

# The Polyphonic Spree, Section 4 (La La)

La-la, la-la, la-la-la...

If you walk out and face a good day,  
Somehow the look seems to fall off your face.  
Wonder whose finding this all a game.  
Bet they're slipping down into decay.

La-la, la-la, la-la-la...

La-la, la-la, la-la-la...

Somehow you fall down, you pick up the ground.  
Keep all the message and make it your sound.  
Why not, what not, slip into ice.  
If you want more, take some advice.

La-la, la-la, la-la-la.

La-la, la-la, la-la-la.