

Mitchell Hunter

"Magazine Cover"

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throw away the mirrors
feed on today
not the magazines that clutter your mind

wipe away those tears
stand up for who you are
stop letting them waste your time (such precious time)

(all these) plastic people, are they really happy inside?
(all these) airbrushed people, eye candy makes you
want to die
(all these) pretty people, driving you out of your mind

you can run
but you'll never be happy, until you see
that the price of loving yourself ain't worth the sell
you can want it
but don't spread yourself too thin
or like paper you will rip
the fate of a life like no other
life on a magazine cover

throw away the mask
the make up new hair cut
can't make up for what's inside

you feel alone today
need some friends to follow you
this isn't the better way

(all these) plastic people, are they really happy inside?
(all these) airbrushed people, eye candy makes you
want to die
(all these) pretty people, driving you out of your mind

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the fate of a life like no other
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you can sell all that you are and ever will be
but don't ever believe that's who you want to be
I could sell all that I am and ever will be
but then how could I believe? as that's just not me

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