

## Starting Line, The "Classic Jazz"

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Lights come on from neighbors woken up and the flash  
is our cue for the dash to the car to the back porch,  
where we laugh and we pass to the left and reflect  
on expected repetitiveness.

The Dial didn't slip an inch from that station.

[Chorus:]

We were floating in your room to the songs of classic  
jazz flowing all night long.

As fast as we're leading our lives,  
it's music that still makes us come out at night for good  
times.

Lighten up cause it's summer and we're just having fun.  
We're too young to be out-running and ducking the  
fuzz.

But your room was a safer than a spacious place with  
the clarinet filling the entire thing.

The dial didn't slip an inch from that station that  
would play the hits of our grandparents' time,  
while I flawlessly chime in at the hit of the ride and  
say....

I'm floating

[Chorus]

Static..there's nothing but static programmed by popular  
demand....and then a light appeared directly over my  
head and it illuminated as great as the idea that came.  
It was simple, we won't listen to commercials or the  
same ten songs over and over and over...

[Chorus]

I'm flying from your room to the sun with classic jazz  
still spilling from my lungs.

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