

Airplanes

[Lisa Loeb](#)

I grew up where throwing rocks in canyons is not allowed
I grew up where growing up makes me awkward and proud
I grew up where it was a difficult drive to the airport
And I hope you have a good ride
Cause my mother, you know, she doesn't like to fly I grew up where it was a difficult drive to the airport
But I grew up School, school, swimming pool
I walk barefoot home from school
School, school And mother, that's a hard word
The things that you're leaving
The things that you're missing
The things you don't know And father, that's a hard word
Things that you're needing
The things that you're missing
The things you don't show And how happy do you have to be to be happy?
How sad do you have to be to be sad?
And do you have to be sad?
Do you have to be? I grew up where throwing rocks in canyons is not allowed

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