

Little Richard

"Magazine Girl"

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She rides the midnight train to Newtown
Her long legs across the seat
And talks of lunch at Ansty's Teahouse
Where the fashion lions feed

She's running away, so tired of her small world
Then turning the page, is there anybody there

She cries over and over again
Could this ever be the life for me
Long nights drinking her coffee esprit
Talk of lovers and swirl
She's dying to play
She's a magazine girl

Another perfumed Monday morning
Life without a care
Retail friends and gossip warnings
The weekend in her hair

She's turning away, pretends she never needs much
But longing to say, doesn't anybody care

She cries over and over again
Could this ever be the life for me
Long nights drinking her coffee Esprit
Talk of lovers and swirl
She's dying to play
She's a magazine girl

Vanity's in Vogue
Mode and Style is all she needs to make the scene
A weekend with her movie queens
Still-life inside her magazine

She's running away, pretends she never needed much
Still longing to say, doesn't anybody care

She cries over and over again
Could this ever be the life for me
Long nights drinking her coffee Esprit

Talk of lovers and swirl
She's dying to play
She is running away
She is turning the page
She's a magazine girl

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