

Dear and the Headlights "Bad News"

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On some mentioning of thoughts and of mid-twenties
tangent plots
Those sad feathery talks that float on all that
Tattered teenage applause clapped out further with no
pause
On collegiate palms of course their hands so soft

Ancient postures of awe for low level modern shocks
Now happening a lot like like any synaptic
Cavalry's typical barrage on your tired soul
You cannot shrug it off, just start your inconsequential
white withdrawal it's

Bad news for you, haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time
Bad news for you, haven't felt this way in a long time
Haven't felt this way in a long time

Cautious sticks stuck in fictitious craws capsized on
your chatty shores
Half dead, half seem worse yet you still keep talking
In between coughing fits and soon to be Heimlich'd
bits
Of ideas which you could not yet digest

Put that rag to your face, lay down that's a better pace
go back to cliches like "I should kill myself" or "I should
lose some weight"
I'm sure either way you'd feel just the very same
Quiet now someone's coming

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