

## **The Tim Version "Bitter Greens"**

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News comes around at the speed of sound,  
But the speed of sound is just another number  
At sea level we're here just soaking up the atmosphere  
Even though skies are clear there's rain clouds on the  
ground.

A gang war, a bar fight, what happened at down-town  
tonight,  
Better keep the old folks locked up in their homes  
'Cuz all the bad people die when they try to help their  
friends survive  
Check the news on channel five, you better bite your  
lips

I got no arguments, no monumental observations  
I pick up shit and throw it at the wall  
Whatever sticks is fact whatever falls away is fiction  
Lip service wont bring no body back

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