

Waiting for the Punchline

Extreme

You might say hey, I lost my sense of humor
I'm quite surprised I didn't lose it sooner
Why waste your breath on anything less
Then talk so trivial
As a man who ran out of material

Why did the chicken go across the road
To get to the other side
I'm still waiting for the punchline
Whoever said the grass always grows
Greener on the other lied
I'm still waiting for the punchline

The good ol' days I was known to wear a smile
Like all good things they've gone out of style
I will admit, usually a quick wit
I found bemusing
What used to be, no longer are amusing

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It's nothing that you said,
No nothing that you did
Must have been a bad joke,
That's gone over my head
What me worry, another tragedy
The latter plus time, equals comedy

Why can't I get to the other side