

LAX in a runway motel
We just got off the phone
You didn't seem very well
At 5 years old I had no place to go
But you took me in
And you gave me a home

The planes fly
Overhead
While I smoke
Too many cigarettes in bed

It rained last night 'bout a quarter to 2
I was lyin' awake
Just thinkin' 'bout you
A summer wind blowin' in off the sea
Full of childhood smells
And aquamarine

The planes fly...