

Nothing Is Real

The Milk Carton Kids

Nothing is real
You're fooling yourself
Nothing is real
I'm sick to my stomach
There's got to be somethin' else

Nothing is real
Your mother's a program
You're losing your mind
True love is binary
Beauty's a lie

I don't mind
I don't mind
I don't mind
How could I?

Nothing is real
Open your heart
All that you feel
Is coded imprisoned
In pixels and algorithms

Nothing is real
The wind isn't blowing
The sun doesn't shine
Songs are just subroutines
Value's assigned

I don't mind
I don't mind
I don't mind
How could I?
How could I?
How could I mind?