

Chris Flew

"Sad News"

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I should'a killed you myself.
It was always a dream of mine.
I could'a used a little help,
But red wine's been, a good friend of mine.

I've got sad news.
Take off your shoes.
Sit down for a while,
A while.
A while, now.
Ohhh

I'm wearing me out.
I'm wearing my old clothes.
I'm writing all new poems.
I'm riding in my car.

Oh the children, they're just babies.
Little baby-sized socks and shoes,
And I think that maybe
I should keep them away from you.

I'll crawl in and then
I'll creep out, out loud.
I've got a job.
I'm not proud.
I'm not proud.
No...

I'm wearing me out.
I'm wearing my old clothes.
I'm writing all new poems.
I'm riding in my car.

Sad, sad.
I've got sad news.
I do.
Sad news.
I've got sad news.

But it's all over now.(sad sad sad)

It's all done. (sad sad sad)
Red, Red Rover:
Can't remember the game.

I'm wearing me out.
I'm wearing my old clothes.
I'm writing all new poems.
I'm riding in my car.

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