

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, yeah
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, yeah
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