

Indoor Fireworks

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

$\text{♩} = 126$

a tempo

E



Ad lib.

1. We play these par - lour games, — we play at make be - lieve, —
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyrics)

E7



when we get to the part — where I say that — I'm



gon - na leave, ev - 'ry - bo - dy loves a hap -



- py end - ing but we don't ev - en try. —



We go straight past pre - tend - ing — to the part where



ev - 'ry - bo - dy loves to cry. —




In - door fire - works, — can still burn your fin - gers,



B  

in - door fire - works, we swore were —

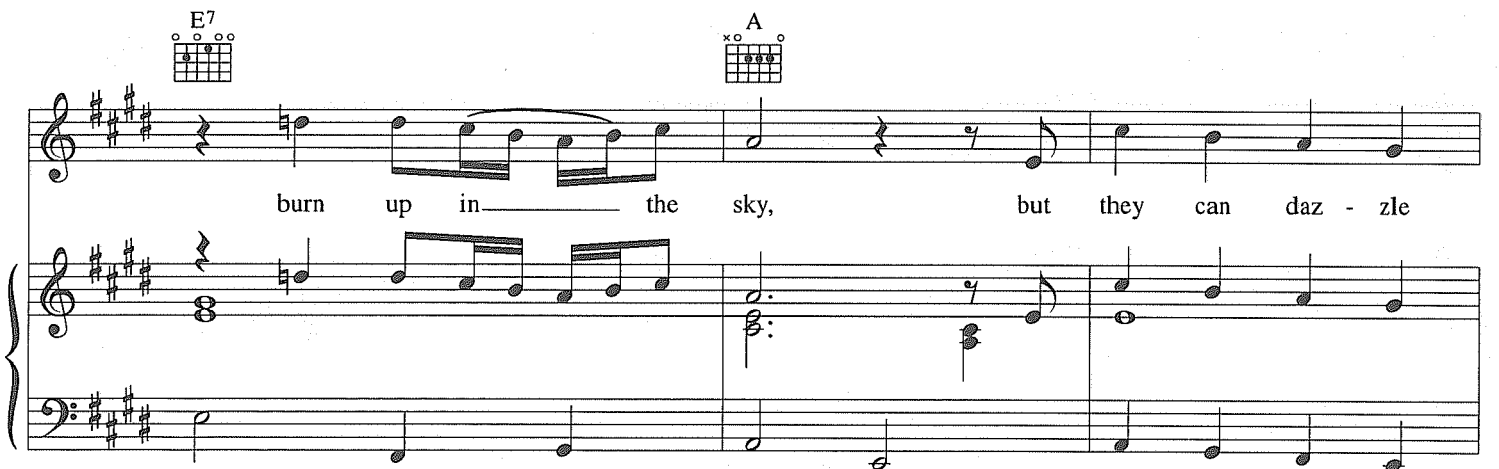





safe as hou - ses. They're not so spec - ta - c'lar they don't



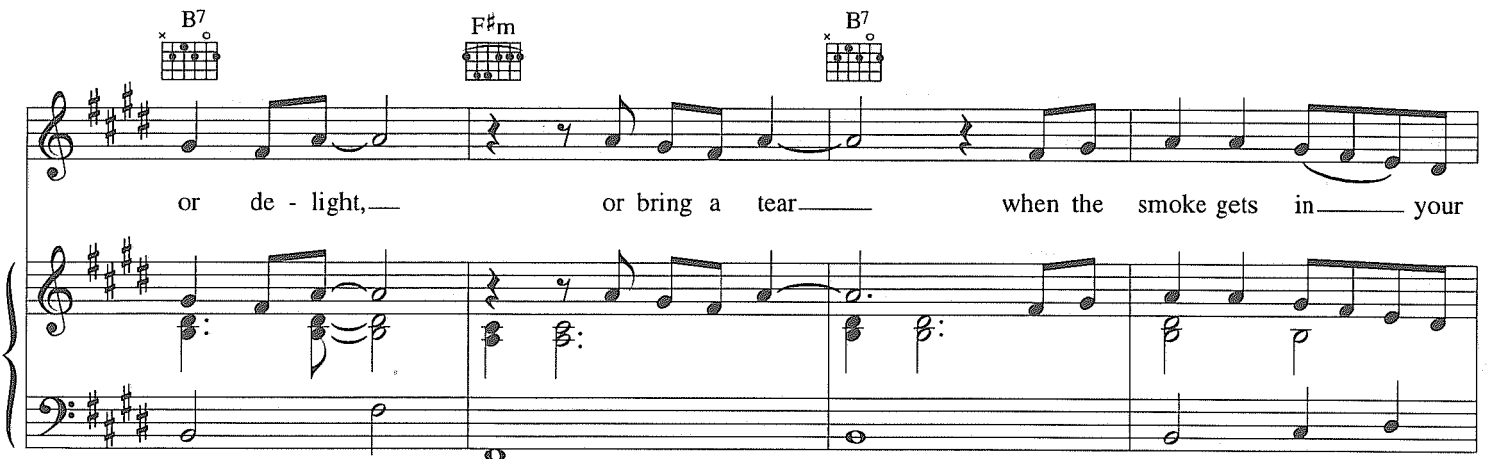
E7  A 

burn up in — the sky, but they can daz - zle



B7  F#m  B7 

or de - light, — or bring a tear — when the smoke gets in — your





1, 2.

eyes. _____

2. You were the
3. It's time to

3.



rall.

a tempo



When the smoke gets in _____ your eyes. _____

molto rall.



ad lib.



When the smoke gets in _____ your eyes.

Verse 2:

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.

Verse 3:

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.