel,  
It gets hard to tell  
What you are, you are

With the lights down low  
You're just flesh and bone,  
No one wants to know  
What you are, you are

So tell the most beautiful lies

And go do it nice and slow  
You don't want to blow anything  
You know we all love the show,  
Do it like you don't feel a thing  
Feel nothing

And as you connect  
Like some strange insect,  
You know they're not wet  
But you are, you are

Leave the TV on  
Watch the same re-run  
They swear nothing's wrong  
But you are, you are

You're acting like you were born yesterday,  
You're kissing like you're coming true  
You're hearing everything they never say,  
You're talking like they're getting through  
You're sure that soon there will be hell to pay  
But don't you let that spoil the mood  
You know that there are more than shades of gray,  
You grab on till they're black and blue

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