

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.