

# My Pain Ain't News

J.K. Coltrain

THEY TELL ME THE NEW COUNTRY  
DON'Â€™T MAKE ROOM FOR NO MORE CRYING HEARTACHE SONGS  
OR HEARTBREAK SONGS  
BUT I CAN'T FIGHT WHAT I WRITE, AND MY PAIN AIN'Â€™T NEWS

Whether it'Â€™s country or Americana  
Keep it perky and Pollyanna  
Yes, brother, I understand the rules  
Who wants songs about victims and losers  
Crying over vixens and users?  
Sure, I know the drill, but that still don'Â€™t help us fools

FULL CHORUS:  
THEY TELL ME THE NEW COUNTRY  
DON'Â€™T MAKE ROOM FOR NO MORE CRYING HEARTACHE SONGS  
OR HEARTBREAK SONGS  
SO WHAT CAN I DO? I WISH I WAS OVER YOU  
TO CHART WELL, PLAY AND SELL  
THEY'Â€™RE IN THE MARKET FOR POSITIVE, UPBEAT TUNES  
NOT NEGATIVE, ACHING BLUES  
BUT I CAN'T FIGHT WHAT I WRITE, AND MY PAIN AIN'Â€™T NEWS

You broke my heart in a million pieces  
Every day the pain increases  
Love'Â€™s left me spinning here in space  
They want songs that are well-adjusted  
But since my heart got busted  
I can'Â€™t live the lie, or glue the smile back on my face

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DON'Â€™T MAKE ROOM FOR NO MORE CRYING HEARTACHE SONGS  
OR HEARTBREAK SONGS  
SO WHAT CAN I DO? OH, WHAT CAN I DO?

I'Â€™d be wealthy if my songs were healthy  
I'Â€™d be so uplifting if I wasn'Â€™t drifting  
I'Â€™d write about how love is like a good luck charm  
If I had you back in my arms

REPEAT FULL CHORUS

(Spoken)

It donâ€™t fill you with inspiration? Well, letâ€™s try some affirmations: Every day and every way Iâ€™m gettin  
confused, why canâ€™t a little misery be news anymore? I donâ€™t get all this happy honkytonk music, it ainâ€™t n  
. I donâ€™t understand . . .

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Lyrics submitted by J. K. Coltrain.

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