

Lauren Christy "Magazine"

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Little girls in pretty boxes, high tech sweat and younger
skin

We were all delicious and smelled of arpege

I buzzed my killer in

Bring me the head of jerry garcia

Super sex on water skis

Iced decaf and mocchaccino

And a hooker by the grinder please

Magazine, know what I mean

You go on and on and on about stuff I've never seen

Magazine, stuck to my hand

The boys don't ever get it

But the girls all understand

Angel, waffle, women are weird

Tighten up your tail

Throw her on the linoleum and

Harpoon her like a whale

Dad's on drugs, british sex

A rollicking good time

Trust fund kids, when men are pigs

Just cook that little swine

Magazine, know what I mean

You go on and on and on about stuff I've never seen

Magazine, stuck to my hand

The boys don't ever get it

But the girls all understand

Missionary position, politician

Young girls in the world's oldest profession

Beauty, health, fashion, food

And the books and sex and art and news

The boys don't ever get it

But the girls all understand

Magazine, know what I mean

You go on and on and on about stuff I've never seen

Magazine, stuck to my hand

The boys don't ever get it

But the girls all understand

Magazine,
Rip it up and just throw it away
Rip it up and just throw it away
Rip it up and just throw it away

Magazine, still stuck to my hand
The boys don't ever get it
But the girls all understand

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