## Cursive, No News Is Bad News

I took a stroll down a primrose lane on a clear blue day Everything seemed so perfectly placed Daises lined each manicured lawn Well groomed men walked well groomed dogs Stopped in a bar for a mid-day drink On search of a scene more inspiring Shooting off the cap of a ball point pen Thinking happen, something happen

When everything's in order
Is that what you write about?
There's nothing much new
There's not much to say
Well there's not much to say
I got everything in the news
It occurred to me
No news is bad news
When you trying to spark that fuse
Well you wanna sing them blues

You're waiting 'round for a water to boil For the fire to lose control But you can't heat up that kettle You gotta leave the elements alone It scares the shit outta me When weathered writers lose their steam I'm lonely, getting older, less interesting You can't make this shit up You can't make this shit up You can't make this shit up You can't make this shit up

When everything's in order Is that what you write about? There's nothing much new There's not much to say Well there's not much to say I got everything in the news It occurred to me No news is bad news When you trying to spark that fuse

I stumbled out into a black alley on a blood red doll The ramshackled box seemed trampled upon Shattered glass smeared on burned cement A stray dog eating from a black bean tin Stopped in anettie's for a pick me up For reason how the town got so fucked Bought a bloody mary with italian grit Saying, too dramatic Try again