

Magazines

The Automatic

Tearing out pages from your only book.
Circle the bold print, it's where you have to look.
I could try but I wouldn't get too far, tearing out pages, I wouldn't get that far.
Magazines, tearing pieces of me.
They just fall out, they just fall out.
Magazines, tearing pieces of me.
They just fall out, they just fall out.
If you see three fingers, read between the lines.
It's what I thought you were good at, but you do what you like.
I could try but I wouldn't get too far, making holes in pictures, tearing words apart.
Magazines, tearing pieces of me.
They just fall out, they just fall out.
Magazines, tearing pieces of me.
They just fall out, they just fall out.
Oh oh - oh oh oh oh!
Oh oh - oh oh oh oh!
Let me spell it out, let me spell it.
Let me spell it out, let me spell it.
Let me spell it out, let me spell it.
Let me spell it out, let me spell it.
Magazines, tearing pieces of me.
They just fall out, they just fall out.
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They just fall out, they just fall out.
Magazines, tearing pieces of me.
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They just fall out, they just fall out.