

## The Finish Line

Snow Patrol

The earth is warm next to my ear  
Insects noise is all that I hear  
A magic trick makes the world disappear  
The skies are dark, they're dark but they're clear

A distant motorcade and suddenly there's joy  
The snow and tickertape blurs all my senses numb  
It's like the finish line where everything just ends  
The crack of radios seems close enough to touch

Cold water, cleaning my wounds  
A side parade, with a single balloon  
I'm done with this, I'm coming to town(?)  
Blue as seas, running to them

I feel like I am watching everything from space  
And in a minute I hear my name and I wake  
I think the finish line's a good place we could start  
Take a deep breath, take in all that you could want