

# The Magazines

## Fake Problems

You haven't left your house in  
Over a week  
Tonight you're thinking of going out  
To grab a couple drinks

But you don't want to see them, no  
They don't know who you are.  
They get a brief glimpse  
and then you just shut it down  
You know you close yourself off.

Because they only know whats written in the magazines  
They don't know your weaknesses or your dreams  
But we wanna see you hanging downtown again,  
Baby we want to know where you've been.

Now you wait for someone to call you  
Just so you can not pick up  
You know it seems you've been missing the phone calls  
More than you've been missing us

And I'll give you space  
And I can make a promise  
When you finally grow up  
I'll be long gone  
And I was hoping, my friend,  
You'd come around  
But I can't just stick around and wait forever.

I only know whats written in the magazines  
I don't know your weaknesses I don't know your dreams  
I was kidding myself to think we were still friends  
And maybe we have never been.

Will you really do whatever it takes?  
Or are you too set in your ways?  
Could you stand up for yourself?  
Come on, say it to my face.

I don't want to read another magazine  
I've seen your weaknesses and dreaded your dreams  
I've got some time to kill for you, my friend  
and you know I always will.

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