

## **Blame Ella**

### **"Cyberlover"**

Visit "[Cyberlover](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

ULTIMUS CENSOR

You're shoveling tons of bits and bytes  
Through fiberglass lines and copper wires,  
Downloading hundreds of beauties' pictures,  
Restless, being driven by desires.  
For you, real life begins behind that screen,  
Through which you try to peek outside yourself,  
But, as every night, you're alone on the scene,  
Hunting for that imaginary woman of your dream.  
Eager to see if your ad was answered,  
That you have placed the evening before,  
Telling you're honest and good-looking,  
You're trying to retrieve email once more.  
The world news flicker flashy on TV,  
Muted politician and celebrity.  
Canned lager beer evaporates for hours,  
Overflowing ashtray, withered flowers.  
You spend eons in chat rooms each night,  
Hoping to find a woman who's no fake,  
Later, you're lying on your bed awake,  
Feeling something around your heart too tight.  
After having typed the story of your life,  
The other one who seemed to share your thoughts,  
Finally admitted that he was male,  
And going to bed, expected by his wife.  
CYBERLOVER, YOUR DREAMS WON'T EVER COME TRUE.

Visit [Blame Ella](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.