

Subscriptions and Lies

Ariel Abshire

It's the time of month magazines arrive
Subscriptions, prescriptions, addictions, and lies
It's the time of year when it gets cold outside
And I'm addicted to magazines and lies

If the best of you was a picture on paper
If the best of you was advertising labor
And if the best of you could never move or savor
A moment
Then what is the use of being looked at
And so frequently used

It's the time of day we used to go on walks
We would find a spot where we could talk
We would sit in the grass
I'd put my head on your lap

If the best of you was written out on paper
If the best of you acted any tamer
And all I ask of you in please return the favor
My darling, what if the use of being looked at
And feeling so used

It's the time of day we used to go on walks
We would find a spot where we could talk
Sitting in the grass, my head on your lap
Your bony knees and bony calves
Made it so I could never relax

And I've done so many things in my life
I regret so many things in my life
But I don't regret you or the time we spent
Picking out clothing lines
In my stack of subscriptions of lies
In my stack of subscriptions of lies
My stack of subscriptions of lies

Lyrics submitted by Lance.

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