

## Acro-brats, The "Laughtrack"

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You've got your radio rock station,  
Make your mistakes, no reservations.

A brand new day just finds you,  
Thinking of the nights before her.  
Still losing sleep, oh it's,  
It's nothing new, nothing more.

You've got no one to watch you try,  
You've got nothing to get you by.

Come on!

You're torn apart, no time to wonder,  
Your yesturday's has stole your thunder.

Right!

You call the shots, but now you're  
Shooting blanks and don't know how.  
You pull the strings and clip their wings,  
In fact they hate you now.

You've got no one to watch you try,  
You've got nothing to get you by.

Come on! Huh-huh-hey!

A brand new day just finds you,  
Thinking 'bout the nights before her.  
Cussing as you cross yourself,  
It's nothing new and nothing more.

You've got no one to watch you try,  
You've got nothing to get you by.

The jokes on you,  
The jokes on you,  
The jokes on you,  
The jokes on... You!

