

# 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  
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 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  
Haven't felt this way in a long time

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