

## **Karate High School "The Joke Is On Us"**

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At 6:15AM, I wake up from the same nightmare again.  
It's that one where I'm 100 years old and living alone  
without love.

Everything I had was dressed and draped in velvet  
black,

And words in the sky asked, "Where do we go after the  
sun goes down?"

Staring at myself, I rub my hands against my face.

As if the answer would come if I pushed hard enough.

Is it cliché to ask for a sign?

Am I doing something right?

Is this really the punch line?

Can it be true that now, the joke is on us this time.

A common mistake we often make is that we think  
there is a finish line.

I really used to think that my story would go, "and then,  
and then, and then,"

I kept waiting for the beginning to end.

I kept waiting for something to happen.

I don't want to turn the page if I know how it ends.

I already know the opponent wins, so what's the point?

Our time has one foot in the grave,

So bury me now and forever erase my name from each  
page.

There's a checklist in my pocket with none of the boxes  
marked,

And it's too late for me to start.

Can it be true now, the joke is on us this time.

A common mistake we often make is that we think  
there is a finish line.

What if this is as good as it gets?

The joke's on us this time. The joke's on us this time.

A common mistake we often make is that we think  
there is a finish line.

And in the end, we aren't left with answers.

We're left with choices.

