

# 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

Songwriters

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