

Antifreeze, Our Band

Why does it have to be this way
Why do I have to cry
Every time I think we're ahead
Every thing starts to fall behind
After all this work we've done
We're still not anywhere
All we want is to rock your world
But hard work won't get us there
Don't you think that we could be
The next Grammy winners on MTV
We have two singers
that's two for all the girls and boys
but I guess were still outnumbered
if you count the Backstreet Boys
The hecklers always throw things at me
That is a source of dread
It's hard to sing
When a can of bud bounces of your head