Fairy Tales and Castles

Lifehouse

He says, he looks in the mirror, he can't tell anymore
Who he really is and who they believe him to be
And he says he walks a thin line between what is and what could be
He's getting closer to something he can't understand'Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown
And his throne of ice is melting, he climbed his ladder
There was nothing there and now it's a long way down'Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive on and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs and castles made of sandHe says his head is filled with cartoons and fairy tales
And he's trapped inside a dungeon of dolls
With smiles on their facesHe's built a pretty cage
Hit shows on a beautiful stage
With candy coated prison bars
And chains that look like jewelery'Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown
And his throne of ice is melting he climbed his ladder
There was nothing there and now it's a long way down'Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive on and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs and castles made of sand'Cause he lives inside
Of fairy tails and castles now
And there's room inside
For false expectations and illusions'Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown
And his throne of ice is melting he climbed his ladder
There was nothing there and now it's a long way down
It's a long way down'Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive on and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs and castles made of sand'Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
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