

Selling the News (Photek Remix)

Switchfoot

Welcome to the Holy City; the silver screen
Built with a lens and a low self esteem
A teenager's plea for meaning and means
We're selling the news See, opinions are easier to swallow than facts
The greys instead of the whites and the blacks
If you shoot it too straight they won't come back
We're selling the news See, money speaks volumes louder than words
And virtues with wings, maybe not quite at first
But salaries are paid by the ads not the verbs
We're selling the news See, all men are equal; all is for sale
A powerful dog has been chasing his tail
The lowest common denominator prevails
We're selling the news I wanna believe you, I wanna believe
But everything is in-between
The fact is fiction, the fact is fiction I wanna believe you, I wanna believe
But everything is in-between
The fact is fiction
Suspicion is the new religion America listens as the story is told
With the eye on the truth as the story unfolds
But the ratings determine which story was sold
We're selling the news Begging the question, mongering fears
Stroking the eyes and tickling ears
The truth is seldom just as it appears
We're selling the news I wanna believe you, I wanna believe
But everything is in-between
The fact is fiction, the fact is fiction I wanna believe you, I wanna believe
But everything is in-between
The fact is fiction, the fact is fiction I can see your talking heads
On the television set
On the Internet they said
The fact is fiction Suspicion is the new religion Substance, oh, substance, where have you been?
You've been replaced by the masters of spin
Who make good looking books and write history in
We're selling the news The lines start to blur; I get so confused
I get shiny new models mixed up with the blues
I get binary code mixed up with abuse
The facts are simply one option to choose When nothing is sacred, there's nothing to lose
When nothing is sacred, all is consumed
We're still on the air, it must be the truth

We're selling the news I wanna believe you, I wanna believe
But everything is in-between
The fact is fiction, the fact is fiction I wanna believe you, I wanna believe
But everything is in-between
The fact is fiction, the fact is fiction I wanna believe you, I wanna believe
But everything I see is green
The fact is fiction Suspicion is the new religion

Songwriters
JON FOREMAN Published by
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