

Tom Cochrane "Good News"

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You're always wearin' somethin'
Upon your lapel
So what if that ain't cool these days
You wear it well
The day that you left L.A.
I felt so alone
Standing in the airport
Longing to go home

You-oo-h-who
You
You never sing the blues
You
You always bring good news

I wanna be your lover
And I wanna be your friend
It seems that that for the price of one
You get the both of them
I don't know how you do it
I sometimes wanna pick your brain
You know that you're half crazy
But you say that you're half sane

You-oo-h-who
You
You never sing the blues
You
You always bring good news

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