

Scrapbook

The Rocket Summer

A scrapbook on my lap. A soft head on my shoulder.
Behind loose plastic pages are some fading photographs
Peculiar fashion styles
In the corner there's a baby
Behind the infant smile is a heart I recognize.

What was I doing then? Learning to take some steps.
Then walking through adolescence some thousand miles away.
And up in heaven God called a meeting. And in the space that was
next to mine he chose to write your name.

I never understood our weather here. Or how together life and death
must dance.
But I'll forever be most baffled by the subtle glances from who
I landed.
What are the chances...

There's the place where the story about us started and took the
stage.
It's been so many days.
And now the bricks are starting to crack.
Feels a little weird looking back because some things have changed,
some things have died, but somehow you've stayed the same
all this time...

I never understood our weather here. Or how together life and death
must dance.
But I'll forever be most baffled by the subtle glances from who
I landed.
What are the chances...

Some will say that it goes away. I will run and chase it down through
that rolling thunder and rain.
I will risk my sails and all this boat to be in that storm.

Either way I am going to stay.
Though the waves will try to pull me away...
Either way I am going to stay.