

Indoor Fireworks

Laura Cantrell

We play these parlor games, we play at make believe
When we get to the part where I say that I'm gonna
leave
Everybody loves a happy ending but we don't even try
We go straight past pretending back to the part where
everybody loves to cry

Indoor fireworks
Can still burn your fingers
Indoor fireworks
We swore we're safe as houses
They're not so spectacular
They don't burn up in the sky
But they can dazzle or delight
Or bring a tear
When the smoke gets in your eyes

You were the spice of life, the gin in my vermouth
And though the sparks would fly I thought our love was
fireproof
Sometimes we'd fight in public, darling, with very
little cause
But different kinds of sparks would fly when we got on
our own behind closed doors

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It's time to tell the truth - these things they must be
faced
My fuse is burning out and all that powder's gone to
waste
But don't think for a moment, darling, that we'll ever
be through
I'll build a bonfire of my dreams and burn a broken
effigy of me and you

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