

The Magazines

Fake Problems

You haven't left your house in
Over a week
Tonight you're thinking of going out
To grab a couple drinks

But you don't want to see them, no
They don't know who you are.
They get a brief glimpse
and then you just shut it down
You know you close yourself off.

Because they only know whats written in the magazines
They don't know your weaknesses or your dreams
But we wanna see you hanging downtown again,
Baby we want to know where you've been.

Now you wait for someone to call you
Just so you can not pick up
You know it seems you've been missing the phone calls
More than you've been missing us

And I'll give you space
And I can make a promise
When you finally grow up
I'll be long gone
And I was hoping, my friend,
You'd come around
But I can't just stick around and wait forever.

I only know whats written in the magazines
I don't know your weaknesses I don't know your dreams
I was kidding myself to think we were still friends
And maybe we have never been.

Will you really do whatever it takes?
Or are you too set in your ways?
Could you stand up for yourself?
Come on, say it to my face.

I don't want to read another magazine
I've seen your weaknesses and dreaded your dreams
I've got some time to kill for you, my friend
and you know I always will.

I don't want to read another magazine
I've seen your weaknesses and dreaded your dreams
I've got some time to kill for you, my friend
and you know I always will.