Magazines

Anson Seabra

Well, she's the prettiest girl at the party
And she knows it
She's got a picture-perfect smile that'll
Break your heart wide open

She'll let the butterflies free if your eyes meet for a moment
When she finally leaves
It's like she's walking in slow motion

When she comes home
Sits down and gets in her bed, she's a mess and
She's all alone
So done with trying to pretend
And she says

"Under the covers, I'm someone else
Than what you see on the cover of Vogue or Elle, yeah
The magazines don't always tell the truth"

And she says
"Under the surface, I'm so much more than just a
Pretty face or the girl next door, yeah
The magazines don't always tell the truth"

It's been a couple of years, so she moves to West L.A.
'Cause when you look that good, I guess you
Might as well get paid

Went from her parents' old house to become a household name
It's a whole new world but somehow
Still feels just the same

It's when she comes home
Sits down and gets in her bed, so successful
And she's still alone
So done with trying to pretend
And she says

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And maybe it's Maybelline
But it's probably make-believe
'Cause the dreams that they're selling to you
Are paper-thin too

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