

Can you believe all they say?
It doesn't seem like it was only yesterday
When you wandered out on
Superhighway

There should be a law about it
When they can take videos of you
Of you, of you, of you, of you

Feel like I blew my soul out
Across the interwebs and streams
It was a million pieces
Of silver, and I watched them gleam

It left a hole so big inside of me
And I get terrified that
I will never get it back to me
To me, to me, to me, to me

I guess it's just a modern disease

I get stressed out
And I wanna get high
It's cuz I've seen my face
And I don't recognize
The person that I feel inside
Inside

Like an American superpower
Turn on the spotlight
And nobody cowers

I don't want to sell you anything
I don't want to put myself out
And turn it into a refrain
It's all just a big advertising campaign

When everybody's lookin'
It's supposed to be a dream
But disassociation
I guess it's just a modern disease