

## Extra Extra

Illy

You can walk away, tell me it just won't do  
I still can't walk a mile in your shoes  
Trouble comes in threes, we do just fine me and you  
I hate to be the bearer of bad news

Yeah, hickey hickey, old boy dared me  
Neighbours hearing us over their TV's  
Fight like you spartan and smile like you cheerlead  
Live on the scene and message you the heavy set  
No good news today  
Whole lot of curse words, a couple of broke plates  
Dress it, I'll pay your light, can't have it both ways  
It's pouring but no coat, umbrella with no rain  
But hey, it's just a season  
And if you don't want it, up and leave then  
And you can keep asking "what's the reason"  
But wait, wait, wait  
I'll stop you there, good luck and good evening, damn  
Love to play to the gallery  
We go together like PB and celery  
I failed math, but breezed through anatomy  
So me plus you equals trouble come naturally, yeah

You can walk away, tell me it just won't do  
I still can't walk a mile in your shoes  
Trouble comes in threes, we do just fine me and you  
I hate to be the bearer of bad news  
So I say extra, extra, read all about it 'cause I'm gone  
'Cause I'm gone

And they're saying I'm bad news, you probably think that too  
Like I'm out, taking everything that moves  
By the gloss, but not a thing rang true, so I'm hitting haters up like bim,  
bam, boom  
And we can handle this cool, or take a different route  
Wig out and give them something new to bitch about  
Can barely tell, you kicking it or kicking out?  
Back right after the break if you stick around  
Stop the presses, circuit breakers, drop the pressure  
Read between the lines on the message  
It's 2016 now, even forever's not forever, man  
Already plotting a part two  
Brought to you by a coffee and dark moods  
On our way, no stopping to argue, I'm sorry  
It's just something I can't do, but you know what they say

You can walk away, tell me it just won't do  
I still can't walk a mile in your shoes  
Trouble comes in threes, we do just fine and you  
I hate to be the bearer of bad news  
So I say extra, extra, read all about it 'cause I'm gone  
'Cause I'm gone

If this is love, I've had enough, I don't  
Want to hear another thing about it  
So give it up, and let it go  
'Cause I don't give a fuck anymore

You can walk away, tell me it just won't do  
I still can't walk a mile in your shoes