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Socratic "Boy In A Magazine"

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I'll crack my head, Then pour in some sorrow, I stole some things from you I could have easily borrowed. When you were pissed and on the rag. I waited around but now I'm packing my bags. To live on a street in Hollywood. Will they love me there? I'll be a boy in a magazine. I'll mean nothing to you, You'll mean nothing to me. You asked to go so I guess that I'll leave And just be a boy in a magazine. I won't have a bed. I'll still have my string stained hand. I call home where animals are buried in the backyard.

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