

I walk down the diamond studded concrete canyon  
Nobody looked me in the eye  
Tried to fly to the moon  
Only made it to the sky  
I was looking, looking for  
I couldn't find a friend  
Searching for a clear connection  
Without a digital send

Ain't it just a little scary sometimes  
To find the lies that you know to be true  
I'll find you smiling about  
Things you don't have to do

Bill doesn't call me anymore  
I hear he's found religion  
Big haired blonde apprentice beautician  
And all the words and gesticulations that came before  
Don't seem to mean a thing  
You can feel fine to drop a dime  
If you're ever hanging by a string

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To find the lies that you know to be true  
I'll find you smiling about  
Things you don't have to do

I hear voices crying out  
Echoes on the boulevard  
Contentious rambling incantations  
Of some senile bard  
There's too much going on around here  
To keep my head from spinning  
And this constant acceleration  
Blurs any ties to the beginning

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To find the lies that you know to be true  
I'll find you smiling about  
Things you don't have to do