

New Model Army, Fireworks Night

All the mistakes that I have made
All the things I should have seen but I looked away
All the things we should have shared that we kept to ourselves
All the things that we shared we should have kept to ourselves
And I guess it's the modern way " the phone call that comes
flying out of a blue autumn day and suddenly everything
goes so and quiet and soon everyone seems to be alone
with their own thoughts And now it's as if I'm standing
beneath a torrent of falling water, feeling things I don't
want to feel, remembering things I don't want to remember
But we said what we said and we made what we made

And so I say the things I have learned to say
Thankful for words that can be used
We were both like waves not able to break
Rolling and turning and turning and rolling
But still not able to break

And I'm numb, I'm numb like when you've been driving
so fast for so long that it feels as if you're hardly
moving at all, my body rigid with tension, my soul all
wound up like a twisted tree, the way we used to be when
we sang of passion and justice and faith was easy and
celebrated in a ritual of curling smoke, arms all raised up
towards the lights
And we said what we said but we made what we made
And so by now you'll be further on that I ever went; and is
it still painless? Do you get to float and look down and do
all of that? Tonight would be as good a night as any..
you'll see the city alive like a great resting animal
lying in the lea of the hills and the moorland and
breathing little patters of fire out into the cold dark
coming of winter. And I'm warming my back against
the heat of a bonfire " like the ones you so loved so build
and I'm thinking about it all " and I'm sorry and I'm not sorry.
Our time was made up of confused emotions and little
whirlwinds and all that stuff we couldn't really talk about
but most of all it was sealed in sacred moments like these
And then it was gone