

# The Fabulist

[Nathan Johnson](#)

You came to me  
In the hospital ward when I blew out my knee  
But I wasn't there to be cared for or carried  
'Cause I was asleep  
In my bed, in my house at the end of our street  
While you drove across town at 3:00 in the morning  
It was fake  
For the sake of making you take me for real  
But I guess you're even less impressed  
If the world is a stage  
And we're all of us actors in some cosmic play  
I am the man at the masquerade  
Who was fake  
For the sake of making you take me for real  
But I guess you're even less impressed  
I keep trying to paint a picture  
'Cause what I drew  
Could be improved  
If I could make you see  
More flame than flicker these half-truths  
Could be improved  
With less of me  
And more you  
Believe what I speak  
At least just keep  
Speaking to me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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