

No News Is Good News

New Found Glory

All along, we follow blindly,
Force fed prime-time, previewed nightly,
Why would anybody leave the safety of their homes?

I wonder why,
I wonder why,
Only disasters flood the headlines,
Other people's misery,
Are on for the next three hours,
Commercial free.

And I can't take much more of this,
We're all so wrapped up, in it,
Nothing will change, but the channel,
So I turn it off.

I see billboards on the horizon,
I can't imagine what they'll tell me,
What to wear,
What to drink,
Where to eat,
It's so easy not to think for yourself anymore,
So naive,
You don't do anything anymore.

And I can't take much more of this,
We're all so wrapped up, in it,
Nothing will change, but the channel,
And no,
I can't take much more of this,
We're all so wrapped up, in it,
Nothing will change, but the channel...

We all give in,
We all complain,
We sit and wait,
For things to change,
We're waiting,
We're waiting.

All along, we follow blindly,
All along, we follow blindly.

And I can't take much more of this,
We're all so wrapped up, in it,
Nothing will change, but the channel,
And no,
I can't take much more of this,
We're all so wrapped up, in it,
Nothing will change, but the channel,
So I turn it off...
Turn it off...