

Flying Model Rockets

The Front Bottoms

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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