

New Found Glory

"Ballad For The Last Romantics"

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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, still can't hear me

I'm pushing myself out
Holding in my breath
I can't take this lightly
Throwing up the words that I said to you
I always do, 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
Forget about tomorrow

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