

She's trapped inside her room
with reruns on the screen
old books and movies
but she can't stop thinking
i'm torn between myself
my radio my friends
i want to write this one off over and over again
and then she looked at me to scream
"my castles are falling"
but i can't look into the street
without everything changing

i want to read good news
i want to be innocent again
i want to read good news
but nothing good is happening

she waits all day
she stands a stranger in her skin
she moves the science with her hands
she lines her walls
with every paper she can see
these words consume her
but they never set her free
and then she looked at me to scream
"my castles are falling"
but i can't look into the street
without everything changing

i want to read good news
i want to be innocent again
i want to read good news
but nothing good is happening

i want to read good news
i want to be a little kid again
i want to read good news
but nothing good is happening
i want to read good news
i want to go to sleep at night again
i want to read good news
but nothing good is happening