

# Good News – Mac Miller

I spent the whole day in my head  
Do a little spring cleanin'  
I'm always too busy dreamin'  
Well, maybe I should wake up instead  
A lot of things I regret,  
But I just say I forget  
Why can't it just be easy?  
Why does everybody need me to stay?  
Oh, I hate the feelin'  
When you're high,  
But you're underneath the ceilin'  
Got the cards in my hand, I hate dealin',  
Yeah  
Get everything I need, then I'm gone,  
But it ain't stealin'  
Can I get a break?  
I wish that  
I could just get out my goddamn way  
What is there to say?  
There ain't a better time than today  
Well, maybe I'll lay down for a little, yeah  
Instead of always tryin'  
To figure everything out  
And all I do is say sorry  
Half the time I don't even know what  
I'm sayin' it about  
Good news, good news, good news  
That's all they wanna hear  
No, they don't like it when I'm down  
But when I'm flyin', oh  
It make 'em so uncomfortable  
So different, what's the difference?  
When it ain't that bad  
It could always be worse  
I'm runnin' out of gas, hardly anything left  
Hope I make it home from work

Well, so tired of bein' so tired  
Why I gotta build somethin' beautiful  
Just to go set it on fire?  
I'm no liar, but  
Sometimes  
The truth don't sound like the truth  
Maybe 'cause it ain't  
I just love the way it sound when I say it,  
Yeah  
It's what I do  
If you know me, it ain't anything new  
Wake up to the moon,  
Haven't seen the sun in a while  
But I heard that the sky's still blue, yeah  
I heard they don't talk about me too much  
No more  
And that's the problem with a closed door  
Good news, good news, good news  
That's all they wanna hear  
No, they don't like it when I'm down  
But when I'm flyin', oh  
It make 'em so uncomfortable  
So different, what's the difference?  
There's a whole lot more for me waitin'  
On the other side  
I'm always wonderin' if it feel like summer  
I know maybe I'm too late,  
I could make it there some other time  
I'll finally discover  
That there's a whole lot more for me waitin'  
That there's a whole lot more for me waitin'  
I know maybe I'm too late, I could make  
It there some other time  
Then I'll finally discover  
That it ain't that bad, ain't so bad  
Well, it ain't that bad, mm  
At least it don't gotta be no more  
No more, no more, no more, no more  
No more, no more, no more, no more

Hey, hey  
Mm, hey, mm, mm, mm

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych