

## Psychotic Waltz "Little People"

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I feel again I'm coming home  
To find the place I feel alone  
My television friends have gone  
Now I can take my time to talk about them  
They're nice to me, they smile to me  
They are what they'd like me to be  
I let them keep me company  
And I don't even care what they're selling  
They're only selling  
Look into these little boxes  
Bluer weather, greener grasses  
Everyone has lost of money  
Everyone's in style  
Little people, little houses  
Happy living little lives  
When they wake up with perfect makeup  
It makes me sick  
Don't need a life of my own,  
you know I'm so satisfied  
Deep in the screen they have made me believe  
I'm so pacified  
They keep me asleep with each day they repeat  
This life they pretend to me  
I took my television, unplugged it from the wall  
Tiny people crawling as I broke it on the floor  
I put them in my pockets, took them where they can't be  
found  
then held them in my hands  
Then I made them do really bad things  
Now I'm afraid to be at home  
Because I fear I'm not alone  
My television friends of what they might be selling  
What are they selling

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