

Fictional

All those lives on the TV
All the emotions on the screen
Are they fictional, ain't they?
Are they fictional, ain't they?

All the struggling and the tears
And the laughing in my ears
It's all fictional, isn't it?
It's all fictional, isn't it?

So what am I crying for
Why the feeling is so strong?
What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?

Everything seems not to care
Everybody not to share
Their own loneliness
Their own loneliness

And why those stories so unlikely
Shake my soul so deeply
When it's all fake
When it's all fake

And I watch outside the door
The same trees and the same stones
The cars passing by
The cars passing by

Everything seems not to care
Everybody not to share
Their own loneliness
Their own loneliness

So I get back to my TV
Confusing them with you and me
And I'm good with it
And I'm good with it