

# Fireworks

Watsky

It's hard to be living  
You gotta play the cards you were given  
You think it's simple but it goddamn isn't  
It's tougher now than breaking out of Shawshank prison  
And as you're hittin your prime  
People say you been committing a crime  
But I won't quit till I'm home  
I'll chip the limestone a bit at a time  
Wait! I'm a pale ass pale middle-class straight white male  
I won't have an alibi the day I fail  
'Cause if I ever went to jail, Mom would pay my bail  
In a [boom-boom] heartbeat  
Mom and Dad have given me a lot more than a pat on the back  
And I gotta thank 'em for loving me  
From the moment I was strapped in a Volvo car seat  
When I needed a pep talk  
I couldn't remember to wreck shop  
Writer's block, staring at my laptop desktop  
Or sleeping in my rental in a turnpike rest stop  
Shit in storage, living from a suitcase  
Thinking "this is how a silver spoon tastes?"  
'Cause you can make a dream possible  
But it'll never be easy, no matter what you chase  
If you wanna poke fun then do so  
I'll do it for you, it's no crime  
I'm like if the dude from Juno grew a Jewfro and liked to rhyme [Oooooooooohhh!!!]  
So tell me that I'm not a rapper  
Tell Rudolph he can't pull sleighs  
Tell pluto it's not a planet  
And he'll probably keep spinning in the same old way  
On and on, every day  
Right around the sun, wanna feel the rays  
You do it 'cause you love it like nothing else in the universe  
And fuck it, it's embedded in your DNA

Songwriters

Watsky, GeorgePublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>