

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



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych