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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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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