

# 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 around Everybody 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 scene I 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 man Everybody 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 scene Could this be what I've seen in magazines  
If it is then I'll finally blow this stupid scene Why don't you tell me what you want  
And I will make my punches count  
But you'll just stand there with an open mouth Could this be what I've seen in magazines  
If it is then I'll finally blow this stupid scene

Lyrics provided by

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