

Indoor Fireworks

Nick Lowe

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

Indoor fireworks
Can still burn your fingers
Indoor fireworks
We swore we were 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 have to be faced
My fuse is burning out and all that powder's gone to waste
Don't think for a moment, dear, 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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