

Under a Paper Moon

All Time Low

Baby, don't yell,
You're tearing a hole right through the walls of everything we
used to know,
I'm building a place, something amazing,
Just for the sake of saving us,
From under the sun,
Two plastic hearts with nowhere to run,
We're rolling the dice on whatever's left,
'cause God only knows that we could use the rest...

Me and you, living under a paper moon,
Cause real life just isn't right; lets fabricate
Me and you, living under a paper moon,
This real life just isn't right let's get away let's fabricate.

Baby, don't fret,
At least we're alive with just enough breath
to truly despise the hills in the carpet,
knots in the ties that bind us so tightly to our waking lives,
I'll build up a house, I'll build up an army
Of cellophane soliders cheap origami,
To take back a piece or whatever's left
Of that little box that beats in your chest

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I'm building a place,
something amazing just for the sake of saving us,
And whatever's left of that little box that beats in your chest

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