

Angels

Trophy Scars

The salty air of July '96
I bought a 12 speed just to impress a chick
Back in '96

We're eating ice cream at the docks
You let it drip all down your chin
You want me to lick it off

I rode my bike all night just to see you
Across the bridge outside of Pt. Pleasant
In the night
People would say "There's that boy, there's that boy again!"
There's that boy in the night
People would say "There's that boy in the night."

The summer breeze of August '96
I spent my nights out late at night a bit
For the hell of it

She's two years older than myself
Sandy hair with the face of an angel
Dancing all by herself

By 9 PM we were fixed on the boardwalk
Promises brooding with doubt and resilience
What a beautiful night
People would say "There's that boy and that girl again!"
"There's those two in the night!"
People would say "There's that boy in the night."

I don't believe we ever spoke again
The summer flames of 1996
Now smoldering ashes
People would say that they had someone like that
To love only at night
But not like that girl, not like my best nights, no.