The Firework

Cajun Dance Party

If it's not happening then he will stop
But she must say, or he may not
Is that her heart beating, or is that his again?
Is that her smiling, or a reflection of his own toothed face?Time and time again he feels her warmth amidst
But is that really her or a hopeless optimist?
Now he's made his decision, but she hasn't made hers
Now she's made her decision, and his eyes are blurredThis is now and that was then
But he's not saying it won't build up again
'Cause her smile it's made of clay
Takes time to mold but creates a brighter dayTime and time again he feels her warmth amidst
But is that really her or a hopeless optimist?
Now he's made his decision, but she hasn't made hers
Now she's made her decision, and his eyes are blurredThere was you, okay?
And you nearly saw me slip and slide
(The firework)
But you didn't see me slip and slide
(The firework)That's what you get when you change the modes
That's what you get when your head explodes
That's what you get if you tip a cow, can you feel it now?
Just so you know I'll be fine, because I'm inclined to end up fine
Just so you know I will smile, I always smile in denial

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