

Something For Kate, Letter To The Editor

A letter to the editor
From the man in the corner
It's all in vain
They want your head
They want your head on a plate
For every fly that's on the wall
The news don't travel too fast anymore
It's just information burned down
Passed down, spun to your door

There's a light in your eyes
And there's fiction falling from the sky
See it all in black and white

A letter to the editor
Scraped from sky by the river
Now could it be all the fear that seems to be
Catching all around here
They've been kicking down my door
But I'm not taking any calls
And the choice of words is choose no words
Saying nothing, nothing at all

There's a light in your eyes
And there's fiction found between the lines
See it all in black and white
See it all in black and white

Tell it like it is
Tell it like it is
I'll put the pieces together
But I'll never ever know
Never, never know

There's a light in your eyes
And there's fiction falling from the skies
See it all in black and white
See it all in black and white
Black and white
Black and white