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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