

# Geography Vonnegut And Me

## Fireworks

You're running out, your heavy heart, I hope it slows you down  
I'll be your gravity and pull you to the ground  
You're running out of solid ground, I'll be that tectonic plate  
That shifts and brings your head back to this place

Everybody does their time on the fault line  
For now let's keep our feet on the same side

Be the nine and I'll be the three  
On a clock that lies over a map of this country  
There's some things that time can't change, oh

That same tectonic plate  
That shifts and brings your head back to this place

Everybody does their time on the fault line  
For now let's keep our feet on the same side  
Everybody does their time...

If you'll be the nine and I'll be the three  
On a clock that lies over a map of this country  
There's some things that time can't change

So leave a piece of yourself, and take something back too, back  
too  
There's some things that just can't change

Father Time is a blurred bird in disguise  
Who made his way to my shoulder  
It's weighing me down, it makes me grow older  
I wish it would all just stop  
I put my all into destroying his nest  
It's weighing me down, it makes us grow older

There's some things that time can't change

If you'll be the nine and I'll be the three  
On a clock that lies over a map of this country  
There's some things that time can't change  
So leave a piece of yourself, and take something back too, back  
too

I'll be your gravity  
The same tectonic plate; that's me  
Everybody does their time on the fault line