

# Flies on Tape

## Fireworks

I could lay here all day  
And still feel the same  
Rest doesn't help  
When it's used this way So my friends drink fluids until their stomachs divide  
While trying to kill something else on the inside  
So I sit around and trace all these new lines on my face  
Yeah, I might be the line but always end up in the same place Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky  
Than good, yeah good at anything  
Ooooh Rain has gotten under everyone's skin again  
Now I'm seeing zombie versions of my friends  
So I drink fluids until my limbs fall out  
The snow may have melted, but the trash it came out  
So I sit around and trace but always end up in the same place Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky  
Than good, yeah good at anything Natural selection tested me  
I miss a curve  
A cold, stale hand tangles me  
Over what I deserve Ooooh Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky  
Than good, yeah good at anything  
Lucky, lucky, I'd rather be lucky  
Than good, yeah good at anything Ooooh Ooooh  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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