

Lisa Loeb, Airplanes

I grew up where throwing rocks in canyons is not allowed.
I grew up where growing up makes me awkward and proud.
I grew up where it was a difficult drive to the airport,
And I hope you have a good ride, cause my mother, you know,
She doesn't like to fly.
I grew up where it was a difficult drive to the airport,
But I grew up.
School, school, swimming pool,
I walk barefoot home from school.
School, school.
And mother, that's a hard word, the things that you're leaving,
The things that you're missing, the things you don't know.
And father, that's a hard word, the things that you're needing,
The things that you're missing, the things that don't show.
How happy do you have to be to be happy?
How sad do you have to be to be sad?
Do you have to be sad?
Do you have to be?
I grew up where throwing rocks in canyons is not allowed.