The Finish Line

Snow Patrol

The earth is warm, next to my ear
Insects noise is all that I hear
A magic trick makes the world disappear
The skies are dark, they're dark but they're clear
A distant motorcade and suddenly there's joy
The snow and ticker tape blurs all my senses numb
It's like the finish line where everything just ends
The crack of radios seems close enough to touch
Cold water, cleaning my wounds
A side parade with a single balloon
I'm done with this, I'm counting to ten
Blue as seas, running to them
I feel like I am watching everything from space
And in a minute I hear my name and I wake
I think the finish line's a good place we could start
Take a deep breath, take in all that you could want

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