

Up in the little room looking down  
Everybody's passing time  
Princess dressed in wool, dreaming eyes  
Whispering her rhymes

"Rain, play my song today  
No one wants to know me anyway"  
Perfect lover where are you?  
I can't wait much more for you to come true

Shining prince inside my head  
Live inside a palace underneath my bed

And everybody knows who they are  
In a velvet garden of rhinestone stars  
Shine down on me satin queen, overlords of insane scenes  
They go dancing 'cross the pages of the magazine

Typewriter steel and gray, work away  
Everybody's going home  
Over across town, caught in a crowd  
Still living alone

A little room for her out of the rain  
A little something for the pain  
Lady-in-waiting potentially  
For the Lord of the rock 'n' roll aristocracy, see

Dreaming in photographs at night  
Love's like sand held in your hand so tight

And everybody know who they are  
In a velvet garden of rhinestone stars  
Shine down on me satin queen, overlords of insane scenes  
They go dancing 'cross the pages of the magazine  
Yeah, the magazine

Everyday's like the day before  
Come in tired and lock the door  
Paint your space with magic hands  
Shining slick and dandy, smile at your fans

"C'mon pretty boy, sing for us"  
Take me over the edge  
I know you're good enough

And everybody knows who they are  
In a velvet garden of rhinestone stars  
Shine down on me satin queen, overlords of insane scenes  
They go dancing 'cross the pages of the magazine  
Yeah, the magazine, yeah, yeah, yeah