

Glue yourself to the back
A stack that's never seen
Rub the gloss right off a shiny magazine
And god you'd hate to lose this
A citywide approved wish
A way to make yourself complete

(Chorus)

And you can't back it up
It's a hopeful kind of hate
The kind that lies to make you wait
And anyone can tell to see
It's a brand new way to be
But you can't smile through those teeth

Lose yourself in the back
A place that makes things seem
A little dull beneath this shining silver screen
And god you'd hate to lose this
A citywide approved wish
A way to make yourself complete

(CHORUS 2x)