

## Plankeye

### "Good News"

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Fall down  
Kiss the ground once again  
This mire too often my heart's desire  
Pick me up  
Dust me off once again  
This mire too often my heart's desire  
I create my own shame  
Put a muzzle on my mouth when I get so very anxious  
So very anxious again  
Better off if things were left unsaid  
Tomorrow's sorrows waiting there once again  
The silver pinholes of the night refuse to sing their  
starry song tonight  
Goodnight  
(Well always go back, but not this time)

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