Tabloid Theory

James Tillman

You cross your t's and dot your i's
Do everything the magazine say
But somehow now you find yourself
Unhappy again
Pour all your dreams into the tube
And let it dictate life for you
But now you find yourself wanting more
You're looking for
A fantasy love, oh a love
like all the movies portray
A fantasy love, oh a love
Maybe you'll find it someday

Married your college sweetheart
He bought the house he played the part
But something still don't feel right
The pressure building on your chest
Maybe it's just the routine stress
A restlessness you've always know
But when you close your eyes at night
The feeling keeps you wide awake
That maybe something's out there
Greater than the life you've made
Fantasy ooh
Fantasy, oh
A fantasy, oh
A fantasy, oh
Don't fall
Don't fall
Don't fall

Lyrics Submitted by Lyricalguru

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