

# The Distances From Everyone To You

Louis XIV

Everyone around you wants your autograph  
Hunting around, placing bids for a backstage pass  
Just to pin you up like a photograph  
You're a porcelain doll so fragile that could break so fast

You're sipping the tea like a porcelain doll  
You wanted the world  
You wanted it all  
You got glass for your eyes  
A mouth for your soul  
You conquered the world  
And then nothing at all

And the distances from everyone to you is a universe

They're listening to your phonographs  
The critics are right in that everyone else is trash  
They call you names like a psychopath  
The market shop beauty turned you ugly till they make their cash

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The word love doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word pain doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word pain doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word grief doesn't change  
The word love doesn't change  
The word pain doesn't change  
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The word love doesn't change  
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The word...

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You found out and then nothing at all