# 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

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