

Mister Magazine

The Knack

Who hocks the headlines who sets the style
Behind the deadlines behind the smile
He's the man digging dirt trying to keep himself clean
He's the pimp he's the prostitute mister magazine

Where someone suffers he's always there
To make it rougher to foul the air
He's perfected the art of the vicious and mean
Just a day at the office for mister magazine

Conscience has he any (not much)
Ideals no not many
Only what a penny buys

Remorse he can't feel it
His source won't reveal it
Of course it's the public's right to buy it

I'll keep on praying there'll come a day
I hear them saying you've gone away
And we won't shed a tear as you're leaving the scene
It's a pleasure not knowing you mister magazine mister magazine

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