

For Stars, Beautifully

We spend our childhood nights
In the warm suburban lights
All the surfers and the punks
They all scared me

And we hopped the Mission walls
And we'd run through longest halls
To courtyard where the girl
Gave hands to me

And the memories that I have
Of my beautifully fucked-up Dad
Are the strangest memories
That I have

He broke my Mom's heart
And he tore us all apart
But the magic in his smile
Brought him back to me

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Of my beautifully messed-up Dad
Are the strangest memories
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