

I was waiting for a miracle
Waiting high and low

Reaching for an instant fix for a pain
I was praying for a messiah to love
I was praying to the gods above
As I wondered where the real things been
There you are, your face
On the cover of a magazine

Who needs biblical integrity?
Now I have a vision of who I would like to be
Between your pages I think I love you, between your lines
I really think I know you too
I check my mirror, and hate what I see
The face the person, looking back at me
Because it never will be
Your face, on the cover of a magazine

Do I want fame?
An instant fix for a pain?
It's warped and utopian, a make believe arcadian
If its biblical integrity or celebrity dependency
How could I not see what I was looking for was inside of me already
Before I look for a messiah to love
I need to start with myself first
I close your pages now
On the shelf I lay you back down
This is the farewell scene
Whoever you are,
Goodbye, your face,
On the cover of a magazine