Rocket Boy

Jets to Brazil

Headlights and red eyes, a warm beer between your thighs.
Mess of pills, Hollywood hills, the red lights.
Read me my rights.
Going in a circle, getting tighter every turn.
Think you're getting better but you're never quite sure.
Say it's all ahead of you.
How far can you see?
When you're living on your knees.
Driver, please, find your feet.
The light's green but you spaced the keys.
You're going fast but it won't last.
You're all speed and no gas.
Going in a circle, never getting to the point.
Burning up the atmosphere, my rocket ship boy.
You say there's a finish line, but you're already beat
'cause you're living on your knees.
Rocket boy, my only son, you look so sad, but you're so young.
You get so high. You're all alone, rocket boy, come home.
Notebook, some notes you took.
A bit hit, with a cooked hook.
Your best friend is you again.
You can't win but you won't give in.
Going in a circle, getting lower every time.
Say it isn't hurting but I never see you smile.
Asking for the doctor and I'm calling you a priest
'cause you're living on your knees.
Rocket boy, you burn so bright,
and I believe you lie so beautifully when you get high.
You're all alone, rocket boy, come home.
Dad, it's me, again. I hate to call.
Could you come down?
There's been an accident.
"Were you involved?"
"Yes, sir, no. Sir, they say I was."
Got home, cried alone.
The video will surely show.
No one knows.
I came this close to being me, but I lost us both.
Going in a circle and it's keeping you around.

You've been here forever but you've never been found.
You didn't want a witness
and I didn't want to see you living on your knees.
Rocket boy.

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