

Everyone wants to be part of the scene
See themselves pretty in a magazine
So when my life did read just like a book
Out of corners and cracks they came to look

And thats the story from the years that came
Everyone wants to be part of the shame
What a tragedy, what a glamorous scene
Write it in a book or A magazine

Open up to read about a murder
Look at the pretty lipstick shades
And thats just how you met your frank sinatra
On the paper thin walls of a magazine

Picked up and paid for
But who knows what you're really bound to be
You put the pages on the mirror
Another sob story but it will never fill you up
Just like the way you always hoped it was bound to be
Who are you?

Dream a dream she looks like madonna
Or find a jesus of your own
Something different, just made for your cover
No religion is fit for a magazine

So you read it in a magazine

And i had seen the things id never dream
Read it in a book, or a magazine