

Whitlams, The

"Laugh In Their Faces"

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We fall into old habits
Talk about giving it up after getting right on
Letter to your mother says you're doing everything you
can
And I'm glad that she won't get the joke

You're as free as a ten year old
With a room of your very own
Doesn't matter at all what all those people say at home
With your good humour you're a hero

And you can stop them dragging you down
They've got nothing better to do
Sometimes you've got to laugh in their faces

It doesn't matter if your guitar is in hock
It doesn't matter if you owe us all a lot
'Cause you're getting happier by the minute
And they wouldn't have a clue about what it's like to be
lazy
when you've got too much to do

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