

So you think you've got something funny to say,
But it's not what to say but all in the way;
Maybe it will go right and maybe it won't,
It depends on whether you know what to do and don't.

Laughter may appear to come at someone else's cost,
And in this big world that's something to be lost;
In time and space is there anything really that funny,
That can't be bought or sold with some kind of money.

Now so what if I laugh at whatever I like,
Life's a bit strange even if riding a bike;
So tickle your fancy and laugh at whatever,
Even if there is left standing out in the rainy weather.

I come home in the night to be by myself,
To a lonely old house and knock a book off the shelf;
But still in my heart ii find there's laughter,
As being so stupid as thinking I could live happily ever after.

So you don't know what makes me laugh,
But I tell you to stick out your neck like a gillette;
In hoe that one day your faith will be real,
And someone's laughter and love you won't have to steal.

I like to contest this part of my will,
That someone will be left to laugh at my bill;
And up in the sky where in heaven above,
Someone will laugh and the give me a shove.