I stand here waiting for you to bang the gong To crash the critic saying, "Is it right or is it wrong?" If only fame had an I.V., baby could I bear Being away from you, I found the vein, put it in here I live for the applause, applause, applause I live for the applause-plause Live for the applause-plause Live for the way that you cheer and scream for me The applause, applause, applause Give me that thing that I love (I'll turn the lights out) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch (make it real loud) Give me that thing that I love (I'll turn the lights out) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch (make it real loud) (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Make it real loud (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Make it real loud (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch I've overheard your theory "nostalgia's for geeks" I guess sir, if you say so, some of us just like to read One second I'm a Koons, then suddenly the Koons is me Pop culture was in art, now art's in pop culture in me I live for the applause, applause, applause I live for the applause-plause Live for the applause-plause Live for the way that you cheer and scream for me The applause, applause, applause Give me that thing that I love (I'll turn the lights out) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch (make it real loud) Give me that thing that I love (I'll turn the lights out) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch (make it real loud) (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Make it real loud (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Make it real loud (A-P-P-L-A-U-S-E) Put your hands up, make 'em touch, touch Touch, touch Touch, touch now Ooh-ooh-ooh-hoo Ooh-ooh-ooh-hoo Ooh-ooh-ooh-hoo Ooh-ooh I live for the applause, applause, applause I live for the applause-plause Live for the applause-plause Live for the way that you cheer and scream for me. The applause, applause, applause

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A-R-T-P-O-P