

FIREWORKS

Music by Daniel Joseph & Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

10

VERSE

[RAP]

4x

C F A min D min

4x BREAK

OUTRO

C F A min D min C

4x

It's hard to be living
 You gotta play the cards you were given
 You think it's simple but it god damn isn't
 It's tougher now than breaking out of Shawshank prison, and
 As you're hittin your prime
 People say you been committing a crime
 But I won't quit till ilm home, I'll chip the limestone a bit at a time
 Wait! I'm a pale ass pale
 middle-class straight white male
 I won't have an alibi the day I fail
 cause if I ever went to jail, mom would pay my bail
 in a [boom boom] heartbeat
 Mom and dad have given me a lot more
 than a pat on the back and I gotta thank em
 for loving me from moment I was strapped in
 a Volvo car seat
 When I needed a pep talk
 I couldn't remember to wreck shop
 writer's block, staring at my laptop desktop
 or sleeping in my rental in a turnpike rest stop

Shit in storage, living from a suitcase
 thinking "this is how a silver spoon tastes?"
 cause you can make a dream possible
 but it'll never be easy, no matter what you chase
 If you wanna poke fun then do so
 I'll do it for you, it's no crime, I'm
 like if the dude from Juno grew a Jewfro
 and liked to rhyme [OOooooohhh!!!]
 So tell me that I'm not a rapper
 tell Rudolph he can't pull sleighs
 tell Pluto it's not a planet
 and he'll probably keep spinning in the
 same old way
 on and every, every day/ right around the
 sun, wanna feel the rays
 You do it cause you love it like nothing else
 in the universe and fuck it, it's embedded in
 your DNA