

Shiny Magazine

Jet

I saw your face
In a pretty magazine
And you don't even know
Where you are and what you seen
Why do you lie?
Do you need to fill us with fear?
What on earth you do
Ah, we used to look up to you
Oh, my God, I know too well
Being sweet just doesn't sell
If you got better things to do
I try to run but my legs ache
The photographs that I refuse to take
Oh, will it never end?
We are alone
Departed from our bones
What's it worth to you?
Ah, we used to look up to you
Oh, my God, I know too well
Being sweet just doesn't sell
If you got better things to do
Am I hiding again?
Am I hiding again?
Tell me how to live my life
And the sun is shining down
The sun is shining down
Oh, my God, I know too well
Being sweet just never sells
If you got better things to do
Am I hiding again?
Am I hiding again?
Tell me how to live my life
And the sun is shining down
Yeah, yeah the sun is shining down

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