

Old News

Hot Fiction

We've got old news
Wrapped up in old blues
We can't afford to call
No we don't know where we are

Come on, we're dead on our feet but we're walking
Well let me hear you now
We've been stripped down
Hog-tied and found out
And thrown into the quiet
Like sticks into a fire

Come on, I'm sleeping in the street
Cause it's so easy to dream but so hard to say goodnight
We've been toiling our tears hit the soil yeah
Taking up a voice from a flower field of noise

Come on, a dog from the past started barking
Well let me hear you now
We've been stripped down
Hog-tied and found out
Thrown into the quiet
Like sticks into a fire

Come on, I'm sleeping in the street cause it's so easy to dream
But so hard to say goodnight

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