

# A Magazine

## Steel Train

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 that's 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, a magazine, a magazine Open up to read about a murder  
Look at the pretty lipstick shades  
And that's just how you met your Frank Sinatra  
On the paper thin walls of a magazine Picked up and paid for, yeah, but  
Who knows what you're really bound to be  
You put the pages on your mirror Another sob story, yeah, but  
It will never fill you up just like the way  
You always hoped it bound to be  
Who are you? Dream a dream, she looks like Madonna  
Or find a Jesus of your own  
Or something different, just made for your cover  
No religion is fit for a magazine Picked up and paid for, yeah, but  
Who knows what you're really bound to be  
You put the pages on your mirror  
You'll never measure up to that Another sob story, yeah, but  
It will never fill you up just like the way  
You always hoped it bound to be  
Who are you? So you read it in a magazine And I had seen the things I'd never dream  
Read it in a book or a magazine, a magazine, a magazine

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