

In Magazines

The Moon And Her Mother

A slow parade is falling down
The rain is marching from the clouds
I didn't see you were pointing at me
I didn't see you hanging aroundEverybody run it's about to get fun
Send the dogs and tag alongs and give them all guns
Could this be what I've seen in magazines
If it is then I'll finally blow this stupid sceneI will calm down and raise my hands
In celebration of where you stand
If you tell me what I will never be
If you tell me I'm not a manEverybody run it's about to get fun
Send the dogs and tag alongs and give them all guns
Could this be what I've seen in magazines
If it is then I'll finally blow this stupid sceneCould this be what I've seen in magazines
If it is then I'll finally blow this stupid sceneWhy don't you tell me what you want
And I will make my punches count
But you'll just stand there with an open mouthCould this be what I've seen in magazines
If it is then I'll finally blow this stupid scene

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