

# Indoor Fireworks

Elvis Costello

We play these parlor games  
We play at make believe  
When we get to the part  
Where I say that I'm going to leave Everybody loves a happy ending  
But we don't even try  
We go straight past pretending  
To the part where everybody loves to cry Indoor fireworks  
Can still burn your fingers  
Indoor fireworks  
We swore we were safe as houses They're not so spectacular  
They don't burn up in the sky  
But they can dazzle or delight  
Or bring a tear when the smoke gets in your eyes You were the spice of life  
The gin in my vermouth  
And though the sparks would fly  
I thought our love was fireproof Sometimes we'd fight in public, darling  
With very little cause  
But different kinds of sparks would fly  
When we got on our own behind closed doors It's time to tell the truth  
These things have to be faced  
My fuse is burning out  
And all that powder's gone to waste Don't think for a moment, dear  
That we'll ever be through  
I'll build a bonfire of my dreams  
And burn a broken effigy of me and you Indoor fireworks  
Can still burn your fingers  
Indoor fireworks  
We swore we were safe as houses They're not so spectacular  
They don't burn up in the sky  
But they can dazzle or delight  
Or bring a tear when the smoke gets in your eyes

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