

# Forever Coming Down

## The Good Life

Each ticker tape parade is followed by a broom brigade  
To sweep up all the mess we made  
Don't let me off this float Each smiley face I see reminds me of the agony  
But every love ends in defeat  
Don't ever let me go Oh, oh  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh  
In the end we're sent to bed and put to sleep  
But not me  
I'm never coming down  
Not ever coming down  
Forever coming down In a hot air balloon the moon hangs low and so do you  
I pop a bottle of champagne  
And toast a love grown cold Keep pushing into me, the [?] a tapestry  
Why can't we live so blanketed  
In the moment we explode  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh  
Flashy fireworks decay into debris  
But not me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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