

Pave The Way

Handguns

Jake and I have been
sleeping in the van a mile from his house this week,
because we know who we want to be.
Friends and families always try to shut us down,
but that's okay, we're paving our own way.

The only homesick that I get,
is sick of being home
and there's another eleven days
before we're on the road
and if we don't leave any sooner,
I swear to god that I'll explode.

So let the miles stretch further than we know,
we're holding on to this dream
and we'll never let go.
And you'll never see the sights
that we're about to see,
and you'll never make memories like these.

And I can't help but laugh at
all the things you need to be
content because all
I need is this dream and my friends.
A sleeping bag and this van.

And at night I lie awake thinking
about the other side of the United States,
and at night I lie awake.
I know we'll make it some day,
we're paving our own way
and you'll never make memories like these.