

# New Found Glory, 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 can't hear me  
I'm punching myself out  
Holding in my breath  
I can 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.