

Keep Going

The Rocket Summer

Blue breeze, Sunday morning
Walk out the door to the local market
Red and green apples
Are catching my eyes along with people laughing
I smile and hello, normal reaction
But I'm thinking to myself

Where can I run? Where can I hide?
And disappear for just a little time
Maybe a year or maybe five
And in this matchbook leave parts of my mind

Going back down to the dim edge of town
After all this time, maybe just keep going
Going back down to the dim edge of town
After all this time, maybe just keep going

Just keep going (Where do we go from here?)
(Where do we go from here?)
Just keep going (Where do we go from here?)
(Where do we go from here?)

So I put on some records, 5 Jacksons
On my computer, OK magic
My heart was Built To Spill out all these notes
And I open my books and consume Dickinson
Bucowski, Hall and Sandberg in them
Still Life is still my favorite poem, I'm...

Going back down to the dim edge of town
After all this time, maybe just keep going
Going back down past the haunts and the crowds
After all this time, maybe just keep going

Just keep going (Where do we go from here?)
(Where do we go from here?)
Just keep going (Where do we go from here?)
(Where do we go from here?)

Going back down to the dim edge of town
After all this time, maybe just keep going
Going back down past the haunts and the crowds
After all this time, maybe just keep going
(Going back down)

Going back down to the dim edge of town
After all this time, maybe just keep going
(Going back down)
Going back down past the bars and the sounds
(Going back down)
After all this time, maybe just keep going

Just keep going (Where do we go from here?)
(Where do we go from here?)
Just keep going (Where do we go from here?)
(Where do we go from here?)
Just keep going

Just keep going