

## Blue Angels Air Show

Bright Eyes

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