

New Found Glory "Ballad For The Lost 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 punching 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 wanna 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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I can yell all I want, throwing up the words that I said to
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