

# Magic Trick

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Soft static on the TV screen  
Young people on the livestream  
I Facetime'd a friend of mine, he suggested to me  
That watching people watch people is the future of our collective dream  
And so I went to sleep

Nothing's ever gonna be the same  
It's all quiet on the chain gang  
What's the point in a picket sign  
When you've got no one to blame  
You tried building the Tower Of Babel  
But you forgot your name  
So you went insane

I don't have to tell you, it's impossible to miss  
Like slowing down the motions of a magic trick  
All the little people playing all their little games  
How could you look away

You used to walk to the corner store  
Now it's something you would die for  
You signed on for a sign of life and breathed a sigh of relief  
The whole world was online watching an endless feed  
And you can never leave

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How could you look away