

Magazine

Heart

Up in the little room looking down
Everybody's passing time
Princess dressed in wool, dreaming eyes
Whispering her rhymes

"Rain, play my song today
No one wants to know me anyway"
Perfect lover where are you?
I can't wait much more for you to come true

Shining prince inside my head
Live inside a palace underneath my bed

And everybody knows who they are
In a velvet garden of rhinestone stars
Shine down on me satin queen, overlords of insane scenes
They go dancing 'cross the pages of the magazine

Typewriter steel and gray, work away
Everybody's going home
Over across town, caught in a crowd
Still living alone

A little room for her out of the rain
A little something for the pain
Lady-in-waiting potentially
For the Lord of the rock 'n' roll aristocracy, see

Dreaming in photographs at night
Love's like sand held in your hand so tight

And everybody know who they are
In a velvet garden of rhinestone stars
Shine down on me satin queen, overlords of insane scenes
They go dancing 'cross the pages of the magazine
Yeah, the magazine

Everyday's like the day before
Come in tired and lock the door
Paint your space with magic hands
Shining slick and dandy, smile at your fans

"C'mon pretty boy, sing for us"
Take me over the edge
I know you're good enough

And everybody knows who they are
In a velvet garden of rhinestone stars
Shine down on me satin queen, overlords of insane scenes
They go dancing 'cross the pages of the magazine
Yeah, the magazine, yeah, yeah, yeah