

# 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 &quot; 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 &quot; like the ones you so loved so build  
and I'm thinking about it all &quot; 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