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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