

All Time Low

"Paper Moon"

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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
Let's 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 of whatever's left
Of that little box that beats in your chest

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

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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