

Playing Fiction

ROAM

I saw the bottom
Felt a sinking feeling
She fed me words
She wasn't even thinking
On and on, say nothing's wrong again

Held up, repeating all our lines, fake blue skies
Painted a picture out of words, turned white lies
On and on tell me nothing's wrong again
Nothing's wrong again

Too close to know, we were playing fiction
Living in a distant daydream
Too close to know, everything was fading
Water we could wade in got too deep
To stand found out firsthand that I was
Too close to know, we were playing fiction
Living in a distant daydream

I know the script isn't changing
Although the person you play is
Your role - the girl in the tower
But your sweet tooth turned sour

Wake me up, cause I'm lost in a daydream
The truth it cuts, like an axe to an oak tree

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Wake me up, I'm lost in a daydream
Truth it cuts, like an axe to an oak tree
Wake me up, I'm lost in a daydream

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