

# 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