

Amateur Transplants

"Carl Streator Might Have Been On To Something"

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I've got to find a way to trick myself and think
everything's OK.
Until then, I will fool you all.
The simple things, I'll never let you see.
Impossible to get away from me.
Way up close, I can see them all.

If a lie could save my sanity,
Every thing I tell myself
Is for the sake of saving me.
Like a child, I must pretend.
'Cause in a world of make-believe,
This bullshit life comes to an end.

If I hide these scars,
Would you see how happy all this makes me?
I hope this mask is fooling you.
Tricking myself is hard to do.

My face is battered; my spirit's broke.
I barely breathe; it's pride I choke.
Down on my knees, I'll never let you know.
The simple things, I'll never let you see.
Impossible to get away from me.
Way up close, I can't see them all.

If a lie could save my sanity,
Every thing I tell myself
Is for the sake of saving me.
Like a child, I must pretend.
'Cause in a world of make-believe,
This bullshit life comes to an end.

If I hide these scars,
Would you see how happy all this makes me?
I hope this mask is fooling you.
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