

Stephen Covell "Bottled Rocket"

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As a kid you dream
But those dreams are soon forgotten
Lifes a beach
Now just sand left in your pocket
And your eyes
No longer smile at cardboard rockets
Cuz they're too busy staring down the road

It's that feeling
Like youve known someone forever
Sends you reeling
In the right way if you are clever
Just grab a hold
It don't matter to which lever

Right or wrong at least your on your way

Take your pictures
Tack them to your wall
That one of my laugh
No I'll never be that tall
Were just beginning
And as we learn to crawl

Lets spend some time going no where at all

I've lost some good friends
Some grown up some just grown older
I refuse to look back
Questions thrown over my shoulder
It's time to move on
Tossin up that worn out quarter

Heads or tails it's time for me to fly

Oh now maybe it's time to fly
I'm gunna fly away

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