

Discover America, 1986

1986, there's Roos on my feet.
I'm riding in the back seat staring at the back of my momma's head.
I'm daydreaming my day away.
I make a wing with my hand and stick it out the window.
Oh, nothing but safety and wonder.
Sunlight shining on the vinyl seats.
Brown corduroy pleats.
I'm buckled in the back seat.
Humming right along to the radio.
I'm just singing my day away.
I see a man on a motorbike.
His long hair flying like a cape down his back