

Stephen Covell, Bottled Rocket

As a kid you dream
But those dreams are soon forgotten
Life's a beach
Now just sand left in your pocket
And your eyes
No longer smile at cardboard rockets

Cuz there too busy staring down the road

It's that feeling
Like you've known someone forever
Sends you reeling
In the right way if you are clever
Just grab a hold
It don't matter to which lever

Right or wrong at least your on your way

Take your pictures
Tack them to your wall
That one of my laugh
No I'll never be that tall
We're just beginning
And as we learn to crawl

Let's spend some time going no where at all

I've lost some good friends
Some grown up some just grown older
I refuse to look back
Questions thrown over my shoulder
It's time to move on
Tossin' up that worn out quarter

Heads or tails its time for me to fly

Oh now maybe its time to fly
I'm gunna fly away