

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