

Sad News

Chris Garneau

I said I killed you myself
It was always a dream of mine
I could have used a little help
But red wine's been a good friend of mine

I got sad news
Take off your shoes
Sit down for a while
A while, a while
Oh

I'm wearing me out
I'm wearing my old clothes
I'm writing all new poems
I'm riding in my car

Oh, the children, they're just babies
Little baby-sized socks and shoes
And I think that maybe
I should keep them away from you

I crawl in and then
I creep out outloud
I got a job,
I'm not proud, I'm not proud, no

I'm wearing me out
I'm wearing my old clothes
I'm writing all new poems
I'm riding in my car

Sad, sad, I got sad news
I got
sad news
I got sad news
But it
(sad, sad, sad, sad)
it's all over now
It
(sad, sad, sad, sad)
It's all done

Red, red rover
I can't remember the game

I'm wearing me out
I'm wearing my old clothes
I'm writing all new poems
I'm riding in my car