

Brave Saint Saturn, Fireworks

One time on the Fourth of July,
I went out to watch the fireworks fly.
From the hill I could see all the rockets as they flew from the town below me.
Bombs bursting in the air,
The crowd was cheering with every flare,
But, In the distance the clouds were cracking and flashing,
Mountains shaking with every explosion.
And I remembered thinking that night,
As I looked into the sky,
More than pyrotechnics meets the eye.

Chorus:
And the fireworks fly,
And the fireworks fall,
But I have seen the best of all.
And its true,
After every charge is through,
I can still hear the thunder call.

Glitter bombs turn pasty pale,
Under five-mile electric trails,
Soaring skies and lofty Sierras,
Never looked quite as big in the pictures.
Neon flickers in the haze,
Billboards set to catch our gaze,
So much noise,
Nothing holds our attention,
It has all been done before.
So let the rockets sparkle and fade,
Let the streamers fill the sky,
More than pyrotechnics meets the eye.

Chorus x2