

## The Fake Headlines

### The New Pornographers

I wrote the news today  
In the tent outside the midway rides  
And as my money flew  
Singing to their pockets you  
Could only know your shame  
Knowing what the good ones do

And when you see the bruises on my legs from kicking pills, yea  
h  
Then you see how recklessly the pages are filled  
Make headlines, believe them come back  
Make headlines, believe them come back

Want to be upside down  
Maybe thrown from side to side?  
Want to fall from the clouds  
Sailing like a ship at sea?  
Want to think out so loud  
That the fashion police break me?

And when you see the bruises on my legs from kicking pills, yea  
h  
Then you see how recklessly the pages I fill  
Make headlines, believe them come back  
Make headlines, believe them come back

You'll cry...  
You'll cry, believe me come back

I wrote the news today  
In the tent outside the midway rides  
And when my money flew  
Singing to their pockets I  
I filled the whole front page  
With the catchiest words I could find

Fake headlines, believe me come back  
Fake headlines, believe them come back