

Laughed

Propaganda

Sorry for laughing, there's too much happening
Sorry for laughing, there's too much happening

It took ten years to realise
Why the angel start to cry
When you sail on down the lane
You have to smile your funny name

It's so hopeless to define
When you jump to close to blinds
You know I'd help you if I could buy
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 groove on into town
Charles Atlas starts 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 around 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

Sorry for laughing, sorry for laughing
There's too much happening
Sorry for laughing

It's so hopeless to define
When you jump to close to blinds