

The Grownup Noise

"Nothing Is Real"

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When I'm all alone, nothing is real
I pick up the phone, it looks like a meal
A symphony cries all through the night
They grumble and swim and beg me not to come in
Lazy spin
My lover has gone, gone to the fields
To fight in a war she'll never reveal
When evening comes, ghosts do arrive
They stay for a gin, but then ask for a ride

Economy flows up with the tide
Without any soul, it keeps us in line
I'm starting to build a warehouse of lies
I'm selling 'em cheap, but you can't come inside
The door's too tight
Schopenhauer is climbing up a tree
There's somethin' outside he wants me to see
But Whitman is here, guarding the door
His lager is old, but it's better than yours

Oh ruby eyes, what's on your mind
No suicide
Let's see the sights, you can have all mine
I don't wanna die

Oh ruby eyes, what's on your mind
No suicide
Let's see the sights, you can have what's mine
I don't wanna die

Plato was right, I'm loving this cave
Dancing along in the shadowy shade
When I'm all alone, nothing is real
The window is nice but it should probably be steel

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