

Five Iron Frenzy, Blue Comb '78

Summer of 1978. My sister and I in the backseat just wait. We pass the time by making lines on the seat that we can't cross, a thin line like dental floss. She threw my new blue comb out the window, somewhere on I-70. Dad said, "I'm sorry, but we can't go back," we're never going back to get it. It was the first comb I ever had. Got it just that morning from my mom and my dad. Light blue in color, I could never have another, comb like that, big and fat...

So tell me, have you seen my comb? Last time I saw it, it was in her hands, and then it was bouncing down the road. It wasn't fancy, it wasn't brown, but now it might be found lying on the ground. So tell me, have you seen my comb?

Driving down the road in September, I was only five but I still remember, where the highway turns at the bottom of the hill, my parents both up front 'cause they loved each other still. Maybe just a comb made of plastic, or an action of a sibling lacking courage, but something that was thrown out that window, was the last great symbol of my youth.

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