

Darren Hanlon

"Magazine Theory"

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I hate all my clothes
They're all falling apart
Does the colour of my shirt
Match the colour of my heart?

When was the last time
You checked your machine?
And I'm wondering, will you
Ever get the message?

Our stars say that we were never meant to be
Maybe we shouldn't rely on magazine theory

Try as you may
Try as I might
We squint our eyes under blue-red disco light

I'm gonna buy some new clothes
My room I'll rearrange
But I'd have to be blind
To see things haven't changed

Like the boy and his bags
By the side of the road
All the time in the world
But nowhere to go

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