

MYTHS & MIRACLES

By Bobby Brennan

School dazed, half crazed, my Mama thinks it some kind of phase.
Got no direction, didn't matter then,
 we don't know where we're going, but we'll get there when.
The sun goes down on this mid-western dream, and we pile into our freedom machines.
Roll out of town in this fortress on wheels,
 this ain't borrowed time it's the time that we steal.

Take me back to the days, of myths & miracles.
Crusin' along with the radio up, and a date with a pretty girl.
Take me back to the days, of myths & miracles.
You believe in one, and pray for the other.
You said he's just a friend, but I believe I could be your lover.
We'd stay up all night and drive in circles.
 In the days of myths and miracles.

We'd rock by the radio, and rolled by the dash light.
We'd make love in the back seat long, long, long into the night.
We ran out off excuses, for the indiscriminate abuses.
Of the trust your daddy thought he had in us.

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We would live for Friday night, and die every Monday morning.
Sunday evening got the blues, cause it came without a warning.
And I wish you well, wherever you are, and I hope sometimes you think of me.
And the bridges that we burned, that maybe we should have crossed.
In the time before our innocence was lost.

{One key up}

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