

# Newspapers

## Stan Ridgway

I work for the newspapers  
Any news is I always say  
But I don't write no daily column  
Talk is cheap and so's my pay  
And when my work day's over  
I pocket five or ten frome tray  
And then I start it up again at five a.m.  
I stack 'em up just to throw 'em away  
Now lately I've been thinkin'  
What would the world do without the news?  
You wouldn't know when wars were started  
Or when they ended, win or lose  
It'd probably be a much better world  
But the question would be, whose?  
And what side you're on and who's right or wrong  
You'd never have to choose  
Sometimes lat at night  
I can see the streets like no one else can  
There's a lot of things going on here  
That even newspapers don't understand  
Some people got too much money  
Some rob with a gun or a ballpoint pen  
Maybe I'll get me a big black cape  
And then they'll be runnin' from me  
Lookin' over their shoulder for me  
What's buried in the back pages  
Was on the front just yesterday  
And old news never dies  
No, they say it just fades away  
Crime and murder, business and politics  
And international strife  
It's all the same, find someone to blame  
It's there in black and white

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