

# Make Believe

Silversun Pickups

They took everything you want  
Wrapped it in a box  
And locked it in a keep  
Made of high-rise stucco walls  
With polyester guards  
Moving out of sync

Hunt with curtain rod swords  
Shields of cardboard  
On two wheeled steeds  
I storm the cul-de-sac  
To get things back on track  
And bring you what you need

You would do the same for me  
But I might've lost my mind

I can never show you what you gave to me  
A shape and form of make believe  
I wouldn't want to stay here in my incomplete  
Shaken up realities

I'll give everything I've got  
To fill the canyon  
With useless debris  
From plastic foliage  
Collected catalogues  
And other fakery

I'll sentence everyone  
Over twenty-one  
To the guillotines  
They never understood  
Our neck of the woods  
And what it all means

This is not a game for me  
But I might've lost my mind

I can never show you what you gave to me  
A shape and form of make believe  
I wouldn't like to stay here in my incomplete  
Shaken up realities  
Your shaken up reality

You would do the same for me  
But I might've lost my mind

I can never show you what you gave to me  
A shape and form of make believe  
I wouldn't like to stay here in my incomplete  
Shaken up realities  
I'd really like to be there when you raise for me  
A shape and form of make believe  
I wish I could just warn you of my incomplete  
Shaken up realities  
Your shaken up reality