

Bad News

Dear And The Headlights

On some mentioning of thoughts and of mid-twenties tangent plots
Those sad feathery talks that float 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 like any synaptic
Cavalry's typical barrage on your tired soul
You cannot shrug it off, just start your inconsequential white withdrawal it's
Bad news for you, haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time
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Haven't felt this way in a long time
Cautious sticks stuck in fictitious craws capsized on your chatty shores

Half dead, 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 news for you
Haven't felt this way in a long time
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