Somebody Else

Novelists

Drifting on the airwaves
Stuck with earphones on
Can't feel no connection with the world around you

Like overwhelmed by signals
Caught in a million wires
I keep on trying to believe
It's not too late to change, no

It's like everyone needs to share
And wanna be adopted
How many likes just to feel alive?
Are we all disconnected?

Can't get no reception
Yet every streets are crowded
And all is too intense
But nothing is ever made to last here

Plasticize these feelings
A dozen filters on the face
And tell me how you're feeling

How can we find ourselves in their world
If we're all dreaming to be somebody else...
And only suffer the difference?

Drifting on the airwaves
Like tryna forget what's wrong
Can't feel no connection with the world around you

Like seeing the world expire
Caught in a million wires
I keep on tryna believe it's not too late to change

I'm sick of seeing ads
Sick of being forced to watch
So sick of being told who I am
I'm sick of hearing lies
So sick of hearing lies
So tired of trying

How can we find ourselves in their world
If we're all dreaming to be somebody else...
And only suffer the difference?

Can't get no reception

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