

Sorry For Laughing

Propaganda

It took ten years to realize
Why the angel stopped crying
When you sail on down the lane
Your happy smile, your funny name
It's so hopeless to define
When you jump to close the blinds
You know I'd help you if I could but
Both my arms are made of wood
I just don't mean the things that I say
It's only cause you're made that way
Sorry for laughing
There's too much happening
Sorry for laughing
There's too much happening
When we grooved on into town
Charles Atlas
Stopped to frown
Cause he's not made like me and you
Just can't do the things we do
I'm not being mean so don't take it hard
When I ask you to run round the yard
Sorry for laughing
There's too much happening
Sorry for laughing
There's too much happening
At times like these you don't have to say
So sorry it turned out that way
Sorry for laughing
There's too much happening
Sorry for laughing
There's too much happening