

# Selling the News

## Switchfoot

Welcome to the holy city of 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 grays 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  
Or virtues with wings, maybe not quite at first  
But the salaries are paid by the ads, not the birds  
We're selling the news  
See, all men are equal, all is for sale  
A powerful dog has been chasing its tail  
The lowest common denominator prevails  
We're selling the news  
I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything here's in between  
The fact is fiction  
The fact is fiction  
I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
Suspicion is the new religion  
America listens, the story is told  
With an eye on the truth as the story unfolds  
But the ratings determine if the 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 want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
The fact is fiction  
I want to believe you  
I want to 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You've been replaced by the masters of spin  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 want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
The fact is fiction  
I want to believe you  
I want to believe but everything is in between  
The fact is fiction  
The fact is fiction I want to believe you  
I want to believe, but everything I see is green  
The fact is fiction  
Suspicion is the new religion

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>