Laughing Stock

Love

Here we are, our hands are all untied
We'd rather walk than ride
Then ride and ride, and ride, ride, ride
Ride and ride, and rideThere you stand, your eyes are in your head
You should have stayed in bed
Oh, Fred in bed and ride, ride, ride
Fred in bed and rideKeep on tellin' myself
Everything is gonna change
When I find someone to blame
And the people that I see won't bother meKeep on hidin' myself
Away from everything
What a thing to fix your brain
I guess, I want to be where it don't follow meI keep on playin' my drums, hey
I keep on singin' my songs
I just got out my little red
I keep on doin' all the things
That I shouldn't have to doI keep on buildin' my hopes
And you keep tearin' 'em down
What is this foolin' around?
Are we supposed to be like history?I keep on playin' my drums, drums
I keep on singin' my songs, oh, yeah
I keep on doin' all the things
That I shouldn't have to do

Songwriters
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