

Fine Young Firecrackers

Conditions

After a calm walk to the mirror
I never thought this frame could ever seem so empty
A missing face has made it lose its touch
And I'm shaking, but nonetheless alive
And nonetheless alive

And there were centuries in the sky that night
History buried deep in those bright lights

Bright flashes with spectacular goodbyes
Why couldn't ours have been so nice?
Still I hung on every word
Still I hung on every word

I remember each word at the top of my lungs

Laying back for the last time
Breathing in, breathing in...
Laying back for the last time
To rise unloved again

I prayed for you
But I never prayed for this
I prayed for you

I remember each word at the top of my lungs

Remember each word, remember each word
And I'm shaking, but nonetheless alive
And I'm shaking

I remember each word at the top of my lungs