She said, "It's just a woman thing,"
And pulled out of the drive
I said not to worry
I'm and understanding guy
I heard that when you love someone

You gotta let them go She hollered, "When I find myself You'll be the first to know." Ooo-hooo no news

I've learned to do the laundry
Feed the cat and clean the house
I promised to be patient
While she worked her problems out

When she packed her bags Her destination was unclear But I sensed that her intentions Were honest and sincere Ooo-hooo no news

She could telephone, tell a friend
Tell a lie about where she's been
Send a pigeon, send a fax
Write it on a postal pack
Send a signal up in smoke
Tap it out in morse code
I'd prefer a bad excuse

To no news

Her momma's been a little vauge As to her whereabouts Her sister says, "I'm certain Your romance is headed south."

I don't have a single doubt That she's still in love My level of anxiety Is just a product of Ooo-hooo no news

She could telephone, tell a friend
Tell a lie about where she's been
Send a pigeon, send a fax
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She missed her bus, missed her plane Surely, this can be explained Lost her car at the mall Got locked in a bathroom stall

Joined a cult, joined the Klan

On the road with Pearl Jam Buried with the Grateful Dead Came back as a parrot head

Got derailed, got de-iced Offered as a sacrifice FBI, CIA, if they've seen her They ain't saying No news! Still no news!