

# Something Corporate, Good News

she's trapped inside her room  
with reruns on the screen  
old books and movies  
but she can't stop thinking  
i'm torn between myself  
my radio my friends  
i want to write this one off over and over again  
and then she looked at me to scream  
"my castles are falling"  
but i can't look into the street  
without everything changing

i want to read good news  
i want to be innocent again  
i want to read good news  
but nothing good is happening

she waits all day  
she stands a stranger in her skin  
she moves the science with her hands  
she lines her walls  
with every paper she can see  
these words consume her  
but they never set her free  
and then she looked at me to scream  
"my castles are falling"  
but i can't look into the street  
without everything changing

i want to read good news  
i want to be innocent again  
i want to read good news  
but nothing good is happening

i want to read good news  
i want to be a little kid again  
i want to read good news  
but nothing good is happening  
i want to read good news  
i want to go to sleep at night again  
i want to read good news  
but nothing good is happening