

Jet, Shiny Magazine

I saw your face
In a pretty magazine
And You don't even know
Where you are and what you've seen
Why do you lie?
Do you need to fill us with fear?
What on earth you do?
Oh I used to look up to you

Oh my god I know too well
Being sweet just doesn't sell
If you've got better things to do
I tried to moan the mile fake
The photographs that I refuse to take
Oh will it never end

We are alone
devided from our bones
What's it worth to you?
Oh I used to look up to you

Oh my god I know too well
Being sweet just doesn't sell
If you've got better things to do

Am I hiding again?
Am I hiding again?
Tell me how to live my life
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Well the sun is shining down

Guitar Solo
Yeah the sun is shining down
Oh my god I know too well
Being sweet just never sells
If you've got better things to do

Am I hiding again?
Am I hiding again?
Tell me how to live my life
Ooh ooh ooh ooh
Yeah the sun is shining down
Yeah the sun is shining down