

Bright Eyes **"Blue Angels Air Show"**

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Claire's turning blonde for the summer I guess
The sunlight just soaks into her hair
And she sits next to me on the motorboat
And shyly replies as to which boy she likes at her
school

So I am reminded of things I've forgotten
The way doors can open and people just walk in
It's not unexpected, no, it's just how you planned it
Beginning to think that it might never happen
Now it is happening

There's a show we can see at the base outside of town
Where the planes, they turn circles in the air
I watch you stand next to me with your hand over your
mouth
And join the crowds heavy gasp
One for each time they pass overhead

So we've been selected in this beautiful lottery
We struggled so long but it ended so easy
It's starting to surface, all golden and godlike
This feeling we had every day and every night
It bursts in an energy, a door it is opening

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