

Atlas Sound

"Fashion Magazine"

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Chorus

Lady of darkness

Nigh of my midnight (repeateded throughout track)

She flips through the pages of her fashion magazine

It pulls her out of her reality for a moment,

We all need our moments

She forgets for a couple of seconds about the hopeless situation

As the plane that seems to take all of the focus

Riding that afternoon plane from Dallas back to Minneappolis

Two and a half hours, she's out there

Reading some column about Spit versus Swallow

Everything reminds her of him,

And it's not fair

How could she fall on her face for some man-child?

Maybe it's his voice, or maybe it's his damn smile

Maybe it's the whole package,

From the kiss to the mattress,

To the sarcastic jokes, to the social status

Maybe it's none of the above

Maybe she only needed somebody genuine to show her love

It was all about the right place at the right time

And even with the drama they find that

He's still always on her mind

Well, nonetheless than two hours before she lands

To put her feet on the ground and take her man by the hand

And this time around when the laugh starts to sting,

She'll just take a breath and dig into that

Fashion Magazine

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