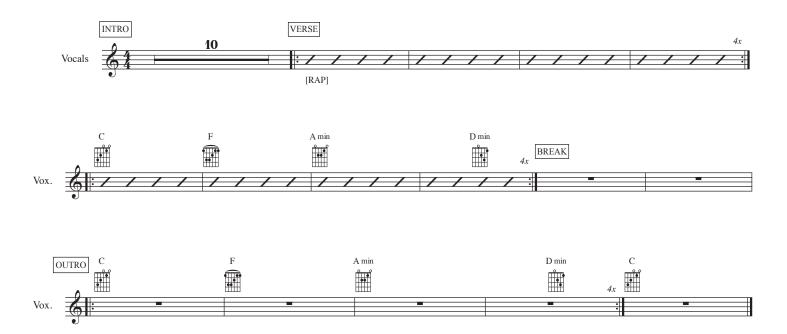
## **FIREWORKS**

Music by Daniel Joseph & Kush Mody Lyrics by George Watsky



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

stone 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 [OOoooooohhh!!!]
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