

# Andrew Peterson, Rocket

Oh the sight of the mighty machine, the iron shine of a golden dream. On the edge of the ocean, a  
And we're gonna see a rocket, we're gonna see a rocket blast through the last of the atmosphere, u  
Just look at the ground on the grassy hill. It'll lift you up but it holds you still, &lsquo;cause gra  
And we're gonna see a rocket, we're gonna see a rocket blast through the last of the atmosphere; u  
We stood among the multitude, we saw the rocket rise in a fiery hue. It defied destruction to ride th