

## **Strike.Fire.Fall**

### **"Canned Laughter"**

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I need a verse.  
I need someone to help me find it  
If you find it first.  
I'll offer you an automated autograph  
And worse.  
I'll see it you can meet me at the corner bar,  
It hurts,  
To know there's someone out there  
Who's as shallow as a  
Grave digger figuring the meaning of life,  
Trigger-happy in a field is what you feel  
When you die, we scream:

And then you find a place  
Where you can get high  
And waste the time away.  
The simple things are all you need  
To keep you singing:

"Fa, lala, la, la, la, la,  
fa, lala, oh.  
Fa, lala, la, la, la, la,  
fa, lala, oh."

I'm cutting through a backyard,  
Of a backport  
At a back town.  
That's how it goes,  
That's how I want to be.  
On the good side  
Of a good joke  
Makes to a good frown.  
So mix it up now  
Pick it up.  
So Jay hates singing to the stereo,  
He says, "Haha, haha."  
Wherever he goes.

And then you find a place  
Where you can get high  
And waste the time away.

The simple things are all you need  
To keep you singing:

"Fa, lala, la, la, la, la,  
fa, lala, oh.  
Fa, lala, la, la, la, la,  
fa, lala, oh."  
Whoa.

(Laughter)

"la, lala, la, la, la, la,  
la, lala, oh.  
la, lala, la, la, la, la,  
la, lala, oh."

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