

Bastille, bad_news

Bad news like a sucker punch, what do you say?
Air knocked out of my lungs want you to stay
When you hear something difficult don't back away
Some people say nothing, good ones engage

Don't turn your back on me
Don't bury your head deep
Just cause you don't know what to say

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Don't bury your head deep
Just cause you don't know what to say

It's true
That it kicks you in the teeth when you are least expecting
Bad news
Oh it beats you black and blue before you see it coming

Bad news like a sucker punch moving your way
People fill the streets like nothing has changed
Clapped hands if you're lonely don't leave the same
Planes fly overhead like any old day

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Maybe I just want some words of destruction
I feel like I'm being consumed
Maybe I'm expecting the perfect reaction
It's pulled me back

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