

A New Found Glory, Ballad for the lost Romantics

A New Found Glory
Miscellaneous
Ballad for the lost Romantics

I've grown sick
I've gotten older
I finally have an audience to ignore me
I can yell all I want
But you still (still) can't hear me
I'm punching myself out
Holding in my breath
I can't take this lightly
Throwing up the words that I said to you
I always do what I'm not supposed to
Here's to us fools
That have no meaning
I tip my glass to you
Let's toast the night away to friends
And forget about tomorrow
I might say things you don't want to hear
But someday you might care and I won't be there
No I won't be there here's to us fools
That have no meaning
I tip my glass to you
Let's toast the night away to friends
And forget about tomorrow
I'm punching myself out
Holding in my breath
I can yell all I want
Throwing up the words that I said to you
I always do what I'm not supposed to
Here's to us fools that have no meaning
I tip my glass to you
Let's toast the night away to friends
And forget about tomorrow.