

Magazines

the everybodyfields

Two days and my money's spent
I can't tell you just where I've been
I only gamble when I steal
But I like the way it feels

My hands still smell like a magazine
I keep having the same old dream
Everything is what it seems
Something's wrong and I'm off to sleep

White knuckles on a baseball bat
I know just where I'm at
Sun shone like david copperfield
Daddy, tell me it's not real

Two feet, knee-deep in doubt
Around the bases and at home I'm out
But if you're never home I doubt
That you will ever see me out

Parking lot is a hiding place
'Cause under the cars you can't see my face