

Cursive, No News Is Bad News

I took a stroll down a primrose lane on a clear blue day
Everything seemed so perfectly placed
Daises lined each manicured lawn
Well groomed men walked well groomed dogs
Stopped in a bar for a mid-day drink
On search of a scene more inspiring
Shooting off the cap of a ball point pen
Thinking happen, something happen

When everything's in order
Is that what you write about?
There's nothing much new
There's not much to say
Well there's not much to say
I got everything in the news
It occurred to me
No news is bad news
When you trying to spark that fuse
Well you wanna sing them blues

You're waiting 'round for a water to boil
For the fire to lose control
But you can't heat up that kettle
You gotta leave the elements alone
It scares the shit outta me
When weathered writers lose their steam
I'm lonely, getting older, less interesting
You can't make this shit up
You can't make this shit up
You can't make this shit up
You can't make this shit up

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I stumbled out into a black alley on a blood red doll
The ramshackled box seemed trampled upon
Shattered glass smeared on burned cement
A stray dog eating from a black bean tin
Stopped in anettie's for a pick me up
For reason how the town got so fucked
Bought a bloody mary with italian grit
Saying, too dramatic
Try again