

22-20s, Baby Brings Bad News

I'm getting sick of everyone I'm with
I'm getting sick of keeping positive
I'm getting bored of putting on a smile
and I've been so good but it doesn't do me no good
yeah I've been so good but it doesn't pay like it should

lord it's so hard to keep your head
when you've got everything to lose
and baby just brings bad news
as she goes running through

I'm getting sick of cleaning up the mess
and I'm getting sick of his helplessness
I'm getting bored of feeling insecure
and I'm getting bored of looking at his bedroom door
I'm getting bored of the songs he sings
that I've heard a million times before

lord it's so hard to keep your head
when you've got everything to lose
and baby just brings bad news
as she goes running through

lord it's so hard to keep your friends
when you own everything they choose
so baby just sings the blues
to anyone who seems to care

lord it's so hard to keep your head
when you've got everything to lose
and baby just brings bad news
as she goes running through

lord it's so easy when you're on the floor
when you've got nothing left to lose
so baby just cries for food
off anyone who won't refuse
off anyone who won't refuse
off anyone who won't refuse