

Shiny Things Is Good

Dillinger Four

Sometimes you can feel the rug pulled from below your feet

It's like one minute you're like a rock standing strong and the next you're beat

It's not up to you, something's always there, working behind the scenes

Invisible hands handcuffing and last chance bluffing, feeding their greed

Pacified reason, it's adding up to treason, we are your slap in the face now

The sons who've been cast out

Slip under the wire, our spark ignites the fire

It's all smoke and mirrors and a transparent truth

Hold it up but don't trust it

It's all a hoodwink disappearing ink on the page

Built you up and then crushed it

It's all a bait and switch, a blind fold that we must wear

A promise of a life so real so close you can grab it but it's thin as air

Each and every one gets a day in the sun and you just might get one too

If you just believe what they're telling and buy what they're selling

It could happen to you

You give it all, get nothing back

Just trying to keep your head intact

You're just a shape without a soul

You grind along until you die

Your meaning comes from what you buy

Spend your life in the dark, end it with a question mark