

## Grownup Noise "Nothing Is Real"

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When Iâ'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 sheâ'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  
Iâ'm starting to build a warehouse of lies  
Iâ'm selling â'em cheap, but you canâ't come inside  
The door's too tight  
Schopenhauer is climbing up a tree  
Thereâ's somethinâ' outside he wants me to see  
But Whitman is here, guarding the door  
His lager is old, but itâ's better than yours

Oh ruby eyes, whatâ's on your mind  
No suicide  
Letâ's see the sights, you can have all mine  
I donâ't wanna die

Oh ruby eyes, whatâ's on your mind  
No suicide  
Letâ's see the sights, you can have whatâ's mine  
I donâ't wanna die

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

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