

Fireworks

Kemopetrol

There is the starting line, the starting gun
And it's "On your marks, get set..."

So there goes my head again
And there goes my heart
There are my feet again
Still at the start

There is the line of thought, the fly you caught
And it's "On your marks, get set..."

So there goes my head again
And there goes my heart
There are my lips again
Trying to part

And it feels like fireworks or fighter planes
Light up the sky, they're shooting down the stars
And it looks like it's meaningful and it's meaningless
And it's in my head, it's tearing me apart

So there goes my head again
And there goes my heart
There are my feet again
Trying too hard

Sleep, why don't you sleep
Why don't you rest your head

And it feels like fireworks or fighter planes
Light up the sky, they're shooting down the stars
And it looks like it's meaningful and it's meaningless
And it's in my head, it's been there from the start