

# THE *Lotte Senya* 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