

we net on the internet

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the needy and helpless
we aid from safe distance
it's better this way
writing to the you we think you are
with nothing to say

htmllove you, but only if you're feeling lonely
with you in <title/> only
wanting to get close to your <body/>
but you're just too buggy in the <head/>
just need a <break> from you google searching thru all my stuff
if love was never having to say you're sorry
now trust is always knowing your mobile's story

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don't even know what he looks like
but i'm having his baby
i squeezed it in between my trip to vegas
and my 9 to 6.30
i think we're really connected
and i know that he loves me
cuz he friended me on facebook
and twitters me constantly

it's great, i get to keep in touch with all the people
that i'd never hang out with
so they know what i'm up to
what's my status? i'm watching you
cyber stalking with permission
keeping track of all your tricks
[4 people like this]

no time for kodak moments
busy checking in with our phones
too scared to be alone
no time to care – places to go, people to see
earning my guest spot on 'who wants to be on tv'
a front row ticket to the techno evolution
the first to learn the skinny and the fat
no need to worry – there's an app for that

your A.D.D heart is why you love L.A.
the cars and buses that pass like thoughts
on the information highway
like the drugs you take to stay engaged
but that's so 21st century
and you've already made plans for 23
no time for romance
only ever connected to someone by proxy

the sticky mess of emotions we solve with emoticons
the time we're saving up, to be busy with something else
the time we're translating all these abbreviations
like, ZOMG! it eases the burden of communication

who's in your network?
meet them for coffee, or meet them for sex
either way it's just as easy
friends with the benefits without all the stress
of caring, of sharing, or hearing the problems
'but hey, if you're feeling horny, i'll be there no problem'

sophisticated. accepting. and open
seriously like, just get with the program
i was so totally thinking of you, staring at the paint
of someone else's ceiling
so completely into you
then you ruined it by having feelings

for 5 frightening moments
i had my mind to myself
didn't you get my text message?
cuz when i get that desperate reeling
i need textual healing
[but i'm still dropping you like bricks
to beat that glass ceiling]

check your phone every 40 freaking minutes
cuz so and so from who knows where made a joke
and you don't want to miss it
so text, reply, 'who's that cute guy?!'
maybe pause long enough to turn and ask
by the way, 'is it in yet?'
i guess love is just never convenient
maybe we should tivo it

bring all 800 people you know, the world right to you
at the expense of the person who's right in front of you
dial 'score 1 4 u' to donate, go green
save haiti, save new orleans, save the planet
whatever 3rd world catastrophe
has our attention for the moment
but don't get your shoes dirty
stepping over that homeless guy's vomit

let's rally for voting, get involved
though we're never really certain
what the politicians say
but hey, did you pick up that new first person shooter
vid game that came out today?
i couldn't beat it after 24 hours
so i set it down to jerk to porn
and then just hit the showers

posted opinions clogging up the blogosphere
filling air like sticky arteries
empowering the public to be as petty
as the professional reporters can be
did you see what that pop star was wearing?
yeah, a smile for catching your eye
and cuz she has all your money

oh look, another oil spill
just another bad day
for anything with gills
we really should do something about that
cruising 75 on the highway
cuz we're late for that yoga class

boil pasta, make coffee
turn the lights out, mow the lawn
tell me you love me
all from the touch of a phone!
no reason to ever be home
wait – who'll put the baby down for a nap?
oh thank heavens, there's an app for that

humanity is an obsolete program
that stopped upgrading long ago
can't find the heart to replace it
think we're better off the more we know
we're not really living
anymore. we just phone it in