

Sky Is Not Blue

Lemon Demon

I made you these construction paper dolls,
connected by the hands with tiny little faces,
and now I'll hang them on the walls
so you can see the people filling up the spaces. I think I am the only one to ever realize that I am
the only one to realize what's true.
When all the world is stuck in a jam:
The sky is not blue. I made you this defective little song,
connected by the chords, connected and melodic,
and if you think I sing it wrong,
or if you think it sounds a little too robotic, Just let me know. I'll understand, and maybe when I play next week
I'll think of you and make it pristine,
as long as you repeat after me:
The grass is not green. I might have stated what I thought before.
I might have kept it in, my memory is failing.
I might have stumbled through the door.
You might have stared and asked what I had been inhaling. I might have blinked. I might have sighed.
I might have been a has-might-have-been,
but if you really heard what I said
you'd understand the mindset I'm in,
where roses aren't red. I'm setting up my tiny little town,
a Lego set in which I'm planning to retire.
It's really time I settled down,
but not before I set everything on fire, Put on my boots, and stamp it out.
The little yellow people don't care.
They never did, and they never do,
and yet they seem to speak with their stare. They tell me things I can't deny.
They tell me I'm a sap, I'm a square.
They tell me things I already knew.
The greatest of the the secrets they share:
The sky is not blue.

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