

## **The Everybodyfields "Magazines"**

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Two days and my money's spent  
I can't tell you just where I've been  
I only gamble when I steal  
But I like the way it feels

My hands still smell like a magazine  
I keep having the same old dream  
Everything is what it seems  
Something's wrong and I'm off to sleep

White knuckles on a baseball bat  
I know just where I'm at  
Sun shone like david copperfield  
Daddy, tell me it's not real

Two feet, knee-deep in doubt  
Around the bases and at home I'm out  
But if you're never home I doubt  
That you will ever see me out

Parking lot is a hiding place  
'Cause under the cars you can't see my face

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