

American Minor

"Laughing Stock"

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Laughing stock proves that the world is made of rock
That some grow happily on, but that's hard for some
You and your friend and
All the rest of god's sweet children
Never weak, always strong
That's hard for some

You ask me why

You're just a couple of strangers in a bar
Giving me the chance to explain myself away
Some entertainment to give away

In your eyes I see the rest of life just passes by
And that's hard for some

You ask me why
That's your alibi
Isn't everything clear
No clouds in the sky

The laughing stock proves that the world is made of
rock
That's hard for some

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