

# For Stars, Beautifully

We spend our childhood nights  
In the warm suburban lights  
All the surfers and the punks  
They all scared me

And we hopped the Mission walls  
And we'd run through longest halls  
To courtyard where the girl  
Gave hands to me

And the memories that I have  
Of my beautifully fucked-up Dad  
Are the strangest memories  
That I have

He broke my Mom's heart  
And he tore us all apart  
But the magic in his smile  
Brought him back to me

And the memories that I have  
Of my beautifully messed-up Dad  
Are the strangest memories  
That I have