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 floatEach smiley face I see reminds me of the agony
But every love ends in defeat
Don't ever let me goOh, 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 downIn a hot air balloon the moon hangs low and so do you
I pop a bottle of champagne
And toast a love grown coldKeep 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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