

Tunnel Vision

Broadside

I'm penniless but somehow useful
Tell me where I fit in
You're reaching out for something useful
But you keep caving in

Raised on television screens
Glossy vision like a dream
But it seems like things are not
Hollywood make believe
Candy coated misery
Swept under the rug

Unlock my cage and set the stage but not tonight

They say the good die young
Tunnel vision
No exception
Just use me til I'm done
Tunnel vision
No exception
Lie to me
Lie to me
So this puppet can dance now
Mistook your faith for love and cut my strings on the way out

Overworked
Trying to fit in
Late nights are just a blur
I look around cuz now I fit in
This hall of fame is cursed

Manipulated by a dream
What does it really mean
When the knives stuck in your back
Are the same ones that you need
To defend from enemies
Caesar's final act

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He's got the look
He fits the mold
Market value high
Yeah yeah give it to me
Naive soul
Empty pockets

Desperation
Yeah I'll do anything
Yeah I'll do anything
Yeah I'll do anything

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