

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 leaveEverybody loves a happy ending
But we don't even try
We go straight past pretending
To the part where everybody loves to cryIndoor fireworks
Can still burn your fingers
Indoor fireworks
We swore we were safe as housesThey'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 fireproofSometimes 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 doorsIt's time to tell the truth
These things have to be faced
My fuse is burning out
And all that powder's gone to wasteDon'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 housesThey're not so spectacular
They don't burn up in the sky
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