

## Ingrid Olava "Headlines"

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I'm the how much you feel when you're longing to be touched

I'm the words you can see when someone asks too much

I'm lights that are flashing I'm strangers passing by  
I'm aeroplanes crashing I'm the guy explaining why

But hey hey it's not the news, OK?

So, hey hey, it's not the news

Cause all the headlines bow their heads and say  
No there is nothing familiar but you've already been here

If God know no news today

If there is nothing familiar but you've already been here anyway

I'm the ink that is drying on pages torn apart

I'm the deer that is dying I'm the bullet in it's heart

I am the golden street I am the stench

I am your nosebleed I am the revenge

But hey hey

It's not the news, OK?

So, hey hey, it's not the news

But all the headlines bow their heads and say

No there is nothing familiar but you've already been here

If God know no news today

Yet there is nothing familiar but you've already been here anyway

I've got so many things in my mind you won't believe

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