

THE *Lotte Lenya* COMPETITION SONGBOOK

“New Year’s Eve” from *Darling Grenadine* *Music and lyrics by Daniel Zaitchik*

CAN WE SKIP THE FIREWORKS?
CAN WE SKIP THE BOOM AND BLUR?
I DON’T TRUST FIREWORKS—THEY SHOW ME THINGS THAT NEVER WERE
I NEVER WISHED ON A SHOOTING STAR
OR CAUGHT LIGHTNING BUGS IN A MASON JAR
BUT THOSE LIGHTS SEEM TO SAY, “MAN, YOU SHOULD HAVE”

CAN WE SKIP THE FIREWORKS?
CAN WE SKIP “REMEMBER WHEN?”
THEY PRINT MY EYELIDS WHEN THEY BURST
WHEN I TRY TO SLEEP, THERE THEY ARE AGAIN
AND ALL THE SMOKE THAT THEY LEAVE BEHIND
PLAYS A BITTER JOKE, DRAWS A BLURRY LINE
BETWEEN THE TRUTH OF HOW I’VE SPENT MY TIME
AND HOW I COULD HAVE

CAN WE SKIP NEW YEAR’S EVE?
OH, CAN WE SKIP ALL THE HAZE AND THE CHEER?
ALL I EVER DO ON NEW YEAR’S EVE
IS WONDER WHERE I WAS LAST YEAR
I STILL DON’T KNOW HOW THE WORLD BEGAN
I STILL DON’T KNOW MY PLACE IN THE COSMIC PLAN
AND WILL ANYONE KISS ME, WILL ANYONE MISS ME
WHEN THE COUNT GOES DOWN?

IS THAT ME ON A TIRE SWING
MAKING A TELEPHONE OUT OF CANS AND STRING?
NO, THE LIGHTS, THOSE SENTIMENTAL LIGHTS
HAVE ME INVENTING THINGS

FUCK YOU, FIREWORKS
FUCK ALL THE BOOMS AND BLURS
FUCK ALL THE “USED TO BE”S
FUCK ALL THE “NEVER WERE”S
JUST POUR ME MORE OF THAT STARRY WINE
NOW THEY’RE STARTING TO SING AULD LANG SYNE
WHY DOES THE SADDEST TUNE YOU’LL EVER HEAR RING IN THE NEW
YEAR?

HERE THEY ARE NOW, IT'S TOO LATE
AND HERE COME THE ONES I PARTICULARLY HATE:
THOSE GORGEOUS GOLD ONES
THAT HANG LIKE WEEPING WILLOWS