

Paper Planes

Jon Bellion

All that ass it was so first class
She was my co-pilot with a mile high swag
We would smoke all night just flyin high like that
Smoke smoke all night just flyin high like, high like
I needed her, I know she needed me
If we fly this thing it's gonna take two people
But the storm came fast
Got a little rocky, the oxygen mask from the ceiling they were dropping

We started to fall right out the sky
Without a warning call. Nahh-hoo..
We started to fall, no parachute so we had no time to call, for mayday mayday..
We booked two tickets down to paradise
One last flight trying make it right
But that's when the rain came
That's when the pain came
Were never ever gonna make it far
We booked two tickets down to paradise
One last flight tryning make it right
But love came like a hurricane and we were just a paper plane.
I know we tried to fly away, but we were just a
Paper plane

Its funny how things end up
Its funny how we break it off
Relationships they nose dive
While ones career is taking off
Publishing checks and fake smiles as I see my dad
My pockets getting filled
But really emptiness is all I have
We crash, and now there's spare parts
Bandages, and bad scars
We try to mend broke Amelia Earharts
And keep trying to fly on, fly on, fly on
But I'm missing my right wing
My right arm, and that's you

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