

Gretchen Peters

"Idlewild"

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They're in the front seat, he's got the radio low
And the moon hangs over idlewild as the planes touch
down
He is talking but she's not listening
She is thinking of her father, who died when she was
young

I'm in the back seat, they think I'm sleeping
But I am listening for the cracks between their voices in
the dark
We are a family, we are a shipwreck
And we're picking up my grandma who is getting very
old

And they think she's dying
But I think she's laughing
I think she's riding Halley's Comet from fort Lauderdale
to here
But when I see her
I'll keep her secret
We all have our secrets that we keep inside ourselves

They built this airport but in a few years
They'll name it after Kennedy, the one who died today
And he will leave her, and she will suffer
And they will never really know each other at all

They think we're driving
But I know we're drifting
They think we're off on some adventure where the hero
saves the day
We think we're special
We think we're golden
We think we're walking on the moon but we are dancing
in the dark

We shoot our rockets, we shoot our presidents
We shoot the commies and the niggers and the
Vietcong
Everything changes, everything stays the same
And the moon hangs over idlewild as the planes touch

down,

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