

Fictional

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

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

So what am I crying for
When 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

So 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, the same stones
The cars passing by
The cars passing by

Everything seems not to care
Everybody not to share
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

Eno Jakomin