

The Front Bottoms

"Flying Model Rockets"

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Flying model rockets own the sky in the backyard next
to mine
I get these strange phone calls at night with no one on
the other side
My brother's friend explains to me with breathless
words and bloody knees
It's a black eyed trust, respect with pain.

A love I'll learn when I've been through the same.

But there's nothing in California that you could not
learn to hate here
The questions will all still be waiting for you, the
answers will only be less clear
It's hard to say what I would do if I was back a year or
two
Look at our plans, try to understand what could have
happened to all of them.

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