

Internet Depression

Liza Anne

Scrolling through versions
Of my friends I've never met
Feeling lonelier now than that birthday
Where I stayed in bed
My eyes are stinging
Is it the phone light or the weed?
I think I'm slipping
Can somebody catch me?

Mm, what's real anymore?

Is anybody happy?
Are they in love?
Are there just pictures of the places
Where we wanna live but don't?
I could be projecting but it's hard to tell
Are we just standing in the bottom of the canyon
Hoping somebody hears our yell?

Using my better judgement
I get up and pull the blinds
The days already moving
I don't wanna get left behind
I put on my favorite pants
And I start to take a walk
I think it's fucked up how I know what I need
But most days, I just don't

Mm, what's real anymore?

Is anybody happy?
Are they in love?
Are there just pictures of the places
Where we wanna live but don't?
I could be projecting but it's hard to tell
Are we just standing in the bottom of the canyon
Hoping somebody hears our yell?
Are we just standing in the bottom of the canyon
Hoping somebody hears our yell?
Are we just lost in the algorithm
Hoping somebody can tell?

Scrolling through versions of my friends that I've
Never met, hoping that they know I can see them