

## Newspapers

Stan Ridgway

I work for the newspapers  
Any news is good news I always say  
But I don't write no daily column  
Talk is cheap and so is my pay.

And when my work days over  
I pocket five or ten from the tray  
And then I start up again at five am  
I stack 'em up just to throw 'em away.

Now lately I've been thinking  
What would the world do without the news  
You wouldn't know when wars were started  
Or when they ended, win or lose.

It probably be a better world to live in  
But the question would be who's?  
And what side your on or who's right or wrong  
You'd never have to choose.

Some times late at night  
I get to see the streets like no one else can  
There's a lot of things going on here  
That even newspapers don't understand.

Some people got too much money  
Some rob with a gun or a ballpoint pen  
Maybe I'll get me a big black cape  
And then they'll be running from me,  
Looking over their shoulder for me.

Once there in the back pages  
Was on the front just yesterday  
And old news never dies  
No, they say it just fades away

Crime and murder  
Business and politics  
And International strife  
It's all the same, find some one to blame  
It's there in black and white.