

Chris Garneau, Sad News

I should have killed you myself
It was always a dream of mine
I could have used a little help
But red wine's been a good friend of mine
I got sad news
Take off your shoes
Sit down for a while
A while, a while, oh
I'm wearing me out
I'm wearing my old clothes
I'm writing all new poems
I'm riding in my car
Oh, the children, they're just babies
Little baby sized socks and shoes
And I think that maybe
I should keep them away from you
I crawl in and then
I creep out, out loud
I got a job
I'm not proud, I'm not proud, no

I'm wearing me out
I'm wearing my old clothes
I'm writing all new poems
I'm riding in my car
Sad, sad, I got sad news
I got sad news
I got sad news
But it
(Sad, sad, sad, sad)
It's all over now, it
(Sad, sad, sad, sad)
It's all done
Red, red rover
I can't remember the game
I'm wearing me out
I'm wearing my old clothes
I'm writing all new poems
I'm riding in my car