

Dear And The Headlights, Bad News

On some mentioning of thoughts of mid twenties tangent plots
Those sad feathery talks that float in on all that
Tattered teenage applause clapped out further with no pause
On collegiate palms of course their hands so soft
Ancient postures of awe for low level modern shocks
Now happening a lot like any synaptic
Cavalry's typical barrage on your tired soul
You can not shrug it off, just start your inconsequential white withdrawal
It's bad new for you, haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time
Bad news for you, haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time
Cautious sticks stuck in fictitious craws capsized on your chatty shores
Half deaf, half seem worse yet you still keep talking
In between coughing fits and soon to be heimlich'd bits
Of Ideas which you could not yet digest
Put that rag to your face, lay down that's a better pace
Go back to cliches like "I should kill myself" or "I should lose some weight";
I'm sure either way you'd feel just the very same
Quiet now someone's coming
Bad news for you, Haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time
Bad news for you, haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time
Bad new for you
Haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time