

## The New Cities

### "The Fake Headlines"

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I wrote the news today in a tent outside the midway rides, and as my money flew, singing to their pockets, you could only know your shame, knowing what the good ones do. And when you see the bruises on my legs from kicking pills yeah, then you see how recklessly the pages are filled. Make headlines, believe them, come back. Want to be upside down, maybe thrown from side to side. Want to fall from the clouds, sailing like a ship at sea. Want to think out so loud that the fashion police break me. I wrote the news today in a tent outside the midway rides, and as my money flew, singing to their pockets, I... I filled the whole front page with the catchiest words I could find, believe me, come back. Fake headlines, believe them, come

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