

## 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.