

# 4th Of July (Rare Studio Track)

## The Sweet

The fool got up and hit my face  
I couldn't make it to the door  
I took a sip and drained the tap  
And life became a thing to stab  
AhaI couldn't understand it  
My days were in a daze  
Is it bloody Sunday  
I'd better save my prayers  
Oh yeah, oh yeahAnd when the stars came down  
I was higher than the 4th of July  
Whizzing right across the sky  
High, high, higherBelieve the lies I told myself  
I wasn't into something I own  
No way  
I held my breath I count to ten  
So turn around round round  
And do it againI couldn't understand it  
My life was all a blaze  
Is it bloody Sunday  
My days were in a dazeWhen the stars came down  
I was higher than the 4th of July  
Whizzing right across the sky  
High, high, higherAnd when the stars fell down  
You know I' m gonna burn up the town  
It's the 4th of July  
And I was getting so highWhen the stars came down  
I was higher than the 4th of July  
Whizzing right across the sky  
High, high, higher

Songwriters

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